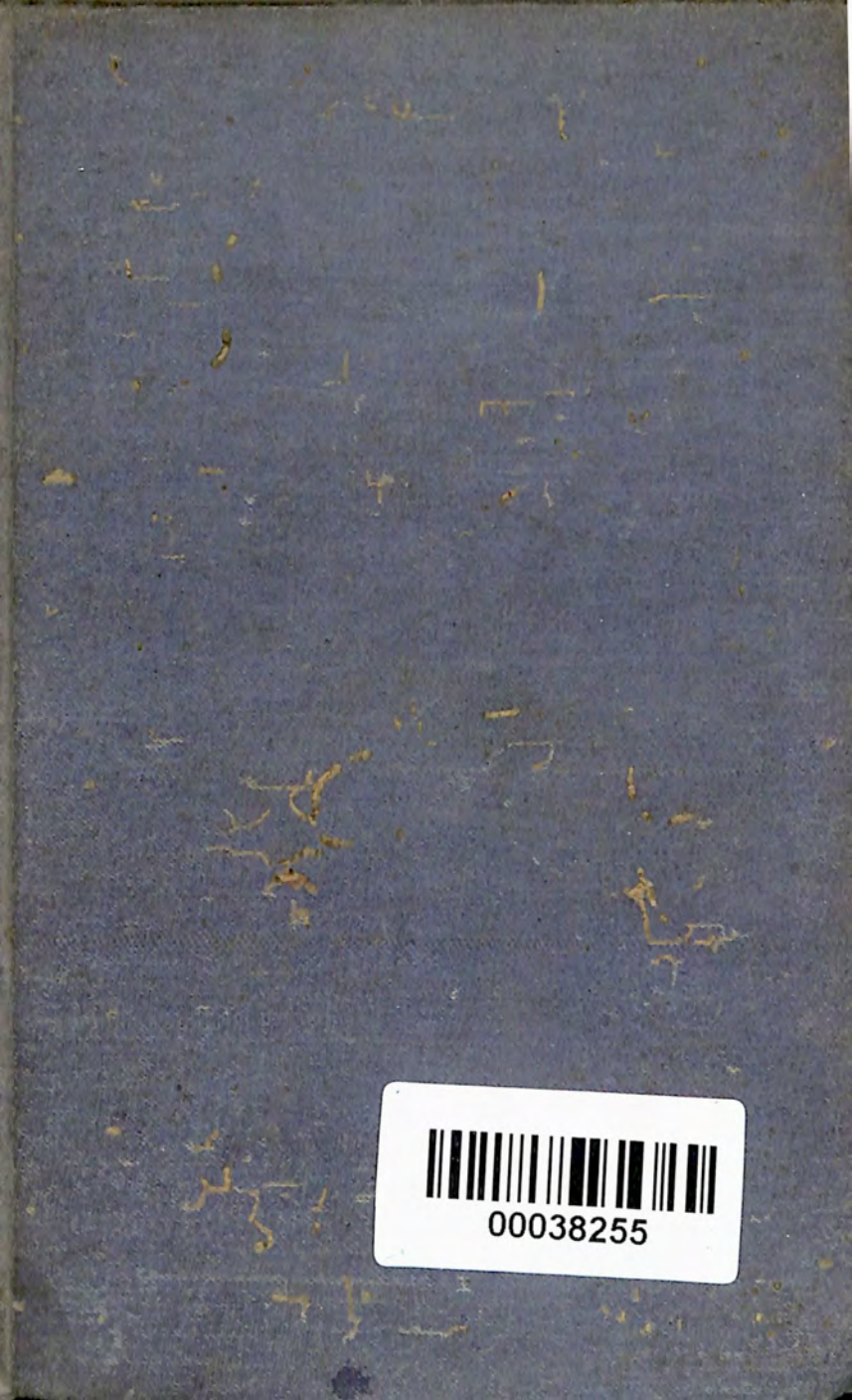
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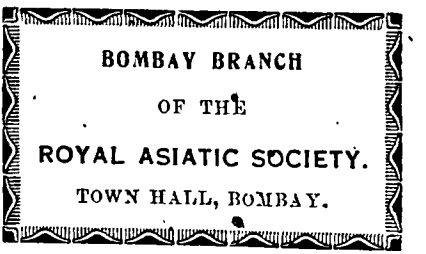

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A

TWO YEARS' CRUISE

OFF

TIERRA DEL FUEGO,

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS,

PATAGONIA,

AND IN

THE RIVER PLATE:

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ae

A Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas.

BY

W. PARKER SNOW,

LATE COMMANDER OF THE MISSION YACHT

"ALLEN GARDINER;"

Author of "Voyage of the *Prince Albert* in search of Sir John Franklin."

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Beagle Channel.—Picturesque Scenery.—Supposed Passage to Magellan Straits.—The Clay Cliffs and Narrows.—Wild and romantic Picture.—The Codrington Mountains and Land of Fire.—Suddenly come upon an unknown Reef.—Sense of Danger.—Approach of Evening.—Anchor for the Night.—Land and examine the Locality.—Lovely Morning.—Natives very numerous.—Departure.—Becalmed.—Visited by the Oen's-men and Alikhoolips.—Their Astonishment - - - - Page 1

CHAP. XXVII.

Calm in the Beagle Channel.—Living Inhabitants amongst Seaweed.—Holothuriæ.—Effect of Music on the Fuegians.—A Breeze springs up.—Canoes are cast off, and all Sail made on the Ship.—Entrance to Ponsonby Sound.—Magnificent Scenery.—Button Sound and Islet.—Account of Jemmy Button.—His Voyage to England.—Educated and presented to Royalty.—Returns to his native Home.—Falls back to his original State - - 14

CHAP. XXVIII.

Meeting with Jemmy Button and his People.—Astonishment on hearing him still speak English.—Bring the Ship to an Anchor for the Night.—Conversation with Jemmy.—Description of him.—Refusal of himself and Companions to leave their Homes.—Native Fires on Shore.—Great Numbers.—They leave the Ship at Sunset.—Captain Fitzroy's Vocabulary of the Language correct.—Mission Plans unwise.—A small Sailing-vessel alone not safe. 29

CHAP. XXIX.

Natives visit the Ship at Sunrise.—Description of Jemmy Button's Country.—Button Sound.—Mrs. Button and her Daughter.—The Button Family, Brothers, Uncles, Cousins, and Relations.—Clamorous Demands.—Prepare to get under Way.—Leave Button Sound.—Pass Woollya.—Ponsonby Sound, and wild dreary-looking Scenery.—Heavy Weather again.—Attempt to reach Orange Bay fails.—Bear up for, and finally anchor in, Goree Roads - Page 43

CHAP. XXX.

Very heavy Weather.—Leave Goree Roads.—Anchor in Gretton Bay.—Examine Wollaston Island.—A new Harbour.—Pleasant Beach.—Ascend a moderately high Mountain.—Beautiful View.—Name the new Harbour, Victoria; and the adjoining Sound, Albert.—Mount Franklin so named after Lady Franklin.—Other prominent Places named.—Sound the Channels.—Bring the Ship in.—Try to go through a narrow Channel dividing the Island into two.—Wind prevents us.—Return and anchor in Middle Cove.—Terrific Gales.—Detained at Anchor five Days.—Leave Middle Cove.—Pass between Wollaston and Deception Islands, the latter volcanic.—Attempt a Channel between Herschel and Deception Islands.—Name it the South Sea Pass.—Get through safely.—The Deceit Rocks.—Horn Island.—Smoke upon it.—Try to get close up.—Cape Horn two Miles off - - - - 55

CHAP. XXXI.

Description of Cape Horn.—Incidents connected with it.—Captain, now Admiral Fitzroy's Ascent to the Summit.—His Narrative referred to.—Another heavy Gale.—Battened down and hove-to.—Gloomy and unpleasant Night.—The peculiarly high and massive Seas off Cape Horn.—At Daylight the Gale abates.—Pass the Barnevelt and Evouts Islands.—Changeable Weather.—Enter Lennox Cove at dark - - - - - - - 71

CHAP. XXXII.

Discover that all the Fuegians have left the Place.—Send the Crew on Shore to wash Clothes.—Replenish our fresh Water here.—Land, and enjoy a few Hours' Idleness.—Examine a small Creek.—Leave for New Island.—More Unpleasantness with the Chief Mate.—Obliged to suspend him from Duty.—New Island not vi-

sited.—Determine to return to the Falklands.—Snow and Hail Storms, succeeded by a Calm.—Again off Bell Mountain.—A Breeze springs up.—Pass through the Straits of Le Maire at Night.—East Falklands.—Sealing Boats.—Anecdote of a Wreck.—Return to Stanley - - - - - Page 85

CHAP. XXXIII.

News from Home.—Obliged to again visit Monte Video.—Arrange for Stores to be taken round to Keppel Island.—Enter the River Plate and anchor in the Harbour as before.—Find that the Trip up was again unnecessary.—Author's embarrassing Position.—Return to Stanley.—Proceed to the Mission Station.—Anchor in Committee Bay.—Find much Confusion existing.—Discontented State of the Workmen there - - - - - - 104

CHAP. XXXIV.

Mission Plans most unwise.—Disorganisation and Unpleasantness.—The Author placed under great Difficulties.—Obstacles thrown in his Way.—The Land Superintendent and the Catechist.—Extraordinary Proceedings on their Part.—The Author compelled to act with Firmness to prevent another Mission Party perishing.—The Workmen leave the Island.—Doctor and Catechist refuse to come away, or act with any one else.—Monachism.—The Author returns to Stanley for official Advice.—He is made personally responsible for everything, yet left wholly unassisted - 114

CHAP. XXXV.

Interview with the Governor in reference to the Proceedings at the Mission Station.—The Author compelled to remain inactive.—Is officially made responsible for the Doings of the Society.—Extraordinary Proceedings on the Part of the Home Committee.—Indignation at Stanley against the Society.—The Vessel refitted.—News of another Wreck.—Proceed to render Assistance.—Take the Governor and official Suite on board.—More bad Weather.—Work the Schooner through the Narrows, and anchor close to the Wreck.—Find she is a large Ship, but now completely lost.—Remarks concerning her.—Reflections upon her Fate and the wrecking System.—Return with the Governor to Stanley - 127

CHAP. XXXVI.

Proceed with refitting the Ship.—Anxiety of the Crew to be re-

leased from their Service.—Painful Position the Author is placed in.—Life at Stanley.—No Newspapers or Lawyers to be found there.—Remarks thereon.—Reflections on the Political State of the Falkland Islands Government.—News of another disabled Vessel.—Assistance again rendered by the Author.—Rivalry at Stanley in reference to newly-arrived Ships and their Custom.—Necessity for a narrow Scrutiny at Home.—Arrival of Sealing Vessels, and, finally, of the Mail.—Singular mode of Conducting the Society's Business at Home.—Revisit the Mission Station.—When a Hermit's Life is desirable.—Contrivance resorted to for getting the two Solitaries off the Island - - Page 141

CHAP. XXXVII.

Many Difficulties in Connection with the Mission.—Complaint of the Workmen.—No Funds sent from Home to pay them.—"Voice of *Truth*" *versus* "Voice of *Pity*."—Departure from the Station.—An Accident.—Return to Stanley.—Arrival of H.M. Brig "Pandora."—Remarks upon the great Labours of Surveying Officers.—Departure of the "Pandora" for England.—The River Murrell.—Illness of the Author's Wife.—Kind Attentions shown to her.—Prepare for another Trip to the Plate - - - - 155

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Again depart for Monte Video.—The Barometer and its Advantages.—Meeting with an American Whaler at Night.—Anchor at Monte Video.—Arrival from Home of some of the Mission Party.—The Mason and his Wife.—The "Linguist and Interpreter."—An Account of him.—Missionary Jobbing.—Necessity for public Inquiry.—The Crew demand their Discharge in Accordance with their Agreement.—No Means to pay them.—Arrangements made.—The ship detained at Monte Video, waiting for the Missionary, and for a new Crew - - - - - 168.

CHAP. XXXIX.

General Description of Monte Video.—Entrance to the Harbour.—A lively Scene.—Stringent Regulations.—Incidents connected with them.—Board of Health and Quarantine.—Pilots, and Moving the Ships in Harbour.—Weather at Monte Video.—An Animating Picture.—The Reverse in a Pampero.—Letter describing various Events.—A remarkably heavy Hailstorm.—Fine Days often occur.—Dress of the Monte Videan Ladies.—The Cathedral and Divine

Worship there. — Charitable Bazaars. — The Lafone Family. — British Chaplain and English Residents. — Change in the Weather. — A Fearful Night. — A Pampero. — The Town, Streets, and Houses described - - - - - Page 181

CHAP. XL.

Arrival of the French Brig of War "Beaumanoir." — Incidents connected with her Visit. — Society at the Falklands. — No Amusements. — Improvements taking place. — Reading Room established. — A Teetotal Society formed. — A new Church built. — Divine Service better attended than formerly. — Suggestions made as to a Bishopric at Stanley, for South American Chaplaincies. — Domestic Servants scarce. — Effective Labour wanting. — Many of the Colonists anxious to leave. — Political and private Jealousies. — A Steamer wanted at Stanley. — Remarks on the Mail Conveyance. — Dearness of Provisions at the Falklands. — Means of Livelihood for the People. — Local Information. — The Police Court and Gazette-Board. — The Wrecking System. — The Seal and Whaling Fishery. — A Corral and the breaking in of Wild Horses. — A Trip to Port Louis. — Some Remarks on the Patagonians 210

CHAP. XLI.

Revisit the Mission Station. — Communicate with a Barque called the "Kezia." — Tedious Passage to Keppel Island. — Final Interview with the Land Party. — Return to Stanley. — Two disabled Hamburg Vessels call in for repairs. — Arrival of the Missionary and his Party. — Extraordinary want of Management. — No Money or Provisions brought out. — Disunion among the new Arrivals. — A munificent Donor to the Mission. — Manner in which he was treated. — His severance from the Missionary's Party. — Last Trip of the "Allen Gardiner" under the Author's Command - 236

CHAP. XLII.

A Missionary's Mode of treating a Donor of 500*l*. — A true Christian. — Remarkable Explanation given by the Committee's Secretary. — Attempt of the Missionary to obtain Control over the Vessel. — Various Plans adopted by him to place the Author in a false Position. — A Schooner chartered at a high Price. — The Author seeks official Advice, and acts thereon. — He prepares for Sea. — Has much difficulty in getting Men to work for the Mission. — Finally obtains a temporary Crew, and receives official Authority for his Departure.

— Is *requested* by the Magistrate to delay his Departure. — Extraordinary Proceedings consequent thereon. — Seizure of the Vessel by the Civil Power. — All Hearing in Court, or Investigation refused - - - - - - - Page 252

CHAP. XLIII.

Paralysing Effect of the sudden Change. — Occupy an empty stone Building. — Contrivances to make it suitable as a Home. — General Sympathy displayed by the Colonists. — Departure of the "Allen Gardiner," with the Missionary, on a trading Trip. — Generous Kindness of a Frenchman, and also of the Ship's Cook. — Daily Visits to a look-out Hill. — Arrival of an homeward-bound Vessel. — A Passage secured in her. — Sale of the Author's Effects, to enable him to get Home. — Bid adieu to Stanley. — Once more free. — A quick Voyage Home. — The Azores passed. — A heavy Gale encountered on Christmas Day. — A splendid first Sight of Old England. — Beautiful Weather and favourable Breezes. — A speedy Run up Channel. — The Pilot taken on Board. — Land at Ramsgate, and close the Old Year, as well as the Voyage, by arriving in London that Evening - - - - - 274

APPENDIX.

Remarks on the Falkland Islands as a Penal Settlement - 287
Missionary Plans - - - - - - 309
Nautical Notes - - - - - - 317
Remarks on the Winds - - - - - 336
Remarks on the Maps and Plans :—
Chart of the North Part of the Falkland Islands - - 346
Chart of the Coast of Patagonia, &c. - - - 347
Plan of Banner Cove - - - - - 349
The Fuegians - - - - - - 356
Summary of Geological, Botanical, and other Notes: Falkland Islands - - - - - - 361

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Fuegian and his Food - - - *Frontispiece.*
Button Sound, Tierra del Fuego - - *To face page* 54.
A heavy Gale off Cape Horn - - *To face page* 76.
Chart of the Coast of Patagonia, &c. - - *At end of Vol.*

TWO YEARS' CRUISE,

&c.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Beagle Channel.—Picturesque Scenery.—Supposed Passage to Magellan Straits.—The Clay Cliffs and Narrows.—Wild and romantic Picture.—The Codrington Mountains and Land of Fire.—Suddenly come upon an unknown Reef.—Sense of Danger.—Approach of Evening.—Anchor for the Night.—Land and examine the Locality.—Lovely Morning.—Natives very numerous.—Departure.—Becalmed.—Visited by the Oen's-men and Alikhoolips.—Their Astonishment.

As we advanced to the westward the channel narrowed until at length it was as if dwindling to a point with no apparent opening; and here the picture was exceedingly beautiful. From the heavy storms and tossing about of the day before, we were now transferred to a scene of great loveliness and softening quietude. To us, who had experienced several very quick transformations, the realization of such a delightful change as this could be duly appreciated, and its character understood; but to those who perhaps were there at a previous time under different circumstances, the feeling might have been very different. For myself, I truly enjoyed it. With a following wind—for it had actually changed almost at the very time we rounded the NE. part of Navarin Island, and was now aft—with this fair wind and cloudless sky I could from

aloft well appreciate the pleasure of the scene and hour. As I glanced around, my mind was naturally carried away to many scenes I had visited in other parts of the world; and, though I may have seen things too favourably, I must still express the opinion I then formed, that many parts of Tierra del Fuego are far superior to anything generally represented of them by the early voyagers. Our position at the time of which I am speaking was a most singular one. Let us conceive a small vessel alone in what might be termed a mysterious, as it was an almost unknown, region of striking grandeur: let us fancy her moving slowly and quietly onward through some soft and pretty scenery immediately around her, but towards what appears in the short distance ahead a perfect chaos of wild and lofty mountains, having no outlet or termination: let us bring this before our mental view, and we have at once the situation of the schooner under my charge at that moment. From my station at the masthead I could see the channel narrowing, and our passage much farther, apparently stopped by a low range of clayey hills forming a front ground, while at the back arose jagged peaks and high mountains in solemn but barren majesty. On my left was Navarin Island, at present high, but not so lofty as it appeared farther on. Upon my right was also high land, but at its base could be seen several islands, and water passages leading, I believe, by various gorges and passes of the mountains to the Magellan Straits. This idea was strengthened the farther we advanced, and the nearer to the cliffs we approached. I could perceive long channels of water running away behind the islands and hills, coming out again at a distance to the N.W.; and, had I been surveying instead of engaged on a specific duty, I should have explored those channels to see if they did not lead where I suspected, and where, necessarily, if they did, they would be worth knowing, for the future benefit of

ships going to the westward. Some nautical doubts and facts in reference to tides, &c., seemed, however, to negative the idea I had thus entertained; but these I now conceive could be met and satisfactorily removed.

It was near five P. M. when we approached the Narrows between the clay cliffs, as they were called by the officer who first discovered them, Mr. Murray, master of the "Beagle." Here the tide, which comparatively had been *nil*, now began to increase its velocity: the channel, which had hitherto been nearly straight, now took a more serpentine form; and the soundings decreased. But there was a gentle breeze; and we entered the Narrows amidst several tide eddies, gliding swiftly along, and passing many other islets, equally pretty with those we had left astern. Penguins, sheathbills, and other birds, were seen in numbers around us; and from a hidden nook came forth a canoe to bid us welcome. Our speed, however, was now too great for the Fuegians to overtake us; and a turn in the Narrows soon shut them out of our view. A few moments, and a fresh bend of the channel opened to us a new scene, as different to that we had just been passing as it was remarkable for its wild grandeur and magnificence. It reminded me of a quick transition from the plains of Lombardy to the rugged borders of the Alps. It was splendid! And it is impossible rightly to describe the effect produced by the sun's rays in the west as they fell upon the snow-topped mountains before us when we swiftly shot by the last point of the Narrows, and entered the huge natural canal which here formed the central division of the Beagle Channel.

But I had now to pay most minute attention to the ship. The Narrows passed, we had, as it were, entered through the gates which formed the division between any chance of civilization and of barbarism. For, the utmost extreme to which we could suppose any daring sealer to have ventured would not be farther than the other side of those

clay cliffs now astern of us; nor do we know of any one, except in Capt. Fitzroy's voyage, having come so far. And, looking back at those clay cliffs, the passage seemed to be totally closed. We were, apparently, shut in, and alone in that savage region, with no opening for escape save in the distance far ahead. Astern, from our position in mid-channel, I could perceive no entrance by which a vessel could come.

As we stood on to the westward, I soon found that the soundings could be no longer obtained by the handlead. After passing the Narrows there was a slight stir and bubble in the waters; then came a silent and, what could well be called in comparison, a mighty deep. From nine fathoms we suddenly went off to a depth beyond forty, no bottom at forty being obtained; and the dark colour of the water led us to infer that ground could not be touched except by a great length of line. In this idea the chart confirmed me in the few soundings marked upon it, and I therefore stood on, as it was yet good daylight, so as to make the most of our time, and of the fair and gentle wind that so befriended us, and which had now got round to N.E. by E., rather off the north shore.

For about an hour we thus advanced with all sail set, and everything favourable. It was now that, finding we were, as I conceived, in deep water, and with no dangers visible ahead of us, I sent all hands below to their supper, except one man forward to look out, the man at the helm, and myself. Pacing the deck thus alone, I could not but indulge in something like meditation. I had stood in many strange and lonely places, far north, far east, far west; but this one, far south, struck me, at this particular hour, as singularly lonely and peculiar. There was, as I have already observed, a sort of quiet, mysterious look about the wild and majestic grandeur of the scenery around, for we were now fairly in that part of the channel which could in truth be called Alpine. The lofty moun-

tains in our sight, and bounding our view ahead, were baldheaded and of a conical shape, with the line of verdure on their ascent as distinctly marked as if drawn with mathematical nicety. Mr. Darwin has, in his journal, well described this; and I will, therefore, to avoid repeating his words, refer to his account; but the whole neighbourhood strikingly reminded me of the high peaks of Greenland, particularly as I noticed them about the Island of Disco. Some of the steeple-like mountains directly in front of us, at the extreme limit of our view, seemed like so many cathedrals with their lofty spires; those on our right were in many places bare, like the denuded crown of a man's head, but with verdure above and below such spots. On our left were the Codrington Mountains of Navarin Island, dark and sometimes frowning, with four or five singular peaks like sugar-loaves appearing at the back between two other mountains, and over a level snowy ridge. Many of the brown summits of these mountains, free from snow, darted upwards, in several other places, not unlike whales' teeth, while the lower parts of the hills, down to the water's edge, were covered with a mantle of green.

Thus, then, the scene naturally produced meditation as I paced the deck by myself, while the officers and men got their tea. But suddenly my ear caught a sound;—or I might say my senses, acutely sharpened, intuitively *felt* the sound, for I know of nothing particular beyond the ordinary rush of water as the vessel went along;—yet, I seemed to *feel* a sound of coming danger. Such a feeling, even when, as now, not seen nor experienced by any one else, is, I can confidently say, often experienced by my brother mariners when in charge of a ship in dangerous places. It is as though some guardian angel watched over one to protect and warn from coming danger. In the present instance a curious sensation shot through me, quick as thought; a faint noise, so transient as to be hardly perceptible, was detected by my quickened ear,

and I stopped in my walk while I eagerly listened. A second of time was enough. I caught the sound of a faint rippling in the water, and I immediately sprang upon the platform abaft, and thence to the locker, for a glance over the side, as I shouted, "A cast of the lead! Quick there! Handlead will do!" and eagerly looked around for the supposed danger.

For the first moment I could see nothing: the same dark water, with the same smooth surface, appeared as when we had last tried for soundings, and had found none at forty fathoms; but, the next instant, I detected a long, thin, brown leaf, rather broad, with a stem about the size of my finger. It was pointing angularly towards me; therefore, as the tide now was, it had its root in advance of our direction on the starboard bow. It was enough! We had suddenly come upon an unknown reef; and the next moment or two all around us kelp was seen in abundance, even as the leadsman gave the rather startling cry, "Quarter less four! rocky, uneven bottom!" To starboard the helm until the ship, already in mid-channel, was pointing right across to the south shore, and to brace round the yards and trim sails, was but the work of a few seconds; while I, from the mast-head aloft, whither I had hastily ascended, scanned the waters ahead and astern to some distance. Kelp, however, extended some way, and I could not well determine which was best, to go more over to the south shore or the north. At length, a few casts of the lead decided me. "Four fathoms" and "half-four" kept me for a short time in much uncertainty, and I was on the point of hauling to the wind on the port tack and standing back by the way, or near the way, we had come, when "five fathoms," and then "six," and finally deep water again, with the disappearance of kelp, relieved me of all anxiety. Nevertheless, it was an awkward reef to come upon. Extending, as I find by my notes, a long way over from the north shore, and running

S.W. by W.*, it is apparently a rocky spit, projecting from a point of land that forms the S.W. termination of a bight on the north-west part of the clay cliffs' junction with the mountains. Unfortunately some of my notes of soundings and positions have, I find, been left in the ship; consequently, I can only put down its place according to the pencil memoranda I still have in my possession.

After clearing this reef, which I have named George Reef, I thought it well, as the evening was drawing in, to seek an anchorage for the night. To keep under sail after dark would hardly do. It was evident that many dangers existed that were quite unknown; therefore, it would be better to hold on in security until daylight again enabled us to see what we were about. Accordingly I now hauled in for the north shore, to pick up an anchorage. Here, however, was a difficulty. The deep water apparently extended close to the mountain's base; and not a friendly cove or nook appeared where we could get even a single night's shelter. Nevertheless I determined to hold on somewhere. I had previously, from an examination of the chart, taken into consideration the possibility of not finding any place to anchor in; and, moreover, the great probability of having a change in the wind, if not a gale, to contend with before getting clear of the Beagle Channel; but, had such been the case, I was in a measure prepared for it. I reflected that in most deep and longitudinal channels, the wind generally comes up or down, that is, from east or west. I had found this so in several places: in Lancaster Sound, Barrow's Straits, it was especially noticed; and though I may not be quite correct in this opinion, yet I cannot help thinking, that in such channels the wind rushes from the heaviest quarters through the oblong valley in a straight line, like as through a funnel. *Squalls* may, of course, come occasionally down

* True, not magnetic, bearing.

the ravines, and through broken passes in the mountains; but the prevalent wind, if from the heaviest quarters, will be found as I have mentioned. At all events I argued thus; and in my reasoning I considered that, were it so, I should then be able to run back the way I had come, and find an anchorage on the other side of the clay cliffs under a lee.

But still there was the great probability of the wind coming different to what I fancied. It *might* be from the south, and consequently dead upon the north shore; or from the north, and thus dead upon the south shore. In either case it would be very necessary not to anchor where such a wild and savage place would thus be brought so close upon our lee. I had therefore to consider all these things,—as every commander on an unknown coast probably does,—and guard against any possible danger arising. And this is what I did. I ran the ship close up to where I could get an approach to soundings on the north shore, the wind being at the time slantingly from it; and, after running to within a cable's length, I got bottom at 12 fathoms. I now ran along the shore diagonally, so as to feel my way, and see what ground there was to fall back upon, if need be. In this manner, I proceeded for about two miles without finding any good or suitable place, until we came to a point of the land that projected from a long slope in the termination of a valley. Here, it struck me, would be the place to anchor. It was not much better than several other places; but nevertheless it had an advantage I had not seen since passing the reef. It was a spit, though a small one; and therefore serviceable in holding on by, and also in getting under way, if suddenly required. Gradually from ten fathoms we got to seven; and when this latter mark was sounded, I dropped the anchor at two cables' length from the shore.

The advantage of anchoring on a spit like this may be briefly stated. As the wind now was, we were under a

lee; and so also with any wind round as far as N.W. Should the wind change up or down, we had of course clear quarters (which would not have been found in a bight or cove) to ride by to any scope of chain: should the wind, however, come from a southern point, I found we could still have some little room to lay at anchor, if only a gentle breeze was blowing, and to get under way with no difficulty, if it came on to blow hard. The two miles of ground we had traversed would enable me, if necessary, to fall back in safety; while the point of a spit gave none of the difficulty a bay or bight would in getting clear of the shore, should the vessel not immediately gather headway sufficient to go out into the centre of the channel.

Directly the anchor was down, I went in the boat and sounded all round. Two ships' length astern we had ten fathoms; beyond it nothing at fifteen. On either side it was much about the same, showing the place where I had anchored to be something of a tongue-like formation, with the roots expanding slightly along shore. Ahead of us the soundings rapidly decreased, jumping from seven, five, four, to three and two and a half, the latter at a boat's length from the beach. Kelp marked the lesser soundings; and, upon the whole, it was a good place to lay for the night. It was nearly opposite the end of Codrington Mountains, and at the foot of an oblique valley running to the N.E.

Seeing some fires not far from us, I landed, with a view of obtaining intercourse with the natives; but, as it was already dusk, I imagine they had retired for the night, none of them coming out to meet me. I strolled about for perhaps half an hour, collecting and examining; and then, returning on board, set a good watch and retired below, leaving orders to be called at daylight in the morning.

Accordingly at 5 A.M. of the following day I was again on deck. I found the mercury very high, the

wind light from the northward, and sky unobscured. It was a most lovely morning. The mountains were all free from clouds, and the edges of their summits beautifully defined to the eye. Westward, above some inferior hills, the moon could be faintly seen; while the sun's brilliant glories appeared emerging from behind the dark ground to the east of us. I got under way, and while doing so the beach and rocks near us were covered with natives, dotted about in a most picturesque manner, and intently watching us; while others at a distance were hastening along to get a nearer look at the strangers. They were perfectly nude, wild and shaggy in appearance, with long spears in their hands, and yamma scoona sounding with the usual force from their lips. Talk of imps of darkness springing from crag to crag void of fear, here was something strongly akin to it, only substituting a copper-brown for the black. They were indeed like so many fiendish imps; and though I cannot give the picture literally correct, owing to the necessity I was under for making sail, and taking advantage of the wind, yet the idea may be formed from what I have said.

We had not been long under way when our breeze failed us, and became so light as not to move the ship more than two miles an hour; and finally, at 10 A.M., it was a calm. Now this was what I dreaded more than a gale; for, without wind I could help myself comparatively but little if, as I soon found, the natives came off to us in numbers. True, I had, in a measure, also prepared for this, in having places made for our sweeps or long oars to help in pulling the ship along; but this would not have moved her so fast as, I now discovered, the Fuegians could paddle in their canoes. There was, therefore, no alternative but to wait with patience, and use all precautions against being boarded by the dark and ferocious-looking beings that flocked around us.

Early after we had left our anchorage, canoes on both

sides the channel shot out from behind some craggy corner or sheltered nook (and there were many such places, and apparently pretty ones too), and endeavoured to overtake us, making signs that we should stop, and shouting with all their might. But our speed was then too great for them to reach us, inasmuch as they did not seem to have the idea that it was necessary to leave their hiding-places before the ship got abreast of them. It was only when we were abreast of their several dwelling-places that they came forth towards us. Now, however, when amidst excessive heat, a calm came on, and the ship lay perfectly quiescent in the water with her sails hanging listlessly to the mast, several canoes got alongside, and, as I have just said, flocked around us in moderate numbers. It was evident that many of them, if not all, had never seen a ship or strangers like us before. Astonishment was depicted on their features; and one or two amongst them even ceased from their common yamma scoona. At this time we were not very far from a group of small islands that lay ahead of us in the channel, and around which we should have to turn, for the purpose of entering the opening leading to Woollya. I knew that, according to past accounts obtained from Jemmy Button, the natives were more numerous here than from whence we had come, and also that those on the north side were considerably more ferocious. It behoved us, therefore, to be very cautious; and I gave strict orders not to allow one of them to come on deck, and, moreover, to have no rope, or anything else, hanging over the side. I stationed a man at each bow, where our jib-guys and other material gave the best opportunity for getting to the vessel, and directed them to gently push back any of the strangers that might attempt to board us. I, myself, kept on deck, aft and in the waist, holding intercourse, as best I could, with them, and endeavouring to get on friendly terms. On the starboard side were at first three canoes, and

finally a fourth; astern, under the counter, was one by itself; on the port quarter was another; ahead of that, on the same side, was one more; and on the starboard bow was also one. Those on the starboard side appeared to be more bold and daring than the others. They had come from the north shore, and were much more warrior-like in appearance than our friends at Banner Cove. Two of the oldest, with their hair all plastered over with some white substance, kept incessantly chattering; and, indeed, they talked so fast and so loud, that they foamed at their mouths like the froth of an angry sea on a beach.

In these canoes were several rather robust men, and one or two women. The latter had the same peculiarities about them as those at Banner Cove, except that it struck me their breasts were more elongated. But I was glad to see them; for, while the women remained, I did not much expect there would be any attempt to attack us. I bartered with them for whatsoever they had for disposal, giving buttons and ribbons for bone heads, necklaces, and spears. While they were alongside, a sunfish passed, and our visitors immediately speared it, and threw it from their spear on to the deck for us. And though they tried to take bits of iron, ringbolts, or anything else that struck their eye and was within their grasp, yet the same honesty in bartering was evinced here as at Banner Cove. The men, however, were not at all to be despised. Whatever may have been their astonishment, those on the starboard side—Oen's-men, as I conceived them to be—did not appear the least alarmed. On the contrary, after some short consultation together, the men all got into one canoe, and, sending the women off in another, began, through the two old men, to clamorously demand something from us. Their noise, and the stunning effect it had, made me try to stop it by outdoing them; and I therefore took the speaking trumpet, and made a much greater noise than they. This had the desired effect. From a daring vociferous

cry, they fell to laughing, and seemed pleased that I had made myself on a par with them—becoming, afterwards, quite as talkative, but not quite so bold.

Those on the other side of the ship and under the counter were the reverse. They had but little to say, were apparently living in their astonishment, and had a ready and pleasant smile whenever I looked over the side at them. They had all come from the south of the channel,—Navarin Island,—and, from their having nothing to say to the others, I imagine they were of a totally different tribe. One fine young man I shall never forget: his mouth was open in amazement nearly the whole time he was alongside—two hours. Everything we did in the rigging or sails—especially when I went aloft to look out from the mast-head—was a matter of great wonder to them. Men, women, and children, all alike, seemed astonished; though there were some amongst them who tried to show indifference.

CHAP. XXIII.

Calm in the Beagle Channel. — Living Inhabitants amongst Sea-weed.—Holothuriæ.—Effect of Music on the Fuegians.—A Breeze springs up.—Canoes are cast off, and all Sail made on the Ship.—Entrance to Ponsonby Sound. — Magnificent Scenery. — Button Sound and Islet. — Account of Jemmy Button. — His Voyage to England. — Educated and presented to Royalty. — Returns to his native Home.—Falls back to his original State.

At noon there was not a breath of air. The heat was intense; and, for more reasons than one, I was most anxious that a breeze would spring up. I paced the deck, or chatted with the natives, in a nervous state of mind very different to any that I had before experienced. This may be easily understood, when it is considered that I was in the Beagle Channel on my own responsibility and against the advice of an eminent naval officer. Eagerly therefore did I look for some wind to help us along. It was inactivity in its very worst form. Nothing to do,—nothing that could be done;—not even to keep the men from thinking, which I could see, by the looks of some, was not well for them to indulge in. Patches of kelp alongside, when hauled up, gave to myself and wife the usual pleasure we experienced in searching them; and well might Darwin say, "A great volume might be written, describing the inhabitants of one of these beds of sea-weeds; and the number of living creatures of all orders whose existence intimately depends upon the kelp is wonderful;"—for truly wonderful were the contents often found in only one piece. The *Holothuriæ* were very abundant, and I caught — and still have them preserved

— several very long and fine specimens, some of the thickness of a thumb, and others of the little finger. But all this, which at other times would have served to beguile an hour, had barely sufficient charm to help me forget a passing moment. Half the day was already gone; and, moreover, after this calm, if the winds went round as usual, and as I expected, we should not be long before having a westerly breeze; hence it was everything to try and get where that westerly breeze would be no longer a foul one for us. "Oh, for two or three hours' fair wind, or wind of any sort, so that it be not dead against us! Oh, for a breeze! a breeze!" I kept exclaiming, as, pacing the deck or lounging over the starboard rail, I watched the water to catch the faintest ripple that could be seen coming towards us. But nothing came. A sheet of glass, reflecting on its surface the high mountains that enclosed it in, alone presented itself to view. My dinner, brought to me on deck, was all but untasted, and I offered some to the dark strangers alongside, but they did not seem to care for it. One man from the south part of the channel took it, and placed what I gave him in his canoe; but I did not observe that any of them ate what was handed to them. Once or twice, to relieve the monotony, I played my concertina. This delighted them beyond measure. One and all enjoyed it; and it was evident that music here had charms. Firearms they seemed to be wholly indifferent to, probably not being able to comprehend them; though the pointing of anything, whether spy-glass, or stick, or gun, made them uneasy. This I imagine was from considering it, as they would a spear, a weapon of some kind to be thrown at them. Their spears, two of which I bought, were about twelve feet long, made of hard wood, octangular, but about half an inch thick and one inch broad, tapering at one end to a point, and the other end to a butt. One that I got was painted red; the other was merely the plain wood.

The ropes they had to fasten their canoes were made of grass rudely platted; and when I gave them a few bits of cord as a substitute, they were highly pleased. Suddenly igniting some matches much alarmed them; and (to see the effect it would have in case of necessity) when I struck a signal-light against the ship's side, their astonishment was intense. Our boats, hanging in the waist davits, had been hoisted up as high as they would go, so as to be above their reach; but when the Oen's-men on the starboard side were making that furious noise, I ordered the cutter to be suddenly lowered as if it were going to fall upon them. This stopped their tongues awhile; and then, again, my speaking through the trumpet. They were all unclothed, except one or two of the women, who had fragments of some guanaco, or seal-skin, thrown across the shoulder.

While thus engaged watching the water for a wind, and taking observations of our visitors for pastime, I at length fancied that the men on our starboard side were endeavouring to get on board. It was not that I cared for their number, — altogether not more than seven, — but because I wished that nothing should occur which might lead to unpleasantness between us. I therefore gave orders to cast off their lines and shove the canoes from the ship. This, however, proved of no use. They *would* keep alongside; and, after the women had been sent away, I certainly did think they meant to try their strength with us; for several indications were manifested to this effect, so far, apparently, as to coming on board. But this I determined to prevent. It would never do to take the "dreaded Oen's-men"* with us into the country of Jemmy Button. It would at once make us appear as enemies instead of friends; consequently at all hazards we must get rid of these gentlemen, whose acquaintance at present

* Jemmy Button, when in England, stated that his tribe was always at war with the Oen's-men.

we did not so much desire, and be only by ourselves when visiting Woollya. Accordingly I was prepared to forcibly eject them if they once got above the rail, when lo! at the good moment, I detected a "catspaw" on the water,—a little rippling dark curl,—a mere passing shadow fleeting by,—a faint breath,—the smallest symptoms of a puff; and it was gone! But it was enough. I felt that it would prove the *avant-courier* to something better; and so it did. In a few seconds more I observed another playful curl, and presently a third, both from our starboard beam. "Port braces! Trim sails!" I suddenly shouted, somewhat more loudly than usual, on purpose to arrest the attention of the wondering savages, who with amazed looks glanced at our yards and sails as they moved apparently without hands.

"Hoist the peak of the mainsail! Set the foresail, foretopsail, and flying jib!" And again, as the order was rapidly obeyed, while the canvass now caught the first breathings of the new wind, did the poor Fuegians gaze in open-mouthed astonishment!

And now the water no longer had its glassy look. Puff, puff;—a faint air from the north,—then a lulling down to the merest perceptible breathing;—another puff, puff, and at length it came.—"Hurra! at last a breeze!" said I. "Topgallant-sail, my boys! give her every stitch of canvass now!—She already takes her helm!—she gathers way: nay, she walks, and she has commenced a wake!" And lo! the suddenly quieted savages have to see to themselves; for their canoes, all fastened promiscuously across each other, feel the motion, and are being dragged along somewhat inconveniently. The breeze, too, is freshening.—"Yes! we have it now.—A nor'-nor'-wester!—That will do!—just the thing!—So, let her go! We must travel as fast as we can; and even now, we may get to an anchorage at Woollya before dark.—Ha! there it comes, stronger and stronger!—Too much for you, my Oen's men, is it? and

you, too, more gentle Southerners: — want your rope cast off? certainly. — Let [illegible] have had enough. They [illegible] And in another moment the whole baton of their canoes passing astern, with wild shouts and cries — the [illegible] men frothing and gesticulating as they still stood up in their canoes, as though they were pouring upon us innumerable maledictions.

But speedily I had something else to attend to. An oval reef on our right was passed as with a rapidly increasing breeze we cut through the water almost as regards our feeling the ship's motion, imperceptibly. Presently we were among the cluster of islands I had seen ahead. My chart told me nothing beyond that they were there. Not a sounding was marked; no indication as to whether safe or not to go between them; the Survey of this particular part under Captain Fitzroy being merely in outline, and not intended to be so exact as more frequented places. What, then, was I to do?—Mounting aloft, I got my answer. Deep water apparently; and no kelp, except close to the rocks. To all appearance, then, it was safe; nevertheless, it would not do to risk too much. Therefore, I sang out, "Brace sharp up! luff, boy, luff!" as I brought her close to the wind, intending to pass outside the islands in the main channel, which, though giving a wide *détour*, would nevertheless make it more safe,—but the wind prevented me. The islands ran out far; she would not head up sufficiently high; and when, at about half-past three, we approached the neighbourhood where I expected to find the entrance of that arm of the Beagle Channel leading to Woollya, we were thrown off so much that I determined to make an effort and push on straight through the group. Accordingly I went aloft, to remain there; and, putting a steady hand to the lead, with the mate attending to everything on deck, I gave the order to bear away, keeping the yards still braced up, though with a

check, lest we should suddenly have to luff again, or come round. And now, onward we dashed,—passed one rocky islet, then another,—now amongst four or five,—then through this narrow strait, and then by that, until we were fairly through, and had, to my great joy, opened out the south arm of the Beagle Channel.

Immense dark and towering mountains seemed to form the giant portals of this, to us, new passage. We had been, as it were, silently, and then more noisily and swiftly, traversing the desolate streets of one of those ancient cities newly brought to light: now we were about to enter the gateway of its mighty castles and fortifications. On our right we were leaving the main road that, bounded in the distance by hundreds of lofty minarets and flanked by snow-capped Alps, had hitherto, by its evenness and uniformity, directed our way; and now we were stepping upon the threshold of what might be called an Antarctic Petra. Singularly mysterious, and yet attractive, was the view before us. No opening appeared to allow of our exit onward, if we once went in. It was a wild and rocky defile that we were entering upon amidst giant Alps instead of sailing on the Fuegian waters; —at least, my imagination easily led me to suppose this instead of the reality, so much akin were scenes I had once visited to those I was now examining. Still, on we went,— a freshening breeze in our favour, and everything, as hitherto, most propitious. Cape Mitchell, on our left, was rounded at a cable's length; and then came high, dark cliffs; and all but perpendicular mountains towering to the sky, —their gloomy surface prettily relieved by silvery cascades trickling down from immense heights, and with wooded patches, ravines, arches, clefts, vales, and sylvan coves interspersed. It was a wild, magnificent gorge, with all the accompaniments of Arctic grandeur as seen near Upernavick, and of Alpine beauty in the Oberland. I could have stopped and enjoyed it for hours; but we rapidly

passed on, and stood towards the Murray Narrows. These I could now see in the distance ahead of us. They appeared, indeed, a thread; but, as we neared them, the sylvan character of the scenery on our right, close to the water's edge, was more conspicuous.

Backed by a gloomy rampart of high, rocky precipices, there was a level space at the foot, from amidst which smoke arising told us that natives would be found. Speedily we approached: — the swift tide, — here very strong, — now catches us; — furious eddies are twirling about in the sharp bend the channel takes; the vessel will hardly steer.—"Mind your helm!—watch her well! —starboard! starboard! — take care!" I sing out from aloft as we dash along. And then at last we are fairly in the Narrows; and ahead of me I could see Button Islet, while the hills over Woollya were gradually coming in sight. Hopes or fears were at length to be realized. The man upon whom the mission so much depended would soon be found, or the prospect of his being alive or dead ascertained. But, for myself, I was truly elated. I was now in a place; whatever might happen, no one could accuse me of not being exactly where my instructions told me to go. True I had gone by a way of my own;—true, I had not walked along the road marked out for me in parlours and arm-chairs at home; but nevertheless, here I was; and, blessed be Him who had vouchsafed to guide my judgment and protect us, we had come along a way, and were at last where none had been before us for twenty years, but where it was "so highly important for our cause that we should be." Oh! how I enjoyed the splendid breeze — the glorious scenery, so grand, so mighty! There, on our left, and at the base of which we are now swiftly gliding, nearly becalmed by its lofty height, — is a huge and singular-looking mountain, almost slab-like in its form, and cutting downward to fathomless depths below, apparently as even as it appears above. See! from near

its summit comes a long and brilliantly marked silver thread, darting, in some places, from rock to rock, and at others taking bold leaps; and then, like a gushing fount, sending its tiny line of water into a mist of foam and spray! Again,—beyond it is a wooded grove, with dark brown rocks appearing interspersed amongst the trees; and—surely, yes!—numerous figures of an equally dark brown hue are gliding about in the same locality! Yes, there they are!—and see! from underneath those clumps of bushes hanging upon the water, one, two, three, and more canoes suddenly dart out! They give us chase! Their voices are heard sounding like the united shout of many persons, and an answer to them is heard on our right, and a repeating cry comes from ahead. "*Yamma scoona! Yamma scoona!*" is around us everywhere; and, turn the eye now where we will, canoes appear from all directions. "Hold on, good breeze! hold on! we cannot spare you now! I must get to this man Jemmy Button if I can, or I must seek an anchorage for the night; unless it be that, finding none, I dodge about in the more open sound beyond. Nevertheless, hold on, my breeze! hold on!" I mentally exclaimed as with a scrutinizing glance I swept my eye all around us.

The view at this moment was somewhat confined. Two small islets, and two larger ones (one of which, well wooded, being Button Islet, so called by Captain Fitzroy), lay ahead of us, not far off. On our oblique right were the barren and rugged mountains of Hoste Island; and on our left the lofty and startling precipices of Navarin. Eddies of wind now came rushing down the deep ravines amongst these precipices. One moment our sails hung to the mast; the next a tornado blast would make them almost burst from their bolt ropes, as the ship heeled over; and then again all would be still. It was evident that I must use great caution; and for a moment I considered what best we should do,—go on, as

we were now going, to Woollya, or bear up and run round Button Islet into Ponsonby Sound and heave-to under a lee for the night? But I decided upon going on, especially as I could still get into the sound if I missed Woollya.

The canoes that had darted out from the bushes were astern; but, as we neared Button Islet, several other canoes came in sight, without venturing off to us. Large numbers of the natives were also observed on the island; and fires, in one or two places, were lit, either as signals or for their domestic purposes. Our course here was past all these islets and to the eastward—Woollya being about five miles off; but, seeing so many of the natives, I was struck with an idea that perhaps Jemmy Button, if alive, might be on *this island* instead of at Woollya; and to give him, as I hoped, some knowledge of who and what we were, I had the British colours run up to the mast-head. No sooner were they displayed, and floating in the air, than I could see one or two of the canoes hastily paddling towards us, while at least some hundred natives were clustered in groups around their large fires upon various eminences in a bay we were passing. I was, as may be supposed, very anxious. It was now past five P.M., and I had sent the men and officers down to their tea, that they might all be on deck when I most wanted them in a few moments more. I was alone, except the man at the helm, and a look-out forward; and my anxiety was produced principally by this semi-civilized Fuegian that I had come here to seek. For, upon his being alive or not,—and friendly if alive,—depended my staying even to anchor. But it is right, before going any further, that I should make my reader acquainted, as briefly as possible, with Jemmy Button, and who and what he was.

Twenty-seven years ago two of our surveying vessels, the "Adventure" and the "Beagle," were engaged upon the arduous and severe work of examining the coasts and fixing the position of all prominent places in Patagonia

and Tierra del Fuego. At that time but little was known of these distant portions of the globe. They were, in a measure, *terra incognita* as well as being a Terra *fuego*; and, like the Arctic unexplored, they needed, as they now received, the courage and unflinching resolution of British seamen* to bring before the scientific world this hitherto hidden and, to mariners, dreaded region. Upon this examination were engaged many officers, who have since attained to well-earned eminence in their profession; but the chiefs were the late Admiral P. P. King, an officer deservedly esteemed, and the present Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, of whom it becomes me only to say that his services and high scientific attainments are too well known to need remark from me. But it is to him we are indebted for what we know of the locality I am more particularly describing in this narrative. To his perseverance and skill, and to the fearlessness and endurance of himself and of his officers, the maritime world owes one of the best surveys ever made of a coast generally admitted as the wildest and most tempestuous to be anywhere found, and which has until lately been looked upon with dread by every sailor passing near it.

Twenty-seven years ago, then, this officer, at that time having the "Beagle" under his command, was at work upon the outer coasts of Tierra del Fuego. He had surveyed many of the islands on the south-western part; and, with three natives that he had picked up in one of the places, and now had with him on board, he was in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, when Mr. Murray, sailing-master of the ship, returned from a boat-search he had been ordered to make, and reported a new discovery. This discovery proved to be the Beagle Channel, along which I have lately carried my reader safely in the schooner; but so important did Capt. Fitz-

* And I may truly add American seamen also. The names of Kane and Lynch and others prove this.

roy deem it, that he himself went away with the boats to examine and further explore it. For the result of this examination I must refer to his excellent narrative,—a narrative that is as complete as any work could possibly be; but, confining myself to the circumstances connected with Jemmy Button, it appears that, on the 11th of May, 1830, upon their return to the ship, and when near the Murray Narrows, three canoes came alongside the boats. In one of them was a lad of apparently about fifteen years of age. This lad the Captain invited to step into his boat; and, finding there was no objection on the part of the lad's father,—nay more, that there seemed to be a willingness to let him go,—a button, in token of friendly interchange, was given, and the young Fuegian was soon on his way to new scenes amidst totally different people from those among whom he had hitherto lived. His entry on board the ship,—his there meeting with the other Fuegians,—and his after proceedings, are better told by Capt. Fitzroy himself. Suffice it that, in furtherance of the Captain's benevolent views, the whole four were brought to England, with the intention of giving them education and then returning them at a future day to their own country, in the hope of benefiting their poor degraded brethren.

With regard to the wisdom of such a plan I am not at present going to say a word. There may be,—there always will be,—two opposite opinions on this subject—the bringing natives away from their birthplace, and sending them back again after storing their minds with the notions of civilized life. Nevertheless, whatever may be the difference of opinion concerning the wisdom thereof, the motive cannot be otherwise than commended. Capt. Fitzroy's object was most praiseworthy. He had his *protégés* taken every care of, and though one unfortunately died from the small-pox, the others were, by the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Wilson of Walthamstow, educated in the

infant school, and moreover had the honour of being presented to Royalty.

Three years Jemmy Button and his companions (who had been called York Minster and Fuegia Basket) remained in England. At the expiration of that time Capt. Fitzroy was again sent out to continue the survey; and consequently he took with him these three Fuegians, intending to return them from whence they had come. In this, however, he was disappointed. Circumstances prevented him from placing York and Fuegia in their own locality; but at their request they were, with Jemmy Button, deposited at Woollya, a pleasant-looking spot, where Jemmy said he was born.

I should remark that when it was known in England that Capt. Fitzroy was taking these Fuegians back to their native country, a missionary offered to accompany them. This missionary was, I believe, of ordinary qualifications, and though belonging to the Church, yet not a clergyman. He was furnished with everything that was useful and necessary; and it was hoped that he would, by the aid of Jemmy, get a good footing amongst the Fuegian savages, and obtain a knowledge of their ways. But, truth to say, I hardly like, in the body of my narrative, to dwell much upon this subject. I *cannot* conceive any likely advantage to be gained by one man, *such as this missionary was**, being alone amongst them. Nor was there any gained. A few days, and he gladly returned to the asylum offered him on board the "Beagle." However, reverting to the three Fuegians, it appears that they were settled at Woollya amidst Jemmy Button's family, consisting of mother and three brothers, besides, no doubt, a host of cousins and friends, much in the fashion of a young colony.

* I do not mean that one man can effect no good. On the contrary I believe he can: but he should be of the right stamp to do it. Faulkner succeeded amongst the Patagonians; and so might one like him amongst the Fuegians.

Houses were built for them,—gardens planted,—and an abundant supply of everything deposited for their use, "even to toilet services and sets of cut glass." Jemmy had become quite a favourite on board the ship; and he himself was particularly attached to Mr. Bynoe, the surgeon, and Bennett, the Captain's coxswain. He was, as is stated, quite a dandy, dressing well, and having many appearances about him of a more gentlemanly character than York. This latter was somewhat coarse and less intelligent; though in some things he could be quick in understanding. He became attached to Fuegia; and as both were of the same tribe, the Alikhoolips, they became man and wife after their return to Tierra del Fuego. The girl—for she was only twelve or thirteen years old when she married York—was the most intelligent of the three. In England, she had learned the tongue of the country; in Rio Janeiro, where the vessel remained three months, she mastered Portuguese; and in Monte Video, Spanish. Yet, strange to say, they had all forgotten, or nearly forgotten, their native language! Hardly a word could Jemmy or his companions exchange with his relations when he first encountered them! This, however, did not prevent the commingling of the party all together; and when Capt. Fitzroy left them in 1833 Woollya was a tolerably fair place to look upon with its gardens, houses, and improvements under their hands. At that time there was master Jemmy, no doubt as a king amongst them, with his dandy dress, his articles of wearing apparel, and various other sundries;—there was York as a sturdy warrior, able and ready to defend himself; and there was his young wife as a little queen. What their feelings were, and what their ideas, it would be curious to know. It would be, and may yet be, a question worth some consideration among those who give their attention to the real, not ideal, good of their fellow-creatures. But, nevertheless, there they now were, back again amongst the savage

wilds where they had been born; and the strangers from a far-off land, who had suddenly come upon them like visitors from above, and carried them away to wondrous scenes and to the very highest touch of human dignity, had departed; and the past might almost be considered as a dream!

Twelve months had passed away, and again Captain Fitzroy had an opportunity of visiting his *protégés*. Taking his ship through the Beagle Channel, he, unexpectedly to them, comes once more to Woollya, no doubt hoping to find all well, and perchance some small improvement made. Partly that hope was accomplished,—partly it was not; but, here, I think it will be better to give what followed in the words of one who was at the time an officer of the "Beagle," and who is now a great supporter of the attempts made to establish a mission in Fuegia. He says:—

"On revisiting the spot, Woollya, twelve months after, it was found that the savages had relapsed very nearly into their original state. Jemmy Button came paddling up in his canoe. He was all but naked: his hair matted, and his eyes weak from smoke; the wigwams deserted, and the gardens trampled under foot. He could still speak English, and, indeed, to the astonishment of all, his companions, wife, and brothers, also mixed many English words in their conversation with him. He said he was well, had plenty of fruits, birds, and 'ten guanaco in snow time' (the skin of which furnishes a covering). He had a wife besides, who was decidedly the best-looking female in the company. He had dressed a fine otter skin for Captain Fitzroy, and one for Bennett, his particular friend on board. His story was one of misfortune. He had been twice robbed. York had succeeded in defending his own property from the rapacity of the natives, by standing with a spade at his door in a threatening attitude. He had been engaged a long time in building a boat of planks,

and in an unlucky hour he had plundered Jemmy of all he had in the world except a huge carving knife, which he retained as an ornament round his neck, and had gone off with his wife and his plunder to his own country. It was the opinion of all on board that the cunning old rogue had planned all this long before, and that with this end in view he had desired so earnestly to be placed with Matthews and Button, rather than be landed on his own country. Eight years after, an English vessel put into a bay in the Magellans for water, and there was found a woman who said, 'How do? I have been to Plymouth and London.' She was also pointed out as late as 1851 to two captains by the governor of a Chilian settlement. York Minster, also, was then seen."

I can never think of little Fuegia Basket, without a feeling of regret: regret that she knew so much, or that she had not known more and been kept amongst us; unless the good work of instilling rational truth amongst her companions had been vigorously followed up.

Such then, as I have here briefly related it, is the history of Jemmy Button,—of that man I was to seek in the hopes that, by his aid, the mission might be able to establish a permanent footing amongst his brethren; and now, having related all that was necessary to make my reader acquainted with the subject, let us see how far I was successful.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Meeting with Jemmy Button and his People. — Astonishment on hearing him still speak English.—Bring the Ship to an Anchor for the Night. — Conversation with Jemmy. — Description of him. — Refusal of himself and Companions to leave their Homes.—Native Fires on Shore.—Great Numbers. — They leave the Ship at Sunset. — Captain Fitzroy's Vocabulary of the Language correct. — Mission Plans unwise. — A small Sailing-vessel alone not safe.

As I have stated, the idea struck me that by hoisting the British colours it would be the means of inducing Jemmy Button, if he were alive and in this neighbourhood, to come off to me. I thought he would recognize the colours, and, having no fear of them, be the more willing to claim acquaintance. When, therefore, I saw the two canoes paddling towards us, I determined to hail them and make inquiries; but I did not shorten sail until one of the canoes, outstripping the other, came near. I did not, however, do more than deaden the ship's way, as we were close in-shore, and I wanted to reach Woollya before dark; but, standing on the raised platform, aft, I sang out to the natives interrogatively, "Jemmy Button? Jemmy Button?" To my amazement and joy—almost rendering me for a moment speechless—an answer came from one of the four men in the canoe, "Yes, yes; Jam-mes Button, Jam-mes Button!" at the same time pointing to the second canoe, which had nearly got alongside. To down with the helm,—throw the ship up in the wind close under the high mountains,—shorten sail,—call all hands upon deck, and put the vessel's head in the bay towards Button Island, was but the work of an instant; and, for that instant, so extraordinary did those words in English sound from

the lips of a native Fuegian, I was unable to prevent a momentary confusion. My wife, the catechist, and the two mates, rushed up from their tea; and, so completely astonished were we all at such a sudden realization of our most sanguine wishes, and *here* instead of at Woollya, as I had expected, that I believe there was no one on board but felt as though struck dumb. But voices enough were soon heard from all quarters, on board and alongside, as the first canoe, having got abreast of us, remained at a small distance off, while the second canoe, with a stout, wild, and shaggy-looking man standing up in it, came close to. "Jam-mes Button, *me*, Jam-mes Button *me!*" shouted the new comer; "Jam-mes Button, me; where's the ladder?" And the next moment Jemmy Button—the very man himself—the *protégé* of Captain Fitzroy—the one upon whom the mission rests so much of its hopes—was alongside, well and hearty, and giving me a welcome in broken words of my own tongue!

There being no accommodation ladder ready, not deeming we should want one in any part of this wild region, he repeated the question, "Where's the ladder?" And we had to throw him a rope to mount by, getting the ladder rigged immediately afterwards. The next instant he had cleverly mounted, and was on the deck of the "Allen Gardiner," shaking hands as heartily and as friendly as if he had known us for years.

The great excitement produced by his arrival was shown in various ways, expressive of astonishment, by the crew. To hear their own language spoken by one of those very men upon whom they looked with so much contempt,—to see him touch his forehead, in lieu of a hat, to me, when coming on board,—and the various other indications of an acquaintance with civilized life which he displayed, was food enough for their gaping wonder, and was commented upon in the usual manner of sailors, and particularly by the new men who had joined us at

Stanley. "Well, I'm blowed! What a queer thing! This beats me out and out! There's that blear-eyed, dirty-looking, naked savage, speaking as clearly to the skipper as one of us; and I be hanged, too, if he is n't as perlite as if he'd been brought up in a parlour, instead of born in this outlandish place!—Well, it *is* queer, and so is all the whole affair.—I can't make it out.—Fair winds,—never any harm,—lots of wild barbarians civil to us,—and now one of 'em talking as plain a'most as ourselves! It knocks me down quite!"

And so it might, C—; though, perhaps, you little imagined my ears were so quick to hear you; for I, too, was almost stunned. It *was* strange! Twenty-three years had not obliterated the knowledge of our tongue, imparted to this poor child of nature by kind and friendly hands in England! There he was,—the once smartly dressed and dandified youth of the "Beagle's" adventure,—the recipient of favours from the very hands of royalty itself, when he, with his companions, were presented to his late Majesty William IV. and Queen Adelaide. There he was,—a wild, naked, and shaggy-looking savage!—There was the man who was received as a boy into Captain Fitzroy's boat,—brought to England,—clothed,—fed,—educated, trained to better things than he had before known,—and finally, returned to his native home, in the hope—as the good Captain himself expressed it—"that some benefit, however slight, may result from the intercourse of these people with other natives of Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kindness from Jemmy Button's children, prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands, and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour." And now this very man, after an absence of twenty-three years, was once more among the countrymen of those who

had treated him so kindly! He, as well as ourselves, must necessarily have been much agitated; and this agitation was evident in his manner as he spoke to me. "Jemmy," said I, after the first few hasty words of friendly greeting were over, "Jemmy, where good place for ship here?"

"Yes, yes, plenty good—all here—that place—me," he replied; but evidently so confused, and in such a broken manner, that I could gather nothing very distinctly from him as to what at the moment I most wanted to know, viz. a place where I could anchor the ship for the night. I therefore left him to the care of others, while, —attended by more than a dozen canoes, filled with gaping natives,—I carried the ship up the cove, and, watching the soundings, anchored; though rather too near a rocky projection, but which, however, was the only place where, in the excitement created, I could find good holding ground. I then went in the boat, and carefully sounded all round; but it was not, as I discovered, a safe place to remain in. For the night, probably, we could manage; but, if it came on to blow hard, especially from the north, the rocky projection behind us was much too close to be pleasant. However, we must try and hold on for awhile. It was everything to be here, and to find master Jemmy, not only alive and well, but actually able to converse with us; and, still more, that he had also taught his people something of our language, as I found from what was said to me by others.

Directly I could cease from attending to the ship, I turned my attention to Jemmy. He was easily recognized from his resemblance to the account given of him in Captain Fitzroy's narrative. He was, as on the occasion of that gentleman's second visit in 1834, quite naked, having his hair long and matted at the sides, cropped in front, and his eyes affected by smoke. The same words used by Captain Fitzroy to describe him are applicable now, as well as of his wife, who was also (this being his second

wife, and a very young woman) "good-looking," and seemed to be much attached to Jemmy and the children.

I should mention that by this time we had around us and upon deck most of Jemmy's family and connections; besides many others hovering about the ship in canoes, who appeared as if desirous of claiming relationship with him at the present moment. There must have been at least sixty or seventy persons from various parts (for they were not all of Jemmy's people), surrounding us. But as everything seemed to go on peaceably, I felt no alarm. I merely cautioned my men to be on their guard: and allow no one on deck, except with my permission. This permission I had, at Jemmy's request, given to his uncle, his two brothers and a man about to be married, as I was informed, to the eldest daughter of Jemmy; and, following his good example they conducted themselves with exceedingly great propriety. Surely Jemmy must have taught his people something of the good manners he had himself been taught in "Ingliss conetree."

From what I could learn, it seems that he has had two wives, and a family of three children grown up, and one quite young. One of his sons was married; and his daughter, apparently not more than fourteen years of age, was betrothed to a man old enough, as he appeared, to be her father. This daughter was mild and gentle in her manner, but, like her mother, deformed in the legs and dwarfish. The brothers of Jemmy were, however, fine-featured men; though the whole of the natives hereabouts seemed to me inferior in physical qualities to those we had seen in the Beagle Channel, and eastward. No one attempted to get up the ship's side, until permission was obtained from me through Jemmy; and though so many of the natives were around us, and great numbers besides could be observed on shore, they remained as quiet and peaceable as if we had previously obtained some power over them. But I understood from Jemmy that not all the

natives I saw were of his "conetree." Some "bad men" were amongst them; and he pointed out one or two of the canoes as belonging to those "bad men." I did not, however, notice anything about them worse than the rest; and so long as they remained quiet, save the occasional "yamma scoona," I only took favourable notice of them.

One of the first things I did was to equip Jemmy in some of my clothes; for, strange to say, amongst an abundance of wearing apparel of a not very necessary kind for women, nothing had been put on board, except one or two shirts for the men. I therefore, at my own expense, had to furnish what was requisite. Indeed, Jemmy, directly he got on board, and found an "Ingliss lady" was in the cabin, asked me for "clothes to put on." These I soon gave him; and in putting on the trousers, he said, "want braces," as distinctly as I could utter the words. In fact he appeared suddenly to call to mind many things. His tongue was, as it were, loosened; and words, after a moment's thought, came to his memory expressive of what he wished to say. There was no connected talk from him; but broken sentences, abrupt and pithy. Short inquiries, and sometimes painful efforts to explain himself were made, with, however, an evident pleasure in being again able to converse with some one in the "Ingliss talk." That he must have been greatly attached to it, is evident from the fact, that he had not omitted to teach his wife, children, and relations. I could hardly credit my senses, when I heard Mrs. Jemmy Button from the canoe calling aloud for her husband to come to her. She seemed most anxious he should not be again taken away; for, when he had been on board some little time, and was with me down in the cabin out of sight, her calls for him were loud and frequent. "Jamus, Jamus," said she, at the same time rapping hard against the ship's side with a paddle; for, as it was

drawing towards dusk, I had not then invited her on board. Poor thing! no doubt the whole history of her husband's visit to the fairy land of the strangers, and the "conetree" where such "vary pretty ladies" lived, had often been told to her; and now that a big canoe with wings had again come from that "Ingliss conetree," it may have greatly alarmed her, lest she should be suddenly left alone. Jemmy, however, had no intention of this; nor had one amongst them.

I expressly put the question in every possible and attractive form, both as regarded the adults, and the younger branches, *but a decided and positive negative was the reply from one and all.* Yet the reverse has been stated! I now publicly deny it. To go amongst them, with proper means, and using the results of practical experience, is another thing; but to try and get them away by *any* plan or cajolery, that they do not properly understand, especially after what I learned from Jemmy Button,—against this I protest. It may be glossed over: it may appear in letters, and print very prettily; but, I maintain, it is not right until the poor creatures can be made to comprehend and understand all about it. Facts speak for themselves. Jemmy Button had tasted the sweets, or, as they might be to him, the bitters of high civilization: he at all events knew what it was, and all about going away; yet, what was his answer, when I and the Catechist asked him if he, or any of his boys, would accompany us only a little way? Why, *a positive negative!* and, therefore, if I were to hear of ten or of fifty Fuegian boys as being at the mission station in the Falklands, I would never believe, until I knew that the Fuegians had learned our language, that those poor lads had gone there as only a religious society ought to let them go, namely, with a full and perfect knowledge of what it was for. Evil must not be done that good *may* perchance, and only perchance, come. The English colonies of the west were helped into existence

by labourers imported from Africa, by men who spoke of good things to come; and the colony of Keppel Island is also as openly avowed to be aided by imported natives, who, under the plea of being taught the useful arts of civilization, &c., will be made to serve in looking after the cattle, and doing other labour.* Let the useful arts, however, be taught them in their own homes; not where a doubt of its straightforwardness can be raised. Let the poor creatures learn by our descending in part to them, that we really have their good at heart by going to *their* homesteads, (and wretched though they be, they *are* homesteads with evidently strong family affections around them,) rather than by our dragging them away, and thus appearing to want only to make them slaves. For what else can they consider it, if they find themselves doing strange work for us in *our* land, while they are not able to get back to their homes at their own will. Savages they may be: degraded, miserable, wretched beings! But they have hearts as well as we; and *their* way of thinking may not be the same as ours on the question. Let us then go to them; not inveigle them to us.

Such is the impression concerning the Mission plans which was conveyed to my mind by the interview I had with Jemmy Button and others of the Fuegians. Much talk, necessarily of a rambling character, had I with this poor man. He was to me personally — if I may separate myself from my official character — an object of much curiosity. I had been amongst numbers of the Aborigines in various lands; but I had never before fallen in with one who had been transplanted to the highest fields of intellectual knowledge, and then restored to his original

* "In *the care of our cattle* the Patagonians will find congenial employment; in fishing and sealing, and in taking sea-birds, we shall find work and food tasteful to the Fuegian youths. . . .To build houses, &c. . . *The natives can be brought, but they cannot run away.*" —*Society's Publications.*

and barren state. It was therefore with a curious eye that I scanned this travelled Fuegian, when, taking him down into my cabin, I had him alone before me. He was a rather corpulent man, with the usual broad features, and moderately dwarfish stature, his height being about 5 feet 3 inches. My clothes I found were small for him in size; but I think if he had been properly dressed and cleaned, he would have looked not unlike a bold and sturdy man-o'-war's-man. As it was, with his shaggy hair and begrimed countenance, I could not help assimilating him to some huge baboon dressed up for the occasion.

The first thing I did after his coming down was to put food before him. Poor fellow! There was evidently the germ of good qualities and a refinement of manner in and about him. Seeing my wife, he hesitated; seemed abashed; reflected a moment; and then—for the table had been laid with everything for my tea—asked for "knife to cut meat, and, and," — but he could get no further. Something he wanted to say he had not the memory of English words to express. When he sat down, I soon saw his agitation and excitement were too great, and I rather think, by some signs in his eye, that his heart was too full, to let him eat. For myself I was also unable to eat. My food was in contemplating the man before me; and some fish bought from the natives in the Beagle Channel went away untasted. I now began to question Jemmy; and to try and draw him out. But he was so confused that, beyond disjointed sentences, I obtained, at that time, very little information from him. One important point, however, I did ascertain; and this was as to the language of his people. Taking from my bookshelves Captain Fitzroy's narrative, I went over several words in the vocabulary, and found that the Tekeenica column was correct. By it, so far as it goes, some communication can be held with the natives in these parts, though not with those in the Beagle Channel or at Banner Cove. The portraits of himself and the

other Fuegians made him laugh and look sad alternately, as the two characters he was represented in, savage and civilized, came before his eye. Perhaps he was calling to mind his combed hair, washed face, and dandy dress, with the polished boots it is said he so much delighted in: perhaps he was asking himself which, after all, was the best,—the prim and starch, or the rough and shaggy? Which he thought, he did not choose to say; but which I inferred he thought was gathered from his refusal to go anywhere again with us. Of England he, however, spoke with much grateful feeling. "Yes: me know—Ingliss conetree: vary good—you flag, me know (meaning that he had understood the British Ensign that I had hoisted at the main); yes: much good—all good in Ingliss conetree—long way—me sick in hammock—vary bad—big water sea—me know Capen Fitzoy—Byno—Bennet—Walamstow—Wilson—Ingliss lady, you wife?" and on being told yes, he added, alluding to my wife's fresh-coloured countenance and at that time healthy appearance, "ah! Ingliss ladies vary pretty! vary pretty!" And so it was with many other things, but especially our canary, a splendid songster, which several times elicited from him "vary pretty bird!"

I took him into my library, and showed him several of the articles arranged there—wisely, I cannot now say, for it perhaps recalled too much to him: nevertheless I showed him all that I thought might bring back to his mind the past—my books—pictures—instruments—fire-arms—toilet materials and ladies' fancy articles, concerning all of which he kept constantly expressing his delight, and naming some of them without hesitation, and others after a slight difficulty. A fine musical box gave him intense pleasure; and when I played a Harmonium, one of Alexandre's, he stood beside me as if entranced. He said it was "oh! vary good—all Ingliss vary good!" He wanted me to fire my guns; for, said he, "Capen

Fitzoy have gun — make noise — me know;" but I did not think it advisable to comply, lest it might alarm the other natives, to whom, no doubt, Jemmy had explained all about fire-arms, &c. He told me about "Matews" the Missionary, and "bad fellow York—gone, long time to other conetree!" At Woollya he said "sometime plenty fight—'nother conetryman come there. Now no feels (fields) for *eat*, but good feels for *look*." (Meaning, nothing growing there now, but might be made to grow, as the ground was good, &c.) "He never live there now, only little time. By and by he go over to Woollya and look again."—"'Spose I come p'raps I find him there." "I tell Bennet — Capen Fitzoy — Mit. Wilson, he 'member them,—'spose Inglis conetree too long way—vary good conetree, but much water—make sick—plenty hammock," and this he repeated several times.

He said "when I show the Ingliss flag, he knew good ship, and he come see." In reply to a question I put as to any vessel or European strangers having been there since Captain Fitzroy, he distinctly intimated that none had come. "No:—no ship—Capen Fitzoy—you;" but I can hardly believe it possible that he could so retain a knowledge of our language if unvisited by any Englishman during the interval that elapsed since Captain Fitzroy's last interview with him. But as I repeated the question again and again, and received the same answer, I can do nothing but give it. Perhaps he may have misunderstood the question; yet, as he never hinted of any other visitors having been there, I can now hardly think so; though, at first, so strange was the whole affair that I was for a long time incredulous. He asked my name and my wife's, also the ship's; and upon his desiring a book, I gave him two or three, with some particulars of our visit written in one.

As it was now near dusk, I told him that on the morrow morning I would give him some more clothes and other things, and hoped that we should be able to remain here

safe from molestation. He assured me that we should be perfectly secure; and added, that though "other conetree men come here, his people all good, and Ingliss ship" (meaning, for the present, ourselves) "need not fear." I now intimated that it was time to go to bed, or rather to make all quiet for the night; whereupon he went on deck, and, with many more friendly greetings from all, descended the ladder into his canoe, where his wife gladly welcomed him, and was speedily paddled on shore, his brothers following him. These latter had remained on deck, chatting and making themselves most agreeable with the men, and conducting themselves more like civilized beings than savages. Once I was asked by one of them —I believe it was the uncle — a question in reference to something he wanted that, being expressed in three single words, and the latter word peculiarly English of the commonest kind, convinced me Jemmy had been earnest in teaching them.

When I went on deck with Jemmy I found that most of the canoes were on the move, and by sunset every one had gone to their wild homes. Not a vestige remained of any living beings upon the water save ourselves; and the quiet was so remarkable that I could not help assimilating it to the Falklands. Indeed, through the whole night, there was nothing to disturb the watch but the barking of dogs on shore; and from sunset to sunrise we were as free from any molestation on the part of the natives as if we had been at the mission station.

After Jemmy's departure, and when the excitement had somewhat cooled, I had more leisure to think over what had occurred; and I felt there was more in it than met the eye. It would probably be tedious to the reader were I to mention at length all that passed through my mind as I leaned over the ship's bulwarks and gazed upon the place where Jemmy Button and his companions dwelt, or to give any portion of that which even now traverses my brain:

but the sum of all may be expressed in these few words, "God moves in a mysterious way;" and I could not but feel this especially in the present case. I am not going to enter upon the subject of the wisdom and policy of this plan or that; but I am bound, as a faithful chronicler, to say that,—no matter what may appear to the contrary from any one receiving 600*l.* per annum as a missionary, and therefore desirous of keeping it up,—there can be no rational, and, humanly speaking, safe grounds of hope as regards these natives, except by other means than those at present tried. It is a risk of life as uncalled for as it is shameful for any one to insist upon others incurring, or to induce them to incur. If this may seem strange from my lips, I would add, by way of explanation, that not myself alone, but a much higher authority,—and he a friend of the mission,—says that a vessel is not safe there: *nor is she*, if a *sailing* vessel. And I declare that, having the lives of my crew as it were in my hands, I don't know when I ever felt more overcome by doubts and anxieties than I did while here in Jemmy Button's neighbourhood. That he was not a chief, or the highest in authority amongst the natives, I could see; for there was an old man, with his hair plastered over, who appeared to have more power than Jemmy. But his acquaintance with us strangers seemed to give him, as it were, a temporary superiority, though even that was not sufficient to prevent what appeared to us an attempt on the part of some of his people, either by persevering solicitations, or, perhaps, by force, to get from him the presents I had made. This will be seen as I mention what occurred on the next morning; but I would here conclude my remarks by repeating that I am not sure of the wisdom or the real good of giving a few things to one individual as I did, or conferring on him a benefit, and not vigorously following it up by sound and rational plans bearing thereon. Such, however, was my intention, at least as far

as my own power went; and so I told Jemmy; informing him that I should be back there again probably in about six weeks more; but as the Society itself chose to prevent me, and, by the jealousy of the individual who was coming out, stopped all my future work, it must bear the consequences of the natives throwing in the teeth of the mission that it does not fulfil its promise. The importance of this I consider to be so great in its bearing upon such unformed creatures as the Fuegians, that I should not have hesitated, at any risk, to have gone again at the time named, and made preparations for it, had I not been prevented.

CHAP. XXIX.

Natives visit the Ship at Sunrise.—Description of Jemmy Button's Country.—Button Sound.—Mrs. Button and her Daughter.—The Button Family, Brothers, Uncles, Cousins, and Relations.—Clamorous Demands.—Prepare to get under Way.—Leave Button Sound.—Pass Woollya.—Ponsonby Sound, and wild dreary-looking Scenery.—Heavy Weather again.—Attempt to reach Orange Bay fails.—Bear up for, and finally anchor in, Goree Roads.

I HAD myself seen to the watch on deck, and that everything was properly regulated, before I retired to rest; but I now began to find what I might expect from those who were with me, if aught occurred that required all their energies and ready cooperation. I have before alluded to the truly wretched position in which I was placed. It would matter not what I did; all would, I was sure, be wrong, if at any time I was, as has been latterly shown, to be got rid of. Cunning and secret correspondence, even to a system of incessant espionage, were openly admitted as the orders which came to others to carry out with regard to what went on abroad. As long as I kept servilely in with the one man's views who appeared to have got all into his hands at home, well and good. "Everything I did was excellent!" but if my feelings as a man, or my common sense as a being not altogether lost to reason, led me to speak or act differently, no matter how much I might be in accordance with my agreement and instructions, I was to be hampered and surrounded by difficulties so great as to make it almost impossible to clear myself from them. Such was the case at the time I am now writing about, and such has been the case ever since.

As I have said, the watch being properly regulated for the night, I retired to rest, and nothing disturbed us

during the hours of darkness. I had left orders to be called at four o'clock the next morning, and soon after that hour I was up, and preparing for the natives coming off to us again. I got ready various things to give as presents, and picked out many articles belonging to myself, and that the ship had not got. Before leaving Bristol I had bought sundry toys, such as I knew natives in general were fond of; and some of these for Jemmy's children, besides an excellent knife for himself, and several other things, especially of wearing apparel, were got ready against his arrival, it being my intention, owing to certain indications in the weather, to get under way that morning, even if I returned again soon afterwards.

Exactly as the sun began to rise, Jemmy came off again, and was speedily followed by even a greater number of canoes than on the previous evening. There must have been not less than a hundred natives round us, the canoes covering the water like wherry-boats round an important launch at home. They all appeared to be eager for something, and I could not help asking myself whether it would be wise to trust too much to them. Indeed, with perhaps over-caution, I felt doubtful—at least, so far doubtful as to be upon my guard, even with Jemmy. "Who knows," thought I, "whether his cupidity may not have been worked upon by his people, to try and get from me more than I choose to give?" Not that I feared him personally, for I believed, and still believe, him grateful and attached to us; but I do think his brothers and his countrymen were inclined to something like coercion with him. Certain it was, that the conduct of Jemmy's brothers on this morning was far from being so temperate as on the previous evening. "Had Jemmy told them I was not a war-ship, and only got a few men on board?" Assuredly, I did not feel so easy for us all as I did elsewhere. What reason I had will be presently seen. Meanwhile, let me

W.P. Snow, Del.

M. & N. Hanhart, Imp.

try to depict the scene as it appeared before us at this early hour.

Environed by high and frowning hills, their rugged tops towering far above us, a serpentine, lake-like expanse of water of narrow width stretched out in placid stillness on our oblique right and left. Facing us, in the background, and almost perpendicular from the water's edge, were the lofty mountains that I have before described as on Navarin Island. These, on the east of us, were broken and intersected by some valleys and smaller hills more fertile in appearance than any elsewhere in the view. These valleys and hills were in the neighbourhood of Woollya. Immediately in front of us, as we rode to a north wind, was a rugged but not barren islet, which I have named Jammes Islet; behind us, and bending so as to form a bight like an elbow, was Button Island, thickly wooded, rather high, pleasant in look, but rocky at its base, and with deep water almost close to it, except on ledges of reefs. It was a calm morning, with the exception of sundry gusts of wind; and as the sun rose, tinging the mountain tops with his golden hue, while the all but gloomy waters beneath were still in a misty gray, with numerous wild-looking figures in dark canoes shooting about in all directions towards us, their unearthly shouts coming strangely on the ear, the scene was truly picturesque. I regret that I have not an artist's skill, even had I leisure at the time to properly portray it. The accompanying sketch will, however, give some idea of it.

Very soon I had Master Jemmy and his brethren on board again, and, I believe, some others also, though I had forbidden any coming on deck, except, as on the previous day, with my permission first obtained. The necessity for being very careful in this respect may be inferred from what has often occurred to ships in out of the way places amongst savages.

Jemmy, when he got on board, was dressed as he had left

ns on the previous evening, but looking more hideous and deplorable than I could have imagined. He had evidently lain down in his clothes upon the earth,—a light red clayey substance as it appeared,—and covered his new pink-striped shirt with some of the soil. He was dirty, and, by contrast, with garments on like ourselves, more wretched than his companions. However, I soon gave him the things I had selected; and then requested him to have his wife and daughter on board, that Mrs. Snow might bestow something upon them. There was some slight hesitation on their part about this. Mrs. Button evidently did not like to come; but at last, mounting the ladder, and, assisted by her husband, she got on deck, and, with her daughter, soon went below into the cabin.

I here observed the same womanly delicacy as I had noticed at Banner Cove. She seemed to be shy about coming from her canoe, where she had been squatted in the usual way, and evidently did not like mounting a ladder, crossing over the bulwarks, and appearing amongst strangers. And similar to this was the daughter, though in a less degree. They were both without a single rag of covering upon them, except the mother, who had the smallest fraction of a badge. And here I noticed the great difference between the Australians and the Fuegians; for the former — at least all those I was for several weeks among — wore the badge until marriage, and then immediately threw it off; while the latter, it seemed, were in part the contrary. However, in a few moments after they had gone below, my wife had clothed them, and then, with Jemmy, I descended to the cabin, and we had another talk together.

The wife was a rather slim person, with a mild cast of countenance and plaintive ways; but her arms and lower limbs were comparatively like a reed, and bow-shaped. The daughter was somewhat similar to the mother, and had a skin of the most delicate softness. The usual white teeth,

and,—as far as could be seen for the soreness of them caused by smoke,—dark eyes were prominent attractions; but she was not nearly so good-looking as the girl Annunciata of Banner Cove. By way of knowing how to distinguish her, as Jemmy did not tell me her name, we called her Mary; and his brothers Tommy and Harry; his uncle, Joseph. Mrs. Button, of course, kept to her own name.

By this time I had bestowed upon Jemmy all that I could well spare or thought proper to give. Blankets, clothes, a knife, chopper, and sundries, all of which,—but particularly a knife,—he asked for very earnestly. His wife and daughter were also loaded with presents; and as it was now necessary to see about moving, I intimated that we must, for the present, say "good-bye." He was apparently much affected, and again repeated the grateful and friendly expressions he had used on the previous evening. There was, however, both now and then, less allusion to Capt. Fitzroy than to Mr. Bynoe, the surgeon, and Bennett, the coxswain. The latter, especially, he named several times; and it is probable that he had not the power to utter plainly what he wished to say of the others. He had a difficulty in pronouncing Capt. Fitzroy's name, though I have no doubt he meant to say more than he did.

As soon as I returned on deck I gave orders to heave up the second anchor, and prepare for getting under way; for I noticed the barometer was already falling; and, though the weather was now calm, it had a somewhat threatening aspect. If I were asked how I could tell this, I would reply,—that I find it to be a law of nature to meet extremes by extremes; and, if we have unusual heat or closeness, a sickly haze (as on this particular morning), or dense atmosphere, there will assuredly be—sooner or later—a strong current of air rushing in from some other quarter to clear it all away. Thus, then, I deemed it advisable not to remain here in this insecure anchorage any

longer. It was all important that I should, if possible, complete my cruise, as laid down by myself, and which was to examine all the islands I could as far as the Horn, to see which were inhabited and which were not. It was also necessary that I should, as speedily as I could, impart the tidings that Jemmy Button was alive; and, as there was some possibility we might meet with an accident, and be delayed from reaching Stanley,—for I thought of first visiting the Straits of Magellan as I had been directed,—I determined to try and speak some homeward-bound vessel, and put my despatches on board of her.

I had given directions,—as there was no wind except in puffs,—to heave short, and then have a towline out to pull ahead directly we tripped, as there was no room astern of us to get under way; but though I was surrounded by several of the natives now on board,—many of whom were clamorously pulling me about, so that I had enough to do with them,—the mate would not carry out my orders. What his object was I cannot tell; but assuredly he acted as though the worst feeling of obstinacy were in him. With the anchor unlifted, he sneeringly ordered the men in the boat to pull away; and while I, unable to well see what was doing, had a difficulty in freeing myself from rather rough handling by Jemmy's brothers, he allowed the men to strain themselves thus for nothing, instead of reporting to me that all was ready for tripping.

I was at this time on the quarter-deck, surrounded by four or five of the natives,—Jemmy's wife and daughter having gone into their canoe, and he himself conversing, I believe, with the Catechist, who was, as usual, indulging his own pleasure instead of helping the ship. Two of the natives round me were Jemmy's brothers; and these were trying to pull off my jacket and unbutton my vest. I had given them two or three things as a mark of friendship; but they were not satisfied. They wanted my coat and waistcoat: they said so in broken English, and moreover

added something about "Ingliss come—Ingliss give—Ingliss plenty." To be surly with them I knew would not do; to show myself at all afraid would be equally bad; yet to act in any way that would cause those canoes full of savages to board us would be most unwise. I therefore moved towards Jemmy, who, however, could not or would not prevent his brothers' and companions' rudeness. At last, seeing a few more of the natives had scrambled up the ship's side and were on deck, and hearing a murmuring amongst my men in the boat, I determined to get rid of our intruders by a method which, if I judged aright, would be sure to frighten them. I appeared as if about to take them to that sea they had expressed so much dread of; and accordingly gave the order to "loose sails;" it having been my first intention merely to tow the ship out of the small cove; but now, in addition to towing, the sails should try and help her. This was done, and, tripping the anchor at the same time, the effect I had anticipated was instantaneous. One and all, but Jemmy first, in answer to repeated calls from his wife, and after an affecting farewell, scrambled back over the ship's side as they saw her slowly moving, while a Babel of tongues and cries resounded everywhere about us.

I must confess that my feelings at this moment were not very enviable. I could hardly get the ship to move; for light N.E. winds against us puffed up suddenly, necessarily deadening our way, and rendered all towing in the boat next to useless. These light winds, moreover, were not steady; for, had they been, I would have gone out by the other entrance to the cove, and so round into Ponsonby Sound. But they kept baffling from N.E. to N.W. with quick transitions; and therefore I kept on my way to the eastward, first pulling up well to windward, close under Jammes Islet before I set the sails and trimmed them on the port-tack. I could not but reflect, however, that if I failed in getting out, or if these gentry, still alongside,

were intent on trying to get more things from me, we had but poor chance against them; and here I more than ever felt convinced that, to ensure success among these savages, nothing, humanly speaking, would be so good as a steamer or a vessel with auxiliary power. Indeed my opinion is that no attempt should be made without one; and I still hope to see the day when such will be used in Fuegia.

At last we got some little help from the wind; and then, as we moved along, the canoes began to start off in all directions. Jemmy, I could see, paddled away to his old quarters, closely followed by several others, who were intent either upon taking his good things from him or trying to get a share of them. I could pay but little attention to him, for the ship claimed all my care; but, turning round once, I caught him looking at us very intently. I waved my cap to the poor fellow; and that was the last I saw of Jemmy Button, the partly civilized Fuegian,—the man of many hopes, of much talk, and of great name in getting an interest in the mission, while it brought large sums to the account,—yet none the less a nude savage like his brethren. Truly the old proverb of "the dog has returned to his own vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," seems to have been verified in him; nor am I so absurd as to expect otherwise, except that I did fancy the recollection of what he had learnt in England would have made him use a skin or some other article for clothing. But, after all, it may be that we would do the same. No man unaccustomed from infancy to armour would like to wear it oftener than need be; and therefore I do not wonder at all the natives whom I have fallen in with preferring to live uncased in the garments of more civilized men. In this, however, custom is everything. *We* like to be clothed; *they* do not, preferring the greater freedom which absence from all external covering to their bodies gives them.

An eminent historian has well observed that—"Drapery may be more alluring than exposure;" and, strictly speaking, so it is. Familiarity with the naked savages of different lands would, I believe, do more to lessen particular immorality and vice than millions of sermons probably ever will or can. Where evil exists, there evil will be found in everything. It is the colouring to the eye given by the heart's desire, even though the heart be good, that produces the sinful wish or thought. More harm, I think, is done by false modesty,—by covering and *partly* clothing, than by the truth in nature always appearing as it is. Intermingling with savages of wild lands who do not clothe, gives one, I believe, less impure and sensual feelings than the merely mixing with society of a higher kind.

Before I close this account of our visit to Jemmy Button and his companions, I would again call attention to the mistake, as I conceive it, of *partly* civilizing the wild inhabitants of distant lands and not vigorously following up the good that has been attempted. I would earnestly ask every one to well consider what they are about before taking a mere child of nature amongst the highly finished children of art, and then sending him back again to his original condition.

Our departure from Button Cove strongly reminded me of a trip on the Swiss Lake of Lucerne, to which, in some respects, these waters bore a marked resemblance, only that they were surrounded by scenery more wild and contracted. I might even still farther carry the similitude, as I indulged in at the time, by supposing us to be on our way in winter time to the heights of St. Gothard; for several of the places I afterwards visited recalled to me, as will be seen, many parts in the ascent to and at the summit of that Alpine pass.

For some time after leaving Button Cove we were hampered with light baffling winds amongst some strong eddy

tides and high mountain-bound channels, down the ravines of which came sudden gusts of great fury. Turning the north-east end of Button Island, I stood over to Woollya, which we passed close to. It appeared to be quite deserted, not a living inhabitant being in sight. It was a pretty-looking place, yet nothing to equal Picton Island and Banner Cove, the Beagle Channel east of the Narrows, or the Clay Cliffs. After passing it the scenery became very wild and rugged. Ponsonby Sound presented more of the appearance of bleak Tierra del Fuego than any other place we had yet seen. As we opened it out, passing well up to the south-east point of Button Island, where are several rocks, the wind burst upon us in heavy squalls, before I had got well clear of danger. I had not, however, undervalued its power to do harm, but was ready to meet it; and speedily reduced canvas soon made the little vessel able to bear the gale. With her bows now off, now on (for the wind was flying about in fierce squalls of snow and hail and rain, sometimes strong from the south, then at other times light from the north-west), she stood gradually to the southward. An unnamed sound on the right was safely passed, then the south-west point of Navarin Island, and at length a fair wind for a time off Tekenika Sound ran us on towards Packsaddle Bay.

But it had now freshened to a hard gale, and with more of steady Westing in it. I therefore determined to anchor in some safe harbour, if one could be found near. Vanverlandt Island was passed, and Packsaddle neared; but here the wind appeared to come with greater fury. I hoped, however, for a slant, and consequently stood on for Orange Bay; but when we had got near the entrance, a terrific blast heeled the ship over, and I was obliged to use some nautical manœuvres to save her from a perilous position. At first she would neither *stay* nor *wear;* and she was jumping into a short heavy sea enough to bury her. Altering the arrangement of the few sails I had up

was not sufficient, until at length I managed to get her before the wind, and then, at one P.M., finding that the gale, now very heavy from the south-west, would prevent my getting into Orange Bay, I bore up for Goree Roads. As the wind was nearly right aft, we seemed to fly across Nassau Bay, although the motion was absolutely worse than anything I could have imagined. The sea was not what would be called a high sea, but it was so excessively abrupt and hollow that we were like being jolted along the way. No conception can be formed, except by nautical men, of this confused throwing about; for it positively was a throwing about, and nothing else. First on one side and then on the other; now up, now down; here a dip and there a dip, as either part of the vessel came under the curling crest of a green wave; and, except the jib to prevent our broaching to, with nothing but our small topsail set to speed us on; so were we driven forward.

Once I thought of Gretton Bay, a place not far from us on our right; but I soon banished the idea from my mind as I felt the force of the wind increasing. So on we went, dashing forward as though the little ship was endowed with life and instinct, and knew it would be well for her to get to a safe anchor before dark. Speedily we pass the north bluffs of Wollaston; and then, lest the wind might back to the north-west, start off towards Windhond Bay. Already does it open to us, and Point Harvey is in sight; and still we fly on and on before the gale, which fast increases! And now,—welcome anchorage! Guanaco Point, the entrance to Goree Roads, is seen.—I keep her close to the low shore, sounding carefully all the while:—she nears the point.—Deep water is marked upon the chart; but lo! thick kelp surrounds us everywhere.—'Tis ominous of danger!—"Port! Port! Brace the yards a little for'ard!" I sing out, as I also bid the leadsman "heave quick!"—But—the chart is true. Six and five fathoms, amidst kelp so thick that it would deaden a ship's way in light winds,

is the shallowest depth; and we round the point in safety, with the yards again squared and then braced up the other way. A little farther on we have a lee; and then smooth water, except a long upheaving swell, instantly succeeds to the tossing we had been experiencing; and with decreasing, but well-known soundings, we run up to our former berth and drop an anchor, having had a following wind, except for an hour or so in Ponsonby Sound, all round Navarin Island!

CHAP. XXX.

Very heavy Weather. — Leave Goree Roads. — Anchor in Gretton Bay. — Examine Wollaston Island. — A new Harbour. — Pleasant Beach. — Ascend a moderately high Mountain. — Beautiful View. — Name the new Harbour, Victoria; and the adjoining Sound, Albert. — Mount Franklin so named after Lady Franklin. — Other prominent Places named. — Sound the Channels. — Bring the Ship in. — Try to go through a narrow Channel dividing the Island into two. — Wind prevents us. — Return and anchor in Middle Cove. — Terrific Gales. — Detained at Anchor five Days. — Leave Middle Cove. — Pass between Wollaston and Deception Islands, the latter volcanic. — Attempt a Channel between Herschel and Deception Islands. — Name it the South Sea Pass. — Get through safely. — The Deceit Rocks. — Horn Island. — Smoke upon it. — Try to get close up. — Cape Horn two Miles off.

If it should appear that I speak too much of gales and stormy weather, it must be remembered that I am writing of a part of the world where it is rare to have a fine day; and consequently, if I depict truly, there will perhaps be more of the rough than the smooth,—more of gloom than sunshine, albeit some of the latter will, I trust, be found to occasionally appear. The greater part of the three journals before me, from which I am compiling, is filled with accounts of tempestuous weather. In fact, it was Cape Horn in all its boisterous accompaniments.

Such we found it to be upon anchoring in Goree Roads, after our flying run across Nassau Bay from the westward; and gladly did we hail so capital a place to run for. Many a ship that now battles with the rolling seas off the pitch of the Cape might, if she bore up for here, or some of the other places I shall by and by name, save possible injury to her

own good hull as well as her crew. Certainly we found it much more agreeable than the tossing we had experienced; for the gale on the next day, after a night's lull, burst out with greater fury than ever from the N.N.W. At six A.M. of the 4th we had sixty fathoms of chain out,—for I here preferred riding with one anchor and a long scope of cable, and which, whenever it can be done, is, I consider, better than having both anchors down. It was truly fortunate we had left Button Cove on the previous morning instead of remaining there till now. The anchorage being so doubtful, I do not think we could have held on in half the gale that was now blowing. Hence Goree Roads, though anything but an interesting place to look at, was peculiarly acceptable to us. It happened, moreover, to be Sunday, and therefore we enjoyed such quiet as we could have. And so that day passed on, giving to me the rest I needed, and to the men opportunity to prepare for another week's battling with the elements.

By the evening the gale had ended, the night was nearly calm, and the following morning we had light and variable winds. Finding that we wanted some fresh water on board, I landed to look for some, conceiving it would be best to get it here, if we could, as there appeared to be no natives in the neighbourhood. I found an excellent stream, but no chance of our conveniently getting at it, unless from positive necessity, owing to the very heavy surf upon the beach. I walked along the shore for two or three miles, but saw no signs of any natives. Though this was the same island, Navarin, yet it was here apparently quite vacated by them. They appeared to have all settled in and about the Beagle Channel and Woollya.

The stream I had noticed seemed to be very much like a lake running parallel with the sea for perhaps two miles, and then, forcing itself a way through the sand, dashed over the steep and, in some parts, stony beach, like a rushing cataract. It would have been impossible to get

any boat up it, and consequently I abandoned the idea. Farther on I found other places where wood and water could be obtained in abundance; but at noon it was again blowing so hard that I was glad to get on board my ship; and on the following morning I once more got under way with a fair breeze from N.N.W., intending to complete my examination of this part of Tierra del Fuego.

We soon ran out of Goree Roads, and I had some hopes of getting on to Orange Bay; but by the time we were near the North Road of Wollaston, out flew the mad wind from the W.S.W. right in our teeth. It was vexatious; but, said I, "never mind." To Orange Bay it seemed we were not to go; therefore to Orange Bay we would not go, but come to an anchor here. So up went the helm, when we had attained a good weatherly position; and away we stood, under the lee of West Wollaston, otherwise Bailey Island, towards Gretton Bay. It was only just in time; for we had not come to an anchor, though we had got the lee to shelter us, before furious hail squalls from the south-west burst upon us. Even our little topsail, of the stoutest canvass, could not stand it, as I speedily saw; so "In with it, my men! in with it! clew up at once," I sung out during a hail-storm that almost blinded us; and in it came, without a ropeyarn of damage.

In another quarter of an hour we were again at anchor in a secure place, and everything made snug on board. This done, and knowing from Captain Fitzroy's work that Wollaston Island was another locality of the natives, I determined to use the time I lay here in attempting to communicate with them. Accordingly I prepared to go away in the boat; and, as I might be absent for the night, I gave the mate orders how to act in my absence. I took care that plenty of cable was out before I left, and also that we had in the boat everything I deemed necessary, —myself personally seeing to it. Portable food, and the

other things mentioned in the list I had made, accompanied me; and at 3 P. M., away we started towards an opening in the land which appeared to indicate the existence of an inner bay, and which, by a break in the tracing upon our chart, I felt assured must be there. Moreover, in the United States' exploring expedition under Commander Wilkes, it was stated that a fine harbour in Wollaston Island had been discovered, and I therefore inferred that somewhere about here I should find it. My copy, however, of that expedition was only a small one, and consequently I had but vague information to guide me. In our own books and charts there was nothing mentioned.

If it be asked by any one, What had all this to do with missionary work? my answer can be given very briefly, and, to practical minds, I trust satisfactorily. First, it was expressly implied in my agreement that I was to be at liberty to do all in my limited power towards increasing our knowledge of these parts; and the following printed extract from the words of the then Secretary of the Society will prove it. He says, in reference to what would be our general labours abroad, "The . . . pen of Captain Snow, I feel, will not be unproductive of much . . . . information, not only to the friends of missions, but to men of nautical and physical science."* Secondly, my own impression of what was desirable to do in this missionary work (and I was vested with discretionary power) was, that, to Christianize the natives of any land, you must in a measure first civilize them,—that is, bring them to rightly understand you and your ways. To civilize them you must be amongst them, and to be amongst them you must first go and open out their ports and harbours, bays and creeks, and see what they have got that will be an inducement for the traffic of the civi-

* Farewell Address, October, 1854.

lized world to visit them. This, then, briefly, was and is my view of missionary work, always of course accompanied by a right-minded and inwardly prayerful spirit; and if I had still been engaged, according to my agreement, on that work, I would, please God, ere my three years had expired, have visited and made known as many sheltering nooks and corners about Cape Horn, as I could possibly find. The merchant and the mariner I would thus try to benefit; and by so doing, I humbly hope that each in turn would benefit those poor creatures in whom the Society was so particularly interested.

When we left the ship, it was still blowing hard; but, pulling up well under the land, we made sail, snugly and comfortably, in the boat. A total absence of the thick woods that I had found on the other islands here struck me as we ran along the beach; but such might be applicable to this part only.

In about half an hour, we came to a low shingly point which I have named Point Rogers, with a shallow spit running out nearly half across to a small grassy island, called by the Americans "Sea Wall Island." Crossing the tail of the spit, we suddenly opened out the entrance to what we soon found was a beautiful and tolerably capacious landlocked harbour. To judge of its extent or direction, I considered it best to land, and accordingly beached the boat on the western point, just inside the spit. Jumping on shore near a deserted wigwam, I walked up the cliffs, and for about a mile on a nearly level oblong tongue of land, with one or two abrupt bends on the inner side forming small bays. As, however, the ground here was too low for us to see far, and as I could perceive that water ran in various directions, I returned to the boat and crossed over towards the south shore of this new harbour. On our left we passed three or four crooked little islets; and then opened out to the east another and much larger, as well as apparently deeper, sheet of water, than that we were now

crossing. It was evident that Wollaston island contained more anchorages within its outer boundaries than was supposed; and, from the soundings I now got, it was clear that, if I could get hold of a safe passage to come in by, this would be one of the most secure harbours about the Horn. But, not to weary the general reader with too much nautical or geographical detail, I will merely say that we quickly ran across to the other side, and hauled the boat on shore. Here I landed on a shingly beach, where nature seemed to exist in all its purity and loveliness. Wild flowers, evergreens, bowers, and a gravelled pathway appeared before me, with a deserted wigwam close by; and I could not but fancy that, if I had been a Fuegian with my present ideas and feelings, this would have been the spot I should, as an individual, have chosen to dwell in.* The whole place was quite garden-like; and for a few moments all of us did nothing but indolently gaze and express our admiration—admiration, be it understood as referring to Tierra del Fuego, and not as bearing any analogy to the same thing in more favoured portions of the world.

After a short time I took one of the men with me, and proceeded towards a high hill rising at the back of the wigwam, at about two miles' distance. Forcing our way through groves of stunted evergreens, and constantly ascending, we at length came to a plain, in the centre of which were two or three small lakes exactly like those in their solitariness and position on the summit of the Alpine pass I have alluded to. Here we stopped awhile to gather breath and look around, after quenching our thirst, by the aid of our palms, from the water at our feet.

All who have travelled in mountain-lands know very well what going up hill is. You fancy it is only a short distance further to the summit, when it may be miles.

* Mr. Webster, in his "Voyage of the Chanticleer," says, "Flowers linger on the trees through the dull and dreary winter of Cape Horn."

For myself, I rarely care to turn round on the ascent to obtain a view that will only be a part in comparison of what will appear when you arrive at the top. So now, a hasty glance told me there was something worth seeing from higher up; and accordingly, thinking it not very far away, I again started. But the way was both longer and more toilsome than I expected. The trees, save a few stunted bushes, had disappeared, and curious rocks thrust themselves out of the earth in their place. Over them, or round them, we had to climb,—now stumbling, now sinking, as some hidden boghole caught us, until at length we reached—not the highest summit I had hoped to reach, and which now appeared as far off as ever, but an eminence which gave me an excellent view of all around from W.N.W. by N. to about S. by W.

In the far distance I could perceive the little schooner like a boat upon the sea; to the left I made out much inland water, but whether lakes or bays from the south-west, I could not determine. At my foot, northward, was the harbour we had crossed, and which appeared to be about three miles long and very secure.* To the right,—north-east of me,—was the larger harbour, or rather sound, I had noticed, and which seemed to go away among lofty mountains far to the eastward.† Behind me, to the south, I perceived as I turned round an apparently clear channel, that led right through, as I expected, to the Pacific. Smoke in that direction, which I fancied I could see, made me conclude that natives would be found there; and accordingly I determined to examine the passages, and, if I found water enough in any entrance, to bring the ship in and ascertain what this channel really

* To this harbour, as it was unknown on our charts, I ventured to give a name dear to every Englishman,—Victoria.

† The Sound I named after His Royal Highness the Prince Consort; and other places, after some whose names I remembered at the moment and esteemed.

was. I took a hasty line sketch of the scene beneath me, and then, loading myself and my man with some rather large specimens of the curious rock, we began to descend.

Perhaps few but those who have a taste this way can comprehend the pleasure, even under much labour, of collecting and afterwards arranging his gathered stores from different parts of the world. What he has collected may be of no intrinsic or scientific value; but still there *is* a value on them; and, as I now glance over my own collection, and see gathered by my own hands this thing from 75° north, that from 56° south, and another from 150° east, and so on, I never regret the tumbles I have had under heavy pieces of rock, nor the trouble they may have occasioned me. Amidst the remnants of my effects, I still retain these specimens from various parts of the world.

I descended to the boat, and then commenced to examine the depth of water in the channel through which the ship would have to go. I found sufficient water by another passage than that we had entered; but I returned on board the same way we had come, it being the nearest.

We had rather a difficulty in working up to the ship, the wind being so strong, and the boat, like the ship, a bad sailer. The men pulled and strove all they could; and finally we reached the ship about 7 P. M., well soaked through and greatly tired.

The following morning, the weather being clear and the wind from the north-west, I got under way and proceeded down towards the entrance I had passed through in the boat. As we could not pass it in the same direction, owing to the shallowness of the water, I kept on between the crooked islets and a rocky one outside. As it was all quite new ground and much kelp showed in the passage, the lead was hove very quick, but nothing less than five fathoms was found. We therefore got through without any difficulty, and then, with an increase in the soundings,

the ship was brought round a rugged point, and soon afterwards entered the large harbour I had yesterday seen. It was a magnificent place, but having a great depth of water except near the islets, and consequently not so well adapted, I should think, for anchoring in as the smaller harbour on the west. This latter was soon passed, and we then entered the channel I had noticed as running to the S.S.W. Here I found the flood-tide setting through very strong against us. It ran down the kelp; but I was on my guard, and the wind was now fair, and not too much of it. The channel was rather narrow, but tolerably straight, and on the western side of it a bight presented itself, apparently affording an anchorage secure from all gales. Passing this, and having never less than seven fathoms, we came to a part where two projecting rocks, one on each side, presented the appearance of a gateway, and consequently I could not help naming them the Junction Gates,—the waters leading to and coming from the Pacific uniting here. A little beyond this was the open sea, and the Hermite Islands; but here we were stopped. The wind changed and got foul, and, the tide being against us, I thought it wise to retreat; and consequently, turning the ship round, anchored in the bight I have mentioned. I called this anchorage "Foul Wind Cove;" and, upon sounding around and across it, found it was a passable place, though the eddying tides and the *williwaws*, or sudden gusts of wind, made it less desirable than the large harbour.

I went on shore, but could see only deserted wigwams; the natives probably having concealed themselves. But continuing my walk for about two miles, I ascended another very curious hill,—apparently a huge isolated rock, —and from it obtained a view equally grand with that of the previous day. Several inland lakes,—coves leading out of the two harbours,—wild-looking gorges in the mountains, and through which ran the dark waters of the

sea,—met my eye. The "Washington Channel," as I have named it in my map, was comparatively a thread, terminating, or more properly commencing, on the south-west side, near numerous rocks and high rugged cliffs.

While thus engaged looking around me upon nature's own wondrous works, I fancied that voices, loud in dispute, were to be heard not far off, and, upon casting my eye downward, I beheld two of my men stripping to fight. It was not long before I made a third with them, and settled the matter by a few friendly words in a quiet way. In a few moments we were on our way to the ship.

I had hoped to have been able to get through this new channel, and so make my way out to the westward of the Horn; but sundry indications of the weather during the night and following morning made me hesitate about attempting it. Had we been on the other side, the case would have presented a different aspect, because we could have run through from to windward; but to go out and bring those frowning and sea-breaking rocks upon our lee would never do. Even where we lay was not safe. We were tide and wind-rode both; and the *williwaws* at times came with such force that we heeled over to the utmost extent of our bearings. It was, therefore, with reluctance, and hoping that I might have another opportunity to do so, that I gave up farther examining this new channel. Enough of it had been sounded and seen to show that it was apparently of sufficient depth for any ship, and I yet hope it will be carefully surveyed.

At length, after much hesitation, I gave the order to up anchor, and soon we were again running back through the large harbour, and out by a rocky passage leading to the north. It was now blowing as usual, heavy and with squalls, and consequently I was induced to keep close in with the land, and finally to enter an anchorage called Middle Cove, on the north-east part of Wollaston Island. I had but time to make all secure and snug in this, a *known*

harbour, when the gale came on with great fury. As the day advanced, the strength of the gale increased; at dusk it was still increasing; and at midnight I was obliged to turn out all hands, in the midst of a heavy hailstorm, and let go the second anchor, veering both cables out on end, the one anchor having ninety fathoms of chain to it. Yet even with this I feared she would not hold, for the gale was truly terrific! Indeed, it was almost impossible to walk the deck! A short sea also got up, though fortunately nothing to hurt; for, had there been much sea on, I think I must have slipped and hove-to outside, fearing we should part our anchors. To be prepared for any casualty, I had reefs and storm sails ready; and the next day, finding the gale still heavier, I was obliged to send down all the yards and top-masts, run the jib-boom in, and have nothing presented to the wind but the lower masts. For five days did this gale — the heaviest I have experienced for some years — continue.

On one occasion, during the night of the third day of its prevalence, I was on deck when a furious squall of hail and wind, similar to a tornado, burst upon us with a force like the blow of an enormous sledge hammer. The little ship trembled again; you could hear every part of her move under that tremendous blast, and I might easily fancy her a living thing shuddering with the apprehension of the wrath and power of those terrible elements she was calmly striving to resist. On that wild coast, near that dark and frowning land, during that inky night relieved occasionally by fitful gleams of a strange and peculiar light, with the large hail pelting upon one like showers of bullets, I could not but feel deeply anxious; but by this time I had full confidence in the ship, and in the anchors and cable, but, above all, in Him who ruleth the raging of the seas, and whose own the ship was.

On the sixth day, after a hasty inspection on shore, finding four wigwams but no natives, I got under way,

the gale being over for the time, and the weather once more fine. We passed close along the land, and on the south-east parts of the island saw the natives in numbers, shouting and gesticulating as usual; thus ascertaining the fact that they are to be found here also. Some very singular rocks were also noticed; one being arched as beautifully as if done by human agency,—though nature often surpasses art. We now got between Deception and Wollaston Islands; but here the wind fell light and baffling, and presently was flying about in all directions. Still I hoped to get up Franklin Sound and anchor in St. Martin's Cove; but I was again frustrated. A sudden breeze came right down the sound; first in fitful gusts, and then with a steady but moderate force. I therefore bore up to the southward for a passage I saw between Herschel and Deception Islands. That passage, however, was not one I could depend upon. It had not been surveyed; at least, nothing indicative of what water was in it had been marked upon the chart; consequently, it was needful to be very cautious. Keeping well for the middle of the passage, we had a good sight of both islands on our right and left. That called Deception Island is evidently volcanic, the marks left by streams of lava being clearly perceptible. Herschel Island is more flat, and apparently less barren.

But I could do little in the way of attention to anything else except conning the ship safely through the passage. From aloft, I could see the great ocean of the south beating upon many rocks on the other side of the channel ahead, while Horn Island and the grim Cape were over the lowland on our right, and the ragged termination of Deception Island a little beyond us on the left. It was another moment of great and natural anxiety; and everything was prepared for any manœuvre that might be needed, should we have to suddenly come round and retrace our steps. My glance shot downwards and ahead, to detect the

smallest unusual ripple, or a bit of kelp, warning us of danger. A careful leadsman was in the chains, and every man was at an appointed post. Thus, then, we went gently on, now "Port!" now "Starboard!" as I conceived it necessary; and still the cry for soundings gave us nothing less than ten fathoms. Presently we close the narrow passage,—so narrow that it would not do to attempt working through with a foul wind: a reef of rocks, or rather cluster of little barren islets, is seen on our right. "Starboard! starboard!" I sing out, and immediately the vessel points away towards the other island. A few moments more and she is very near it. "What's your depth now?" I asked, as my eagerness outran the leadsman's speed in sounding. "Nine fathoms, sir!" was the reply. "Very well: no more off! Port again! So-o! Steady!" And thus we entered what I might truly call the South Sea Pass; for as a gate to that wild ocean did this little channel seem to us. We had to go closer to Deception Island than to Herschel, though I kept as near as possible to the centre; but nothing less than eight fathoms water was found, and consequently it is safe for any ship.

Directly we had got through the pass, the long-footed swell of the Pacific was felt, lifting us lazily and heavily upon its bosom. With a freshening breeze we dashed along upon its all but smooth surface, as we now passed the brown and frightful-looking cliffs, with the outlying rocks towards Cape Deceit. The thunder-roar of the mighty ocean we were now fast opening out before us sounded upon our ears somewhat awfully, as the huge seas came bounding forward against those iron ramparts that opposed it, and upon which every eye, as if fascinated, was now turned. There they stood, even more dreadful to my thinking than the Horn itself; cliffs of most ominous appearance,—rugged, pointed, dark, and not very high,—at least in comparison with other parts near to them; and there, too, at a little distance off, were the "Deceit

Rocks" by themselves, and in look not unlike the famous "Needles" of the Isle of Wight. But we need not go towards them. Already signs in the wind bade me either speedily get a shelter, or at once stand out to sea for the night,—yes, out on that wild ocean, as far from land as I could get. Better far out there than just in here, with those terrible rocks upon our lee; but better still if I could close up with the north-eastern part of Horn Island, and see what shelter it may afford against a south-west gale, if any poor mariner should need it. I therefore crept up towards it, hoping that the wind would give me the chance to get well under its lee; but it would not. It headed off more and more, and my hopes of getting into St. Martin's Cove for the coming night would, I feared, have to be abandoned. Thus, then, the chance of obtaining shelter, unless I made a retrograde movement, failed; and consequently there was nothing for us but to keep well out to the southward. Accordingly this was prepared for by sundry things being at once attended to that could not so well be done when we had cleared the land yet to windward of us, and felt the full force of the sea.

But another matter now arrested my attention. Smoke in plenty was observed ascending from some part in the island close to the great Cape itself, which at this time showed its top above the lower land in the foreground. "What could this smoke be?" I asked of myself. "Natives?—I never heard of any being on Horn Island, which is always described as uninhabited. Surely it must be something else! Perhaps a few poor wrecked mariners, who having, from a look-out post on some lofty summit, descried us, thus make a signal to attract our attention!" The mere thought of such possibly being the case made me most desirous to ascertain the truth: and accordingly I first kept the ship up to the wind to near the shore and then edged off to round the south-east rocks of Horn Island as close as I could.

It was done! We got within half a mile of the east shore, and then steered for the outer rock. It was at the tail end of a reef projecting south-easterly from that corner of the island. As we neared it the heavy seas of the great ocean, now fully exposed to our view, ever and anon burst with resistless and sweeping force upon the ragged but fast-bound crags, while the broken spray was lifted up half-mast high and sent flying before the wind in enormous sheets of misty foam! But it was safe for us. The breeze was *off*, not *on*, that otherwise dangerous point: accordingly, I closed the little vessel as near as I knew she could go, and, at a moderate speed, we passed by those formidable rocks at a biscuit-throw off,—their position under water being distinctly seen,—and then luffed up for the mighty Horn itself, which now stood right before us on our weather bow!

Yes, there it was, that dreaded and tempestuous Cape!—that bold and rocky promontory, which has been to the hardy mariner a ghost of fear and boding ever since its grim outlines were first discovered!—there it now stood close to me, bidding defiance alike to the ocean storms as to the mountain waves that dash against its surface! A pyramidal mass, with its triangular front looking towards the mysterious south! The Horn! The *ultima Thule* of the Spaniards' rich land of America! The tempest-born home that brave spirits venturing near have oft in vain contended with; the haunt of the wild winds from afar that hither come to batter stout-built ships and trample down the courage of the hardy seamen! Yes, there it was, at only two miles off, frowning in haughty grandeur upon the little bark that was creeping up as close as possible to its giant base. But, hark! how the great sea roars! how the waters in huge masses roll in upon that adamantine pyramid! It is not pleasant to the ear, though it may be grand to the eye. Nevertheless, I must try to get a little nearer if I can, and see what that smoke is on

shore: so "Luff my man! luff all you may!" — But it will not do. In vain we strive to make our way into a bend of the coast that forms like a bay under the east of the Horn. The wind will not let us. Another mile and a half would be sufficient; but we cannot accomplish it; for the breeze is freshening to another gale, and the gale is coming on us fast from the open quarter of the west and southward of it; so, Fuegians if you be, or,— God forbid! — poor wrecked mariners, whom, if sure 't were such, we would peril ourselves to help, we cannot see you to-night. Already are we heading off to sea; and the mountain waves come rolling on in almost one long even line against us. And so, we go away, with a howling wind, a darkening sky, and a heavy sea upon us; and the morrow that I hoped for came not; for the morning of the next day found us driven by the fury of a gale far backward of the Horn; and to the present moment I am still in doubt and pain as to those who were then upon that bleak and barren island.

And thus it so happened. For, despite all our endeavours, we could not get sufficiently near to make out what was on shore. Had it not been for the smoke, we could have easily distinguished them, but all we could see was certain figures moving about. As, however, nothing of a wreck was noticed, I set it down, and so mentioned it in my report, as the signs of natives.

And now, while we too are about to battle with the master spirit of this stormy Cape, let us awhile examine some few particulars connected with it; what are its peculiarities; and what the difficulties and the sufferings men have to encounter who go near it.

CHAP. XXXI.

Description of Cape Horn.—Incidents connected with it.—Captain, now Admiral Fitzroy's Ascent to the Summit.—His Narrative referred to.—Another heavy Gale.—Battened down and hove-to.—Gloomy and unpleasant Night.—The peculiarly high and massive Seas off Cape Horn.—At Daylight the Gale abates.—Pass the Barnevelt and Evouts Islands.—Changeable Weather.—Enter Lennox Cove at Night.

CAPE HORN is, as we have seen, situated on an island at the southern extremity of Tierra del Fuego. It is in lat. 55° 59′ S., and long. 67° 16′ W., is at its south-western part 500 feet high, and can be seen at a distance of 40 to 50 miles. On the 17th December, 1774, Captain Cook examined the coast in this neighbourhood, and on the 20th anchored in a place which he named Christmas Sound. He describes the land as desolate in the extreme. Scanty vegetation, and rocky mountains terminating in horrible precipices, with their summits towering to a vast height, were the principal features presented to the view. Similar to this is the description given by later voyagers.

Darwin the naturalist, in his "Notes," gives us much valuable information. He says: "On December 21st, 1832, the 'Beagle,' from the eastward, at about three P.M., doubled the weather-beaten Cape Horn. The evening was calm and bright, and we enjoyed a fine view of the surrounding isles. Cape Horn, however, demanded his tribute, and before night sent us a gale of wind directly in our teeth. We stood out to sea, and on the second day again made the land; when we saw on our weather bow this notorious promontory in its proper form, veiled in a

mist, and its dim outline surrounded by a storm of wind and water. Great black clouds were rolling across the heavens, and squalls of rain with hail swept by us with such extreme violence that the captain determined to run into Wigwam Cove. This is a snug little harbour, not being far from Cape Horn, and here, at Christmas eve, we anchored in smooth water. . . . . We were detained here several days by the bad weather. The climate is certainly wretched. The summer solstice was now past, yet every day snow fell on the hills, and in the valleys there was rain accompanied by sleet. . . . . Every valley is filled with streams of ice descending to the coast, and every arm of the sea is terminated by tremendous and astonishing glaciers. In Eyre Sound, about fifty icebergs were seen all at one time, floating outwards to sea. Some of the icebergs were loaded with blocks of no inconsiderable size, of granite and other rocks, different from the clay slate of the surrounding mountains."

My own experience of Cape Horn has been varied. In March, 1836, I was in a vessel homeward bound, when we passed it in sight, and with beautiful weather. I remember the circumstance well; for my post at the time was at the helm, when, just before sunset, land was discovered, and the Cape stood forth to our view; and thus, under all sail, did we go by this dreaded promontory. Six years later I was again passing it, but under far worse circumstances. It was in the depth of winter; and, referring to my old log, it appears that we suffered rather severely. The following extracts will give some idea of this: "June 3rd. Northerly wind, with fine clear weather. Freezing hard last night. 4th. At noon the wind changed in a heavy snow-storm to the S.W.; bitter cold; men almost frozen; occasionally very thick snow-storms. 5th. Wind again from N.W. 6th, 7th, and 8th. Easterly winds; ship going to the southward; caught seven Cape pigeons. 9th. Northerly wind, and very cold. 10th.

Calms, and thick foggy weather, with a very high cross sea. 11th and 12th. Westerly and north-west winds; many whales in sight. 13th. Nearly calm, with a thick mist. 14th. In the longitude of the Horn; no icebergs seen; weather very severe and cold; wind from S. to E.; occasionally heavy squalls; ice hanging about the belaying-pins and rigging, and the ropes so stiff as to be hardly able to bend them; decks very slippery; one of the men, while attempting to furl the fore-topgallant sail, got so benumbed with the cold as to be unable to help himself, and, consequently, had to be lowered down on deck, where, for a long time, he lay nearly motionless; finally, he recovered, and the next day was again on duty."

In December, 1853, I was again off the Horn, in blowing weather. But, in truth, I may say there is hardly a voyage in this direction that does not give account of some kind of bad weather hereabouts. It may not be exactly at the Horn, but assuredly it is not far off: and I could mention many cases of disaster occurring here. One subject in reference to it I consider to be so interesting, as to induce me to lay it before the reader. It is the account of an ascent to the summit of the Cape as performed by Captain, now Admiral Fitzroy, who has kindly permitted me to thus quote from his published narrative. He says: —

"The next morning I arranged for a visit to Cape Horn, a memorial having been previously prepared, and securely enclosed in a stone jar. After taking observations at noon for latitude, we set out, carrying five days' provisions, a good chronometer, and other instruments. We landed before dark, hauled our boat up in safety on the north-east side, and established ourselves for the night on Horn Island. At daybreak we commenced our walk across the island, each carrying his load; and by the time the sun was high enough for observing, were near the summit, and exactly in its meridian; so we stopped while

I took two sets of sights and a round of angles. Soon afterwards we reached the highest point of the Cape, and immediately began our work; I and my coxswain with the instruments, and Lieut. Kempe with the boat's crew raising a pile of stones over the memorial. At first the Diego Ramirez Islands were seen, but before I could get the theodolite fixed and adjusted, the horizon became hazy. At noon, satisfactory sets of circum-meridional altitudes were obtained with two good sextants. A round of angles, compass bearings for variation, and good afternoon sights for time completed our success. The pile made over our memorial was eight feet high, and in it were stones which required the united exertions of all seven men to raise to the top. We drank the health of his Majesty King George the Fourth, and gave three hearty cheers, standing round the Union Jack. Directly all was finished, we travelled towards our boat as fast as possible; but darkness surrounded us before we were more than halfway. Those who had loads which would not be hurt by tumbling about among bushes, travelled on; but, having the chronometer and a sextant to take care of, I waited till one of the men returned with a lantern. All reached the boat before nine o'clock without losing or injuring anything; but the cargo of stones, for specimens, which each brought back, delayed our returning progress materially. At daylight we launched and stowed our boat, and set out on our return. We reached the ship that afternoon, well laden with fragments of Cape Horn."

I now again turn to our position in the schooner upon the afternoon of the 14th of November, 1855, when we were vainly endeavouring to get up to windward still nearer the Horn. But at length, seeing it to be hopeless, and the wind fast increasing, I took a hasty outline sketch, and then got the vessel ready for bad weather.

It was now about four P.M., and, as I could see every appearance of another gale from the westward, I gave up

all thought of trying to do more in the present quarter, and determined to make a retrograde movement by running to the eastward. But, before doing this, I naturally felt desirous of bringing the Horn behind us, or, in other words, to pass it sufficiently far so as to say we had "doubled" it. I therefore held on until, at half-past five, the Cape bore eastward of north about five miles off; and then, hoisting the national colours at the main and the mission colours at the fore, we all gave an excusable and hearty cheer, as I put the helm up and stood away before the wind.

Yes, the little schooner had fairly doubled the celebrated Horn! She had gone safely from her native land through the pathless ocean, among wild scenes and untamed men, even close to, and past, though only just past, that mighty southern Cape; and now she was about to make a return movement. But she was not to do this, it appeared, without the usual tribute being paid to the mighty spirit of the place. Already the gale had increased to something heavy, and the sea was becoming too high for us not to be greatly on our guard. The flags had been hauled down almost as soon as hoisted, and the next thing done was to secure boats, stow away chain cables, and put extra lashings on our anchors.

By this time it was blowing very hard, and the huge seas, like rolling alps, with broad and deep valleys of a quarter of a mile breadth between, came in an almost unbroken meridional line towards us. I soon found that we could run on no longer. In the hollow of the seas we were almost becalmed, while on their summit the wind caught us as though about to lift ship and men into the air and send all to instant destruction. The wild scud was flying fast; the sea-birds swept round and round us, each time narrowing their circle, as these birds almost always do when a severe gale is approaching. The high and rugged land on our left was capped in clouds, and everything had within the past hour assumed a

threatening and a gloomy look. Yet I felt in far less danger there than in some of the places where we had latterly been; for though the wind, sea, and weather might be so very bad as to prevent even our taking advantage of a breeze that was blowing from the right quarter, still we could heave to, as I believed, in safety; and this at dusk I did. Taking in all sail but a close reefed foresail and reefed storm staysail, I brought the ship's head round to the S.S.W. and hove her to. More snug she could not be; for I had kept down the topmasts and topsail-yard we had struck in Middle Cove; and therefore she was now with no top hamper to make her heavy up above. Nevertheless it turned out to be a fearful night! At eight P.M. it was blowing very hard; and the sea had increased in height and fury. The hatches were battened down, lest any water should get below; and preventer tackles seen to at the helm.

What I was most afraid of, however, was any large vessel running before the wind, as a large vessel could perhaps do, when we dare not; and should one come in the line of our drift, there would be but little chance for us on such a terrific night. We could neither see nor be seen until too late to avoid disaster: and then it would indeed be "God have mercy upon us!"

At midnight there was a thorough Cape Horn gale, and so unpleasant was the tossing about of the ship, that all of us, with one or two exceptions, were sick. For myself, I obtained only a few snatches of sleep, being on deck frequently. About two A.M. a heavy sea struck us abaft, and tried the vessel's strength; doing, however, no damage, except throwing the helmsman over the wheel, and deluging the decks fore and aft. Not even a portion of our bulwarks was washed away, and only a loose port and a few trifling articles were carried overboard. At three A.M. the gale was at its height; and so heavy was it that I felt rather serious concerning our position.

W.E. Snow, Del.

M. & N. Hanhart, Imp.

In a small vessel one feels the unpleasant effects of a storm much more in some respects than in a large ship, though in other things the latter has a disadvantage. In our case the tumbling about was so annoying as to make me, at first, as cross and irritable as a peevish old dame, when out of humour; and afterwards, from want of sleep, as gloomy and foreboding as the night itself. Now in a ship of greater tonnage, the evil would not have been quite so bad; for the lively motion would have been less, and consequently my bones would have escaped the many knocks they so often received by such sudden and quick thumps against the bulwarks, skylights, or whatever else might be near.

On the particular night of which I am speaking I was fatigued, and sore, and cross, and desponding. If I attempted to rouse myself and take a few spasmodic steps along the deck, a sudden lift of the sea would send me flying in a frantic manner, and with bursting force, against some fixture of the ship. If I held fast by the rigging or the bulwark rail, and glanced upon that wild mysterious sea, with its dark masses and snowy crests rolling terrifically on towards us, a sheet of spray, some hundred yards in length, would dash forward, and all but send me, as it did the little vessel, heeling over to the other side. Turn which way I would, look how I might, be stationary or be moving, it was all the same; and, no matter what the ship, or what the voyage, or what the skill, or what the advantages possessed, I will say that such an awful night as we had off Cape Horn, and such as hundreds and hundreds similarly experience, is a night as full of darkling terrors, ghostly and real, as any one can possibly conceive. Every sea that came, seemed like a huge water-mountain ready to leap upon us; and though its main body passed beneath our hull, yet in many instances perfect cataracts of water came pouring down upon us and streamed across our decks. Where the men got to I

know not; for I could neither see nor hear them at such particular moments. All I could do, — all I thought to do, was to hold my breath, — to gaze as if with fascinated look, and watch with an all but awful fear, hoping that the mighty mass of briny element would pass us scathless or without much damage. And as it passed, with the thunder roar of wind and sea alike sounding in my ear, I stood as if entranced while I pierced the darkness to try and see if all were right and well. But satisfy myself I could not till in frequent demands I had made the inquiry; receiving for reply, "All right, sir! nothing gone, except a bit of the spare stuff to leeward!" and so on; only to be on the *qui vive* for the next giant wave, and to again sing out, as I often did, when I saw it approach, "Look out there, men! *Look out!* Hold on every one of you! Hold on!"

And thus the night passed on, and thus Cape Horn demanded of us its tribute! It was cold, too; it was wretchedly uncomfortable; and fancy made me see before my eyes, even amidst that fearful darkness, a tempting and a dazzling homeside picture, where, around the parlour fire, sweet smiling faces and dear friends were congregated, as I really think in no one spot on earth but where the Anglo-Saxon dwells it is found in all its great enchantment. Truly did I feel its vainly wished-for pleasure now; but truly might I wish, and wish in vain, for nothing, save the dark clouds of heaven and the fierce tempest, with the mighty uplifted ocean, was likely to meet my view.

But now, as I gradually dozed with my head upon the weather rail, and my arms twisted for a hold in some well-fastened rope, a sensible lessening of the wind in its great strength was felt. After some wild and startling blast, a hollowness, amounting to nearly a faint echo of that wild blast, succeeded it; and soon these became more and more frequent, until their frequency as-

sured me that the gale had broke. And as it broke, so did morning break; and when at last the bright sun arose to chase away the gloomy phantoms of the night,—to drive from me the morbid, sickly phantasies that had, from sheer fatigue and over-excitement, taken possession of my brain,—the Cape Horn gale had in its most powerful strength departed, leaving instead, still a strong breeze but a far less heavy one, and withal a breeze to which we could carry sail. To it therefore sail was set; and as it was necessary to get in nearer the land, to be out of such a sea, we stood away to the northward, having drifted during the night some thirty odd miles.

I believe there was only one on board that had turned in during the night. As for my wife, she had tried to make herself (I won't say *comfortable*, but) as much of a fixture as possible, by taking to the main floor of our private cabin, and wedging herself up with whatever she could get to answer the purpose. To go to bed on such a night she had felt no desire. Indeed I doubt if she could have slept in her accustomed sleeping place. I know that I could not; for the place one sleeps in is generally a place where security is *felt* ere the senses are closed in oblivion: to retire to it, therefore, without that feeling is in a measure to render nugatory all your efforts to obtain any sleep. Consequently, it is better to take the chances as they are; and, by a lay down anywhere, let nature claim her own without premeditation. In this manner I have often slept far better upon the bare plank on deck than ever I could have done with the same circumstances attending it upon my comfortable bed.

In speaking of the gale we had off Cape Horn, I have done so to give an idea of what mariners have to encounter in going round that formidable promontory; but it must not be supposed we then had our heaviest trial. We had equal, if not worse gales, about the Falkland Islands; and on one occasion I can remember a heavy sea

bursting on board of us, breaking through the companions, and flooding the cabin below right in to my sleeping place.

At 8 A.M. of the next day, the 15th, we had a rapidly decreasing breeze, and fine weather. Cape Horn was still in sight to the westward; and the Barnevelt Islands to the N.N.W. ahead of us on the bow. At noon we had got up abreast of the Evouts, from which, west of us, we were about six miles. It now fell calm; and, as we had got under the shelter of the Fuegian Islands, our late rough tossing was exchanged for almost perfect stillness in smooth water. The change was delightful, though not altogether desirable, as regards getting on towards another anchorage before night; for, knowing how suddenly the winds rise from a calm to a gale, *when they have taken a backward movement*, I was anxious to be in Lennox Cove, whither I purposed going, while I had daylight to help me in. It was my intention to once more visit the natives both at Lennox Cove and Banner Cove, before taking my departure to the Patagonians, which would be my next cruise of inspection; and, with that object in view, I was now endeavouring to get up to the islands when the calm delayed me. While thus delayed, I sounded to see what kind of bottom there was. Fifty-three fathoms' depth, with sand and shells, was the result; and almost everywhere that I had the opportunity of trying, I found, as I have already often expressed, that the Chart is a correct and excellent guide.

At 4 P.M. a light breeze got up from the N.E., and by its help we moved forward a little, though only a little, as it speedily got baffling, and then again fell to a calm. At length it once more freshened up; and, having had our anchors and boats made ready, we commenced beating against it towards our anchorage. Darkness, however, came upon us before we could get near the entrance; and it was not until past 10 P.M. that we got to

windward of Luff Island and could stand in for the Cove. As may be imagined, it was not altogether an easy task to take a vessel into such an anchorage at that hour, when it was almost impossible to see our own length ahead. Indeed it was literally *feeling* my way by the lead, and depending wholly upon the correctness of the chart; and in this manner it was attempted.

We had got Augustus and New Islands behind us. Luff Island was now south of us, and East Island close upon our lee. Consequently, with the wind as at present from the north-west, it was necessary to be cautious in rounding the latter island, while at the same time I could hardly venture to keep far off on account of the north reef bordering the Cove. However, keeping to my old post aloft, and aided by the light of a dark night, we succeeded without any damage in getting to an anchor about 11 P. M. "Light of a dark night" may seem a strange expression; but it is, nevertheless, a correct one; for one's eyes get so accustomed to the darkness, that objects are better distinguished by a total absence of all ordinary light than if there was some apparent partial aid from it. Thus, then, we once more got into safe quarters, and at midnight there was only the solitary watch on deck looking after the vessel. No signs on shore denoted that our arrival in the dark had alarmed any one. Everything was as quiet as in a totally uninhabited land; and this quiet at night I have observed at every place we visited in Tierra del Fuego.

I may here mention that the difficulties connected with the position of any one in charge of a ship, especially when away from ready help if required, are considerably greater than what merely appears from externals. Indeed, there are very many besides myself who, I know, would care little for what is called "the command," were it not for the honour or something else possibly attached to it. I have often heard the remark made that it would be better

to work as a common seaman than, in the present day, to be a captain of a ship *; and I endorse this remark to its fullest extent. As a captain you are expected to be an intelligent and educated man; yet you are — in the ordinary trading vessels — also made a common carrier; and, while amenable to laws every year more and more stringent as regards yourself, you are left at the mercy of your officers and crew, neither of whom are supposed to be as far advanced as you are, and who can do almost as they please, subject merely to certain fines, &c., for which, sailor-like, they care nothing. Much might be said and written on this subject, but this is not the place to do it. I will, therefore, merely add, that if the law gave to captains of ships equal justice with that given to men, and placed in the hands of the former the highest magisterial power that could be given, and for any *well-proved* improper use of which he should be most severely punished, I do think it would save many of the sad scenes that occasionally occur at sea, and be a great boon to the mercantile marine. As it is, he is at the mercy of every one on board; and, through perverseness, or a spirit of insubordination, or a dislike to the work, he may be so harassed that it would be next to impossible for him to carry out his plans as he might wish. Many a true sailor officer would sooner do the whole work himself, if it were possible, than have to undergo the nauseous task of all but coaxing those under his orders to do it, though they have bound themselves to obey him. In my case I was peculiarly unfortunate, in being, from first to last, not only unsupported from home, and unaided abroad, but also having this want of support made so palpably manifest. The attacks made by the Mission Secretary upon the colony of Stanley had, as I have before said, brought to us little sympathy; and every man on board knew, as well as

* I am speaking of the mercantile marine.

myself, that, as an officer of the mission (though not as an individual), I was a perfectly friendless man in that part of the world. I had frequently represented this to the Committee at home; but it was their policy to leave me thus, in order to make too difficult the real work I was alone desirous to be engaged in according to my agreement. I was therefore at the mercy of every one. My rules and regulations were often set aside, and only attended to when I myself personally saw to them. In fact I had no help, no countenance, no right hand by my side. And such was the case on the night of our return to Lennox Cove, and particularly on the day after our departure thence, as I will presently show; and such will it ever be, when a vessel is sent away on a difficult service without full powers and ready assistance being given and *openly* displayed to her captain. The very safety of the ship depends on this. If he be wrong in aught, see to that wrong at the earliest opportunity, and do what you will with him quietly; but for the good of your ship, of the service, and the safety of all on board, do not in yourselves, or by any act of your own, lessen his authority before his crew, and make him a subject for their scornful or compassionate remark. If you do, good-bye to all proper discipline and right control, and perchance to your vessel, her freight, and all depending on her.

In my case, the ridiculous way in which many things were done, as regarded what was called the "Missionary" part of our labours, was enough to bring me, who had no power to control this, into a false position. Either I must act determinedly as an ordinary ship-master, with the powers of a ship-master in my hands, or else be looked upon as one under the dominion of a sort of clerical superintendence on board, and therefore not exactly captain in my own vessel. The result was that, striving to steer a middle course, I often allowed to pass many open breaches of the rules and discipline of the ship, and rather than have

what would be called a "row" on board, and to be again preached, I sank the extra double watch, allowed my mate his extreme time, and often more than his extreme time below, and many an hour have walked the deck myself.

CHAP. XXXII.

Discover that all the Fuegians have left the Place.—Send the Crew on Shore to wash Clothes. — Replenish our fresh Water here. — Land, and enjoy a few Hours' Idleness.—Examine a small Creek. —Leave for New Island. — More Unpleasantness with the Chief Mate.—Obliged to suspend him from Duty.—New Island not visited.—Determine to return to the Falklands.—Snow and Hail Storms, succeeded by a Calm.—Again off Bell Mountain.—A Breeze springs up.—Pass through the Straits of Le Maire at Night. —East Falklands.—Sealing Boats.—Anecdote of a Wreck.—Return to Stanley.

THE next morning, as the weather was moderate, I landed with a view of renewing our acquaintance with the Lennox Island natives; but to my surprise not one was to be found anywhere near. Their wigwams were deserted, and, apparently, had been so for some days, and no signs of their whereabouts could be discovered. The thought instantly flashed across me that they had gone, fearing our return to take away their children; for this getting possession of their children being the main feature of the, as I thought, *unwise* plans of the mission, it was the great idea we were always trying to impress upon them. I invariably strove to make them understand what it was we wanted; but there could be no mistake about their decided objection to it. If ever any should be brought away to the station, I shall have my own opinion about it, especially after the decided refusal of Jemmy Button, who had been in England, to let any of his children come. Thus, then, I inferred that the poor creatures,

perhaps looking upon us as cannibals like themselves, were afraid we wanted to devour their offspring; and, accordingly, had gone to some other place where we could not find them, or where their greater numbers would be a sufficient match for us. At all events they had gone away, whatever might have been the reason; and for the three days I remained here to try this point, and to fill up with fresh water, we were left in sole possession of the deserted wigwams and surrounding neighbourhood.

Hitherto I have said but little of our general health on board. Fortunately there was but little to say, except by way of favourable remark. Still we had occasionally something requiring my attention, though not once of a serious kind while we were at sea. It was a strange feature in the mission plans that there was a surgeon paid higher than myself, yet as useless in his professional capacity (I mean useless from not being where he was most wanted) as any one could be. There he was on shore at Keppel Island, with only two men; while here were we, numbering some thirteen individuals, without any chance of medical aid, should such be urgently needed! A case in point at this time now occurred. My second mate was rendered incapable of personal labour by a bad right hand, and though a willing and an active man, yet the pain was so great, and my knowledge of cure so limited, that in many respects he was all but useless to me. It was a whitlow on his thumb; and so bad had it become, that not only the whole hand, but also the arm, was greatly swollen and affected. The only remedy, besides poulticing, &c., that I conceived proper was, making a deep incision with the lancet; but to this he objected, perhaps naturally conceiving my skill insufficient to do it properly. However, the colonial surgeon (not our doctor), to whom he afterwards went, told him that such ought to have been done, and explained to me how I might have done it; that is, exactly as I had intended, my medical

books * instructing me. One of the seamen was also affected in a similar way; and as the only thing I could apply was an emollient, my wife kindly undertook to act as surgeon for me, even as she did in many other cases.

As, in the absence of the natives, I thought it would be perhaps advisable to give the men a turn on shore, that they might wash their clothes, bathe in the stream I saw at the head of the Cove, and have a change from the confinement on board, I sent all hands away in both boats, and told them to do as they pleased for the rest of the day, only that they were to keep within sight of the ship, not to go more than a few moments' walk from the beach, and not to leave the boats unguarded. Of course I remained on board, rarely leaving the deck unless my wife was up to keep a look out in my stead; and through my glass I could see the men thoroughly enjoying themselves. A perfect laundry was soon established on shore; and bush and beach were speedily covered with numerous articles of wearing apparel laid out to dry. Before sunset they all came on board again, and I believe the change was beneficial to them morally as well as physically.

The next day being a most lovely, smiling, warm, sunshiny day, I determined to give myself a similar change; and as the men would have to be employed in filling water, I left the mate on board in charge, and myself superintended the duty on shore. I took my wife with me that she also, poor thing, might have a run; and, even now, as I write, I cannot help wondering how she bore up so well as she did.

We landed, and the boats were hauled well up, while the water-casks were being filled from the stream close by; and while this was going on, I gave myself up to the delights of actual idleness. I lay upon the beach; I

* Here, again, I must intimate that these were my own; not even a medical book was supplied to the ship.

lounged; I rolled; I picked up pebbles, and threw whole handfuls far and wide in the bliss of having nothing else to do. Idleness? Yes, it was so; and yet, if ever there was a medicinal balm deserving praise, such idleness deserved it then. Of all the varied scenes and pleasures I encountered during my two years' cruise, I can recall to my mind nothing that seems to have given me such positive enjoyment and relief as that hour of idleness upon the sea-shore at Lennox Cove.

The place where we had landed was at the junction of a fresh-water stream with the sea, at the termination of one part of a pleasant beach; the other part being continued on beyond a curious and isolated rock that rose abruptly from the water. The stream was very dark-coloured and peaty, and for drinking not very tempting to the eye; but, as there was no better, we were fain to be content. It came rushing over the moderately steep beach, and formed at its mouth a rather fierce waterfall, up or along which neither ourselves nor the boat could well venture; we had, therefore, to fill our casks by passing the water in pails across the sandspit that intervened between the stream where it bent inwards and the sea. It was a mere nothing to speak about, but as it necessarily caused us to be longer in the work, it will account for the hour or two I had to myself in the manner I have mentioned. This, however, at length became too tedious; and, thinking it as well to see where the stream would carry us inland, I determined to go up it as far as I considered advisable. Accordingly, as the boat could not be got into the stream by its mouth, we hauled her up on shore, and then carried her across the spit to where we were again able to launch her on the little river. Taking two hands with me, and accompanied by my wife, I started away, leaving the others to go on with the water in our absence, and cautioning them to be on their guard if the natives should appear, although I did not much expect

they would come. I also gave directions to raise a cry of alarm, and fire a musket for signal, if there was the least appearance of danger.

The river — though it could hardly be called such, perhaps a creek would be better — was very winding, narrow, and in some places so shallow that the boat grounded, though in some other places I found seven or eight feet water. Trees and bushes, and the wiry grass lined its banks, and in parts of it the branches either ran across or far overlapped the water. We were, consequently, often obliged to bend low down in the boat to admit of our passing; and care had to be taken that we did not run against any stumps. But our "pleasure excursion" had little of interest in it. For some time there was nothing — not even a wild animal on shore, nor a fish in the water, to relieve the thickly wooded picture, until after about a mile and a half the stream narrowed to a mere ditch, and the banks became more clear and open. Here I landed, and, ascending a slight eminence, had a clear view all round in the north-east quarter; but no signs of natives on the island were to be seen. On New Island, however, away to the east, smoke was observed; and this led me to suppose that all our late friends had perhaps gone over there by first crossing to Augustus Island and thence to New Island. As this latter was on our way back to the Falklands, and I wished to once more see the boys that had been on board of us, I made up my mind to visit it when we should leave here; particularly as, from certain things I had observed, I saw that it would be necessary to get back to Stanley as soon as I could.

Our return down the stream was more difficult than going up, in consequence of the tide having fallen. On the way, and afterwards at the watering-place, I gathered a quantity of tolerably good grass to serve as a bed for a very

fine dog I had*; and also some rushes to make brooms for the ship. I have mentioned these two things because of their utility, the former being serviceable for fodder, and the latter probably answering for other purposes than that I have named. The young branches of a tree in the neighbourhood, when cut, emitted a sweet fragrant smell, perfuming the air, and leaving a pleasant scent upon the hands and in the cabin when afterwards taken down below. I brought on board a few specimens, and have still some by me. Great quantities of the edible fungus, both of the large and small kind, could be seen on many of the trees; therefore it was evidently not from a want of this particular food that the natives had left the place.

As soon as we had got the water filled I returned on board, and, as it was Saturday, I finished the rest of the day by a good wash down right fore and aft the ship. On the following morning we had moist and dull weather, with light winds. Being Sunday we kept quiet, having the usual services performed in the cabin, but the next day I prepared to take our departure. The glass, however, was too unfavourable, and I therefore delayed moving until I saw an improvement. It was as well that I did, for it turned out rather squally, though not at all such as I had expected. My not getting under way gave to my gentlemen, especially the mate, great umbrage: indeed — and I say it with much regret — he became quite insolent and all but abusive. However, that did not alter my determination to do what I conceived best, and accordingly at night time all hands except the watch went below as usual, with no intimation from me of what I purposed doing, more than that I should examine New Island before we returned to the Falklands. Whether

* This dog, born on Keppel, and named after that island, I was obliged to give away at Stanley, when suddenly ejected from the vessel.

any of them fancied I intended to remain longer amongst the natives, and they were afraid of them, I cannot positively say; but this is certain, that all further search, had I been ever so much inclined, was debarred me by what occurred on the following morning. This I will relate in the words of my official journal.

"*Tuesday, November 20th*, A. M. — In consequence of the circumstances mentioned below, and of the fact that the second mate has his right hand so bad as to be unable to write, I am compelled to keep (*i. e.* write) this log.

"2 A. M. Moderate breezes and cloudy, with hail squalls. At 2.30 light winds and clearing away.* Called all hands: weighed anchor and made sail out of Lennox Cove.† Gave orders to the chief mate to 'keep the vessel on towards Point George, New Island, the Point a little open on the starboard bow;'—to 'call me when abreast of the Point,' and also, 'if anything particular occurred;' adding, 'there are no dangers except some kelp patches near the Point.' I then went below, as it was a light fair wind, with nothing requiring my presence on deck, and turned in; especially as, from previous inability to sleep, I had had only two hours' rest. It was necessary, therefore, that I should seek to get that sleep while I had the opportunity, as it was uncertain when I might have to remain up for some length of time; and, moreover, it was my intention to examine, with this wind at S. W. (off shore) the north parts of New Island, both for anchorage that might be required in future cruises, and for the natives. At 7.30 A. M. on waking up, I proceeded on deck, and to my great astonishment found the vessel had passed, not only Point George, but also the

* I should mention that, owing to certain doubts on my mind, I had not obtained my usual sleep, and was now on deck, determined to get under way and go to Stanley as soon as I could, after looking at New Island.

† It was now daylight, and I had got the ship well out of the passages, so that she was in clear water.

island itself, and was standing on a course which I had neither given nor had intimated would be the right one. I taxed the mate with disobedience of his orders in,—first, not calling me, and, secondly, taking the ship into a position of his own without my knowledge or concurrence. He insolently answered, and after some equivocation, flatly denied that I had given any such order; whereupon, finding that he appeared as if determined to resist my authority, and to act unlawfully, I went below to consider what I was to do, leaving the vessel in the hands of him who had thus virtually taken her from me.

"At noon *, after mature reflection, I again went on deck, and, ascertaining from the second mate that *he* was well affected towards me, I summoned all hands on the quarter-deck, addressed them as to their duty, and, finding that they were all right, I then officially notified the following to the party mentioned therein: 'I charge ——, Chief Mate of this vessel, with wilful disobedience of orders, and indirectly attempting to usurp my authority by taking the vessel to a position and on a course without my knowledge or concurrence.' I then dismissed all hands to their duty,—told the mate to give up the log-book and ship's rules, and, after asking him if he had any answer to make to the charge, added that he must now consider himself as in confinement until our arrival at Stanley. He then went below, and I took charge of the deck, keeping his watch."

Such was the affair that I have alluded to; and, to end the matter at once, I may as well say that, when we arrived at Stanley, after a consultation with my better feelings, but not wiser judgment, I allowed him to go without further punishment. Truth to say, I had and still

* I was not indifferent, meanwhile, to the vessel, estimating her course and distance run, and having a compass below to tell me how she was going.

have a friendly feeling of regret for him; the same as I hope I shall always have when I see abilities and mental qualifications of a high order, — or even, if it be so, no abilities at all, so long as the *man* is displayed, — falling into the mud and mire which a reckless or a besotted life too often engenders. I had long suffered from his insolence and apparent determination not to be amongst those "cannibal savages," or about "such abominable seas and regions as these near the terrible Horn" (his general remark) except in a way he pleased; but even then both myself and the men would have sooner had him than the one we had before. He was a seaman, — knew his duty as an officer (when he chose to perform it), — and had many good qualities; and amongst them his never professing to be what he was not, — "one of the elect."

My duties after this affair necessarily compelled me to be very much on deck. During the time all that I have mentioned had occurred, we had several snow and hail storms, and the vessel was running along the land towards the Straits of Le Maire; for, with the wind from the south-west, it was quite useless to think of beating back merely to examine New Island. Consequently, when in the afternoon it was only a light breeze, I made all the sail we could, being still under our lower masts only, and prepared for continuing on to Stanley. The boats were got inboard and secured, and the anchors taken over the rail and double-lashed, and everything done as if we were intending to be at sea some time. This was necessary in our case, because of our small size, and because we had to pass through seas where any one of them would, by merely dashing alongside, carry away whatsoever might not be well fast inboard. In a larger ship — one higher out of water — it might have been different.

About 5 P. M., when we were once more abreast of Bell Mountain, where we had been on the 18th October, it fell

calm. This was a very great annoyance to me, for I had hoped to carry the south-west breeze through the Straits of Le Maire, and to be on the other side before dark. It was, moreover, excessively disagreeable, inasmuch as a heavy swell came rolling in towards the dark and iron-bound rocks near Valentyn Bay, and every heave of that swell sent us in nearer and nearer to the shore, from which we were, at no time, very distant. For two hours this calm lasted; and they were two hours of as much anxiety to me as the calm in the Beagle Channel, and perhaps more so, for I could not tell from which point of the compass the wind might blow; and if it did happen to come from the south and blow hard, we should undoubtedly be in an evil plight. Help ourselves we could not; for in Valentyn Bay there is no safe anchorage, and we could already hear the booming of the heavy swell breaking upon the cliffs.

Many persons at home are apt to think that a calm at sea cannot be at all hurtful; but I can assure them it is in some cases much worse than a gale. In the present case *when the calm came on*, I would have preferred a hard gale even from the south, dead upon the shore, to being entirely without wind and yet with that heavy swell towards the land. At seven o'clock, however, such wind would not answer, for we had drifted too far in, and, consequently, I eagerly looked for a breeze from some more favourable quarter. My glass was at a medium height; I therefore augured a N.W. wind with the coming night; and much to my joy, at 7 o'clock, Bell Mountain sent one from its snowy summits. Puff, puff;—north, then west, and finally north-west, northerly, it came. All sail was trimmed in accordance, and away we went towards Cape Good Success. Staten Land was ahead of us perfectly distinct, and without a cloud above it; as, indeed, were all the mountains. As the night set in the heavens assumed that beautiful clearness which is

seen at home occasionally during frosty weather. The land as we entered the Straits could be well distinguished; but, as I now felt that I could depend upon no one except myself, I determined to keep on deck all night, especially as the wind felt inclined to come more to the northward.

What I have mentioned in a previous page concerning these Straits of Le Maire will serve to show the necessity for very great care; and hence I took frequent bearings of prominent and well-known points, lest thick weather should suddenly come on. At 8 P.M. Cape Good Success was due north of us six miles; and at nine, with the wind at north and a flood tide, we were fairly in the Channel. It was, however, quite a chance whether we could get through, inasmuch as we were hard put to it to lay a course clear of Staten Land. Once or twice I thought of bearing up and running round it, south about; but I preferred keeping my weatherly position if I could. Accordingly, luffing up as close as possible, even to occasionally lifting the sails (for with the flood it was better to do so and drift up rather than cross over too far amongst the races on the other side), we managed to get on pretty well. At 1 A.M. we entered a tide rip, which caused the ship to take in much water on deck. The commotion was singular. In the otherwise comparative stillness of the night, this irregular agitation of the sea sounded most strange. It was unpleasantly so; for though I could tell by the bearings of the land that we were quite safe, yet the noise was such as to make one fancy we were in the very heart of danger. At one moment we would be going along under a steady and rather more favourable breeze, with only the ordinary ripple of the sea; then the next moment, suddenly a confused breaking noise of water was heard, with a dull battering thump against the vessel's side, while an abrupt wave would top itself on deck as the little craft trembled and spun about, with hardly any power in the helmsman to control her. Then,

again, it would be all as still as before; and thus for perhaps another moment, when once more the boiling up of the waters, and the knocks against the hull would be repeated; and so it kept on until we had passed the danger. Speaking of the tides hereabouts, the Sailing Guide tells us that "their velocity is very great; and as they meet with constant obstacles from the manner in which the headlands jut out at right angles to their direction, there is produced, when the wind is strong and contrary, a rough, cross, breaking sea which is impassable by a boat, and even dangerous to a ship of considerable size. There is also reason to believe that the meeting of the two streams of flood tide coming round Cape Horn, and through the various channels of Tierra del Fuego, contributes to the unusual agitation of the sea in the vicinity of Staten Island. . . . The heaping together of the tides in one place from such a variety of directions would be quite sufficient to account for the constant state of agitation exhibited by the surrounding sea of Staten Island even in moderate weather, without taking into account the prevalence of westerly gales of the most violent character."

Fortunately we escaped all the danger, and at 2.30 A. M. we were well clear of the Straits. This being the case, and an *ebb* tide having made, I gave orders to keep the ship quite full,—that is, to have every sail fully distended by the wind;—and then called up the second mate to come and relieve me, that I might go below and get some sleep. But I had not been an hour below when my sleep was broken by a call from the second mate, who reported a ship in sight,—the first we had seen since losing sight of the Falklands.

I went on deck and found the stranger was from the northward, and just entering the Straits. Like a skilful general he was wisely preparing for the battle he would have, ere night again set in, to encounter with the elements about the Horn. He was double reefing

topsails, and evidently making all snug aloft and below; but we were both too rapidly increasing our distance from each other to hold any converse by signal. In the early morning like this, there appeared something very striking in that stout-looking ship thus preparing for a battle with wind and wave such as would speedily be her lot to encounter, and we had now just come from, without a single loss or accident. What they thought of us, as we must have appeared to them, so small, and without yards and topmasts up, I can only imagine; but I know what we all said of her, as, at that young hour of the day, and when we hardly look for work to be done unless on some emergency, we saw all hands busy like bees upon her yards and rigging.

At eight o'clock I was up once more. There was a strong steady breeze from the N. W. and beautiful clear weather, but a most unpleasant sea. The land of Staten Island was still in sight, Cape St. John's bearing S.S.E. about thirty-five miles; but I hoped, if the wind continued, we should sight the Falklands on the morrow afternoon. In this, however, I was forestalled, for the wind not only continued as I had hoped, but, in addition, there must have been a strong current to help us, for we got in sight of the West Falkland before 8 A.M. though owing to a thick haze we did not perceive it till that hour. And then I was for a time deceived. We had made such a very quick run that I could hardly credit my own sight; and, not having yet taken my observations of the sun, I was in error as to what land it could be, until I made out certain parts which agreed with the views on the chart, and thus told me it was the coast about Port Stephens. I had purposely kept well up to windward; but I was here very nearly too much up to windward, and getting into a mess: and thus it was. The wind, which had been gradually increasing to a strong gale (bad—as we expected—for that stranger we had seen preparing for it), was at 10 A.M. from

the north-west, and therefore *off* the land. So far, well: for I hesitated not to close with the coast, to get smooth water; and, not having been on this south part before, to make sure of my position. But what puzzled me was that I could see no land to the eastward as ought to be seen, this being the *West* Falkland, and now abeam of us. It was not until I had carefully examined the directions, and read in another part not referring to this that "the southern portions of East Falkland are so low that they cannot be seen from the deck of a vessel five miles distant," that I discovered what would soon have been a serious error on my part. I was standing too far into the sound! and if the wind should change, as it did later in the day, to the south-west, it would be rather awkward for us, unless we had, as I should perhaps have done, run up the sound and anchored. However, the breeze at present kept to the westward, and I therefore bore up before it to the east.

At 11 o'clock the low land of East Falkland, like a sandy strip upon the horizon, made itself perceptible; but the sea rolling or rather tumbling into that Sound from the S.W., thus making a cross sea, was tremendous! I could not have supposed it. Had we been in the neighbourhood of the Horn it would have been but what we might expect: but here I did not look for it. The Sealers, however, know it well, as they have since often told me: and it is considered that at the entrances of Falkland Sound there is, occasionally, as bad a sea as will be found anywhere.

As we neared the low land it was seen to consist of two small islands with reefs running off to some distance. These we cleared at about 2 P.M.; and then, with increasing breezes, dashed along the coast to the eastward. At 4 P.M. there was a strong gale and a short heavy sea. We passed inside of the Sea Lion Islands, which stand off by themselves at some distance; and, just before dark, saw the Shag Rock, an excellent mark in running up from the southward. Both this rock and the Sea Lion Islands

have dangerous reefs attached to them; and I need hardly observe that great care is necessary in sailing near them, especially at night time.

The Sea Lion Islands are the resort of numerous seals; and sealing boats from Stanley go down there on purpose to try their luck. One of them a little before I left had a sad termination to its labours. It is usual to leave a portion of the sealing party on the islands to get the seals, while the rest go elsewhere to collect. On this occasion one of the men dropped down in a fit; and, as the boat was away, no assistance could be obtained. The poor man therefore died in convulsions; and when the others returned, all they could do was, to carry the body of their comrade immediately to Stanley, and thus break up their sealing expedition. Upon their arrival they met the magistrate (who was also the coroner) going out in the governor's yacht; and—as an instance of how things are done at Stanley—I may mention that though he was informed that a dead body was being conveyed to the town to await his inquiry, yet three days were allowed to elapse before an inquest was held, and the body buried.

We passed inside of the Shag Rock, with a fair wind until 10 P. M. when a change occurred. This I had expected and was prepared for: and as it did not happen until we had got near the south-east corner of the East Falkland we were not materially affected by it. At midnight we had light variable winds and cloudy weather. I was of course on deck, watching the land about Lievely Island, as on the extreme point of that island lay two dangerous reefs. It was here that, some few years back, a wreck took place under singular circumstances. As related to me they were as follows: —

An American vessel bound round the Horn had sighted the land of East Falkland during one afternoon, and at dusk stood on her course to the south-west. In the evening,

some of the crew were playing cards in the cabin, little dreaming of danger, when suddenly bump, bump—the vessel was on shore! Fortunately there was not a gale of wind blowing, or else in their amazement it is probable that nothing at all could have been done to save them. As it was, they were so confused, and so terror struck, that all their thought appears to have been saving their lives by a hasty exit on shore. This they immediately effected. The intense darkness, however, prevented them from distinguishing aught except the rocks and large rounded masses of tussack, though they did not know it by that name. Indeed the islands, and everything on them, were strange to these men. I believe they were ignorant of there being an inhabitant upon them. Judge then of their amazement and fright when curious noises like the braying of donkeys were heard around them. Some of them, it appears, thought the place bewitched. They had evidently known but little of that part of the world, else the penguin would not have so alarmed them. One man especially had a terrible fright. He was crawling up the beach, and had got amongst the thick tussack, making his way as best he could, when lo! he felt his hand seized by something that appeared to him anything but human! "Murder! help! help! the place is full of devils! Help! help!" But his comrades did not feel inclined to help; for panic struck by the suddenness of their disaster, and—who knows?—perhaps superstitiously attributing it to their card-playing instead of looking out while near the land, they left him to get clear as well as he could, and rushed away to another and more open spot. But he was not long detained in such unexpected and dreaded durance; for the penguin that had seized his hand in its mouth soon let him go, and he speedily made his escape, though it was not until the following morning at daylight that the truth as to the creature that had seized him became known.

I have related this anecdote as it was given to me, and though I cannot vouch for its literal truth, yet it is not at all improbable, as I myself have in a measure experienced when hunting about amidst a number of penguins. As to the vessel getting on shore, I suppose it must have occurred by her keeping westerly too soon, instead of going farther on to the southward. She became a total wreck; and her cargo and remains were afterwards sold, in the usual way, at Stanley.

The morning after we got up to the Falklands was somewhat cloudy, with a light wind from the westward. This, however, answered our purpose, and we stood along the land in smooth water towards Cape Pembroke. At 6 A.M. we saw the lighthouse, and at 8, after going inside the Wolf Rocks, we passed between it and the Seal Rocks, which, as I have before stated, formed the outer extremity of the entrance to Port William. We had now to tack and tack as we had usually done in going up this port; and therefore it was not until 11 A.M. that we beat through the Narrows and entered Stanley Harbour. As we worked up to an anchorage, one or two strange ships were seen in addition to those belonging to the place; and in passing one of them I was hailed to know what damage I had encountered, as it was inferred from our topmasts being down that we had met with some disaster. My reply speedily undeceived the querist, who was a carpenter I knew belonging to the shore; and I was then informed that nothing had arrived for us, though a change had taken place since I was last there. His Excellency Governor Rennie had departed, and his Excellency Governor Moore, a naval captain of Arctic celebrity, had arrived to fill his place. A man-of-war brigantine, the "Spy," was also here; and, for the purpose, as I understood, of taking a cruise round the islands.

At noon we had got up abreast of the town, and then dropped anchor in our usual quarters.

38255

Thus ended our cruise in Tierra del Fuego; and, with regard to it, as far as the mission was concerned, and the good it accomplished for the cause, I cannot now do better, in justice to myself, than to give the remarks made by the Committee on the subject, when I sent home an account of my visit. Their report says: —

"At length has the 'Allen Gardiner' made her first trip to Tierra del Fuego; and it is with unspeakable joy and satisfaction the Committee present their friends with a narrative, by Captain Snow, of the important circumstances brought to light by her visit. It is not too much to say, that there is enough in that narrative to repay all the efforts we have been hitherto privileged to make; but when we view it merely as *the first fruits* of what we confidently hope will follow, we must indeed feel deeply grateful to Him who hath been with us hitherto.

"The Committee, however, are far from regarding what has been effected on the mission field during the year, either as insignificant or unimportant. On the contrary, they believe that the intelligence received and published from time to time of the proceedings and discoveries of Captain Snow and his companions, has not been the least of those circumstances which have combined to increase the public confidence in your enterprise, and to place your society in the favourable position it now occupies."—*Report*, 1856, p. 21.

"Without further preface we proceed to lay Captain Snow's narrative before our readers, premising that the Committee have a high sense of the skill he has shown in navigating our little schooner, and of the boldness and tact which he exhibited, in holding intercourse with the natives."

"Thus ended the 'Allen Gardiner's' first visit to Tierra del Fuego; and it is not too much to say, after perusing the remarkable circumstances recorded in the above narrative — especially concerning Jemmy Button—that God himself

has indeed given us great encouragement, and is manifestly calling us onwards to evangelize that land. May the perusal be attended with much profit, as well as enjoyment, to all our readers!"

I could add very many similar and flattering remarks made by the Committee, but I must endeavour to avoid troubling the reader with too much concerning myself.

As far as my own opinion, and what I think of the work, as a missionary undertaking, is concerned, I refer to the Appendix for some remarks on the subject; as also for any additional information respecting the natives. In reference to the cruise itself, I can only say, what every one who has experienced it says, that it is a very dangerous work, and—to use the words of an old sealing captain who spoke to me about it—ought not to be attempted by a small vessel singly. To that I would add, unless such vessel be a steamer; or under the peculiar circumstances in which we engaged in it. For myself, I would willingly go again in any vessel of any size, properly equipped; but, had I to commence anew, I would never proceed to sea on such a service under such a badly-organized system of home management as that I was compelled to submit to when in charge of the "Allen Gardiner."

CHAP. XXXIII.

News from Home.— Obliged to again visit Monte Video.—Arrange for Stores to be taken round to Keppel Island.—Enter the River Plate and anchor in the Harbour as before.—Find that the Trip up was again unnecessary.—Author's embarrassing Position.—Return to Stanley.—Proceed to the Mission Station.—Anchor in Committee Bay.—Find much Confusion existing.—Discontented State of the Workmen there.

FROM the wild scenes and wild inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego let us now turn to matters of a far different character. One of the first things I did, after we had dropped anchor, was to go on shore and get my letters. These were hastily perused, and their contents in very quick time made a part of my thoughts and meditations. I was pleased with some things; with others I was deeply pained, for I saw much to give me uneasiness as regarded the mission. No money was sent out to me, nor means given me to get money. Complimented; approved of in all I had done; urged to go on in the same way; yet, withal, left to do the best I could without pecuniary aid or any business arrangements respecting it.

I have often thought what a lifetime of expectation dwells in the moments which intervene between the arrival at a destination where important letters are awaiting you and the perusal of such letters, and what a change is effected in the few seconds that give you a knowledge of their contents. I found this so very frequently at Stanley, and particularly now. I had

gone on shore hoping that good news would be awaiting me—information of our missionary at length being on his way to join us; that funds would have been furnished to me, or stores, &c., sent out as promised; but, instead of this, I found that not only had the missionary not departed, but there was still none positively obtained. One was "hoped to be in readiness if I should be in Monte Video this December, though it was feared my going there would interfere with my summer cruise to the natives." And here I now found myself just in that false position I had been made to tumble into, without being able to help myself. I had intended to visit the Patagonians as soon as I had been round to the mission station; but, it was clear that I was also wanted to go to Monte Video. Well, I soon made up my mind. Six weeks would be the extent of our time away to Monte Video; and, as this would not throw me out of the season for visiting the coast, I determined to go up, particularly as a mail was offered. Accordingly I prepared to again leave Stanley as soon as I could effect all my arrangements, one of the most important being the taking round or sending round some stores to the party on Keppel Island. In this, however, as will be presently seen, I was relieved from all difficulty, and I had, therefore, nothing to do but make what speed I could on my way to the River Plate. But it was first of all necessary to arrange with my crew. I was without a chief mate, and the time of several of the men had now expired, and therefore I must get others in their room, or make a fresh arrangement if I could with them. Now, here was the difficulty. I had not money enough, nor did I know if I should be able to get any by the usual mode of drawing a bill on the society. It was an unpleasant and an awkward affair; but it was afterwards done through the same party as before, he, however, charging five per cent. for it. I reshipped my crew, except two that wanted to go away, and with only one mate, and he with a bad hand, I prepared for sea.

Meanwhile, other things had occurred to give me plenty of vexation and trouble. I have already mentioned the difficulty I had with the catechist; and now that the cruise was over, and no missionary having arrived, he appeared all of a sudden to consider himself as "a third independent party, amenable to no authority, either on board or on shore." I have always thought there must have been something sent him in his letters from the secretary that caused this quick change from a sort of secret resistance to my authority to an open defiance and assumption of high spiritual power.

Directly after our return to Stanley, I had the vessel put in order, and her masts and yards sent up aloft. I then gave the men twenty-four hours' liberty on shore—half of the crew at a time—and I am happy to say that, upon the whole, they conducted themselves very well. One instance only occurred to make me speak severely to the delinquent, and, except a quarrel now and then amongst themselves, there was nothing materially to find fault with.

One of the first duties I had considered necessary was to pay my respects officially to His Excellency the new Governor. I knew him well by repute, but had not before seen him personally. I now addressed him to know when he would see me at his office, and receiving an official reply, I went there at the appointed time. I need hardly say that I was well and kindly received, both as commander of the mission vessel, and as one who had also been in the field of Arctic search. A warm friend, well known for the deep interest he has ever taken in Arctic matters, and with whom I still corresponded, had strongly recommended me to His Excellency's notice; and I believe I may truly say that the friendship I was afterwards honoured with on the part of His Excellency was not without good results to the mission. I shall always think with pleasure upon the many agreeable hours we

have had together, and the hospitable manner in which I was received at his house.

After the official call I had made at Government Office, His Excellency gave our little vessel a visit of inspection. Having appointed the time when he would come on board, I prepared for his reception; and then, as he had no regular boat or crew, I went off in the gig to fetch him. With my private cabins he was much delighted; and, as I have already described them to the reader, it will be sufficient to say that the comforts about them were increased instead of being diminished by this time, and accordingly they made a very snug appearance. His Excellency remained on board about an hour, and I then took him on shore as he had come.

On the 28th (Nov.) I signed an agreement to carry the mail to Monte Video, and bring one back. I was to leave on the 4th of Dec., and had permission to call at Keppel Island. On the 29th and 30th we had a very heavy gale, with hailstorms, which made the "Spy" strike yards and topmasts, and all the other vessels to be as snug as possible. I was anxious to get round to Keppel Island, but nothing could be done in the teeth of such weather. Indeed it is one of the misfortunes attendant upon a man who is in command of a vessel in these seas that many days and much time in the aggregate appear as lost, while he is utterly unable to do anything but take care of his ship. He might be almost daily recording gale after gale, preventing him from doing this or that, were it not that such repetition would soon grow tiresome to the reader. In my Meteorological Journal, now before me, I have so much of it that a calm or continuous fine day comes as a rarity. To attempt, therefore, to get round to Keppel Island until the weather became settled (if it was not too long), or until a fair wind came, would be only wasting the time and doing no good. I therefore arranged with his Excellency, and Capt. Luckraft of H. M. B. "Spy,"

who kindly consented to it, that the stores for the mission station should be placed on board of that vessel, and that together we would leave Stanley, and go round in company. By this arrangement I hoped to effect two things, — the one ensuring the supplies being furnished; the other giving the party on the island an agreeable change by the arrival of a man-of-war. I furnished the master of the "Spy" with verbal directions as to getting into Committee Bay, if I should not be able to keep in company with the brigantine, which could sail three miles to our two; and thus, having done all that was necessary to ensure the Mission Station being visited, I received the mails on the 3rd Dec. instead of the 4th, and left the harbour at 4.30 P. M. We stopped for a short time in Port William, where the "Spy" was at anchor, she having been outside about the lighthouse, the excellent light being at this time fixed; and after communicating with the captain, we both got under way and stood out to sea. In going out we passed an American vessel coming in for repairs or for water; and I heard afterwards that she was bound for San Francisco, whither she took my late chief mate and one of the seamen.

It had been agreed that the "Spy" should show us a light after dark, that we might know where she was; and as I was well acquainted with the coast, we were to keep inside of her. Accordingly, with variable winds, squalls, hail and rain, we stood on our way to the northward. The night set in intensely dark, and it was with difficulty I could distinguish any of the headlands. At 10 P. M. we had run the distance to clear the Uranie rock; and I now hauled up for Cape Carysfort, showing a light at the same time. A reply was given from the "Spy" on our starboard quarter, but apparently at some distance off. Soon afterwards, however, the weather became very thick and squally, with rain; and it was about this time, as I afterwards learned, that our consort had some difficulty with

her mainsail, which in a squall got split, and caused great trouble. At midnight I again showed a light; but, though it was sufficiently clear to have seen a similar signal at a moderate distance off, none was perceived. I therefore concluded that we were more in with the land than our companion, who, not being so familiar with the coast, would perhaps keep farther away. And thus it was all night with us; showing a light occasionally, though unanswered, yet for the purpose of being a beacon to our consort, should it happen that at any time we could be seen. When the morning broke we were off Port Salvador, which was observed on our port quarter, but we could see nothing of the "Spy." The wind, however, was increasing from the westward, and the sea was so abrupt and unpleasant that every one of us was more or less sick. At 4 P. M. of the 4th it was blowing another heavy gale, and we had to heave-to. The next morning we again tried it by setting sail and attempting to get to the westward; but at noon I found we were making such poor progress, and the delay appeared to be so unnecessary, that I bore up to the northward for Monte Video, leaving the "Spy," wherever she might be, to go to Keppel Island by herself.

Our trip up was much the same as previous ones. On the tenth day, that is the 15th of December, we got the bank soundings off the Pampas, and on the next day less soundings closer in shore, though not yet able to see the land. At night we kept constantly sounding, so as not to run too near the coast; and at 4 A.M. of the 17th I saw the lowland south of and as far as Cape Antonia ahead of us on the bow. All that day we ran on well, with a steady breeze and clear weather, entering the great, flat, muddy river and making our way across it towards Monte Video. At night, again, instead of anchoring I still kept on, trusting to lead, and ground log, and repeated observations of the heavenly bodies—simultaneous altitudes

of stars, &c. for latitude, and planets or whatever answered for longitude. By this means we tracked our way as well as though the place had been buoyed and lighted; and at 1 A.M. the Cerro Light from aloft came in sight to confirm our position. The wind, however, was now against us; and we had to keep tacking for the remainder of the night and part of the next day. At noon the breeze helped us a little; and at 4 P.M. we ran into the harbour under all sail, coming to an anchor in the usual place, not far from her majesty's sloop of war, "Star."

Soon after anchoring we were boarded by the health officer, who passed us free; and I then landed to inquire about our expected missionary, only to once more find him not arrived, and that I had again been brought up here on a useless errand. Well, as I could not help it, there was nothing to do but make good speed back again. It showed me, however, as I trust it will the reader, that either there was a deeply subtle game at work against me, — for my next letters actually said, "the people wonder what the vessel is doing so much at Monte Video," and this was written by the very man who had directed me to go there! — or that there was great incompetence in the management at home. Both seemed to me to be the case, after I had received certain information that now came to me; and, consequently, in sending home an account of my late cruise, more in detail than that I had sent from Stanley, I stated that it was not to be published in my name or with my sanction, unless *all* I did say in that account were fairly given, and not a part only, with improper omissions or interpolations. Yet, I have since found such was disregarded. A part only was published, and that part with important omissions concerning facts bearing upon the working of the mission. Consequently, the friends of the mission were led to subscribe more largely, believing that everything was well, when, in fact, nearly everything was reported by me to be quite the contrary.

It was from this visit to Monte Video that I began to exercise a very great degree of caution. I had, hitherto, considered that, as I was dealing with what I believed to be a religious society, it was quite unnecessary to be on my guard about minute matters relating to myself, such as dates of letters, copies of every document, &c.; but from something that now came to my knowledge, I felt that against no human beings should I be more on my guard than against those who, exalting themselves above their fellow Christians, and singling themselves out from among their fellow churchmen as being better men to do missionary work, hesitated not to establish a system of espionage and deceit which was as unworthy of the sacred profession as it was contemptible. At that time I could hardly credit it to the full extent I have since been made to do; but from that moment, by the advice of one or two, who expressed themselves in no measured terms, I was on my guard; and not a letter or writing that I sent away but what was copied; and even the very envelopes of the letters I received were, to show the dates of posting, carefully pasted in a book. It was fortunate that I did so; for I am thereby able to prove that while orders from the Committee were given to me, and thus apparently power placed in my hands to do certain things at the Mission Station, the letters containing those orders were kept beyond post-day, so that I did not get them for three months afterwards, while other letters to my colleagues were sent in time that they might be forewarned, and thus, as they did, oppose every plan I tried to work out for the benefit of the mission. Farther on, the drift of all this will be seen; but I think enough will have been said to show the policy adopted towards me.

It was not until the 20th that the English mail arrived; and on the 22nd I received the bags for Stanley, as also sundries for H.M.B. "Spy." I was quite ready for sea, and would have gone forthwith, being anxious to get

back again and be at work amongst the natives, still further gaining their confidence and good will; but it was too late on that day, and on the next a furious Pampero was blowing from the southward, with a heavy sea rolling into the harbour. Our boat was washed away from the stern, and before I could let go the second anchor we dragged some distance. The vessel pitched so heavily that I was obliged to run the jibboom in, and ride with sixty fathoms of chain out. The gale lasted until the 24th P.M.; but I was able to get on shore in the morning and inform the consul, as well as to give orders to have the lost boat sought for. She was, however, never recovered, and I have no doubt was dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The following day being Christmas, I gave the men an extra dinner at the expense of myself and wife; and in the afternoon I accepted the friendly hospitalities of the officers on board her majesty's sloop of war "Star."

The next morning we got under way, and, with light winds, made sail from Monte Video, again on our way to the Falklands. Little of importance, or that may be interesting to the reader, occurred on the trip down, except at the close of the old year and the ushering in of the new, when I indulged the men with a trifling display of fireworks and a glass of grog with bread and cheese. Three cheers for the vessel and her work were then given; and the midnight hour sounding upon the bell proclaimed that 1855 was gone and 1856 had commenced.

On the 6th of January we sighted the land, but, owing to a head-wind, we did not pass Cape Carysfort until 7 P.M. We had then to keep tacking against an unusual easterly breeze, to enable us to weather the Volunteer Rocks; and, at 10 o'clock, to my great joy, the light, which had been lit since my departure, appeared in sight. As I found it so distinct, I did not hesitate about going into the harbour, as I could tolerably well feel my way.

Accordingly, keeping a good offing until I brought certain high hills (Mount Low) and the light to bear so as to ensure my position to a nicety,—for I could not see the entrance,—I bore up before the wind, and at 2 A.M. entered Port William. In another hour we passed through the Narrows; and at 3.45 again anchored off the town of Stanley. As I had been on deck all the night, I now turned in, but was soon roused up by a boat coming alongside for the mails. These I delivered to the proper authorities, and then ascertained that the "Spy" had called at our station, found all well, and delivered the supplies.

The day after my arrival at Stanley I again got under way, and went round to Keppel Island, where I arrived on the 10th, and was speedily visited by the three who had remained at the station. In health, externally, they were well; but I soon found that other matters were of a more serious character than I had at all been prepared for, though not different from what I had for a long time feared. In fact, there was, as might have been expected, a complete break-up on shore. The land party was in such a discontented state that the two workmen refused any longer to work under the land superintendent, and requested me to take them away. But, before I enter upon this unpleasant part of my narrative, and give an account of what proved to me a very serious difficulty, I must say a few words in reference to the mission plans.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Mission Plans most unwise. — Disorganisation and Unpleasantness. — The Author placed under great Difficulties. — Obstacles thrown in his Way. — The Land Superintendent and the Catechist. — Extraordinary Proceedings on their Part. — The Author compelled to act with Firmness to prevent another Mission Party perishing. — The Workmen leave the Island. — Doctor and Catechist refuse to come away, or act with any one else. — Monachism. — The Author returns to Stanley for official Advice. — He is made personally responsible for everything, yet left wholly unassisted.

THE reader is already aware that the plan of the mission was, as professed, to establish a station on the West Falkland, and bring the natives over to be "educated." With reference to this plan, its propriety and practicability, I will not now stop to say a word, as in the Appendix some remarks will be found on the subject; but, as regards the manner in which it was to be worked out, I long ago saw its utter inutility, and now the proof came.

When I left England, more than fourteen months before, it was faithfully promised me that a missionary — a duly appointed minister of the Church — should immediately be sent out to take charge of the spiritual department of the mission, — the catechist meanwhile *acting* as chaplain under my orders on board and as clergyman under the land superintendent's orders on shore. That he was not, as he now professed to be, "a third independent head," — unless in this, as in other matters, only letters of deceit were sent me, — could be proved by one or two facts, and especially where I was told, in a communication from the secretary, that "a gaucho would be dispensed with, as the *catechist*

could attend to the few cattle, &c., imported on the island." Indeed, throughout the whole affair, I was constantly written to with directions as the principal person; and yet, strange to say, was so left without help as to be entirely at the mercy of every one who chose to say, "I, too, am an independent authority." And thus, with no missionary to organize and direct the land party, each did pretty much as he liked, and I had no real power to prevent it, or to see the mission work properly carried on.

Now, the land party consisted of surgeon, catechist, carpenter, and mason; and I gladly state that the two latter were good workmen, and ever ready to carry out the conditions of their agreement. This agreement, however, was as loose as possibly could be, inasmuch as it expressed nothing positive. The men were not, I believe, bound to any length of time, except to see the Mission House put up; and the poor fellows had unfortunately forgotten to annex a condition in their agreement about being sent home. Thus, then, they were in this condition:—If they remained upon the island somewhat as slaves, they would be fed and have a certain pay; if they chose to claim their discharge, they were to be turned off—as was actually the case with both of them—without being paid up, and without the smallest aid or means to get back to their native country; and this was the policy of the Society. Men were to be induced to go there, with flattering promises and great hopes held out to them: they were to have loosely-worded agreements that could be made to mean anything or nothing, and then at the very first show of dislike to aught that any one claiming to be the ruler on that solitary island chose to insist upon, they were to be turned off like dogs, and allowed to get home again as beggars. One and all were just in this position, even to myself; for none of us who were the real workers had considered it necessary, in dealing with a religious society, to put in a clause about what seemed to naturally follow our going abroad in their service, viz.,

the being conveyed home again when our work was finished. What should have been done, was to have had a fair contract drawn up on both sides, — the one side binding as to time, the other side with express stipulation about being sent home at the expiration of agreement, or before that expiration of agreement if discharged by the Society.

With regard to myself and the crew, who would look to me, and me alone, for payment, this had been done in the usual legal way. An eighteen months' agreement with the men, wherein *I* was bound to send *them* home to Bristol, if I discharged them abroad without their consent, was entered into; but in my own person the case was different. I was, it appears, (that is, if the law, which has yet to be tested on the subject, does not prove otherwise,) though captain of the ship, and with an agreement for three years, to be put in the same category as the carpenter and mason; thus making even the cabin boy that came from the Union, and who had signed ship's agreement, better off than either of us. But, in addition to the other inducements held out to the carpenter and mason, there was the promise made to the latter that his wife should be sent out to him at an early opportunity, he agreeing to pay, as I believe, one half, and the Society the other half, of her passage-money. Now several letters had been sent out, stating that Mrs. —— would come by the next time the "Allen Gardiner" visited Monte Video; but this was so long delayed that the poor fellow at last began to believe nothing that was said to him, and really fancied that he was laughed at. In this I, as the only one to whom he could look as a means of communication between himself and the world from which he was shut out, came in for a share of much unpleasantness. He conceived that I ought to have brought her, or to have insisted upon her being sent out. I was, as he and the carpenter said, the only head of the mission out there, and it was to me, and to no one else, they would or could look. Yet, what could

I do? Nothing. Had I, indeed, been that acknowledged head of the mission, instead of being compelled to act as such practically, though without the properly vested power, things would have gone on very differently. As it was, I had to do the work, bear the blame of what went wrong, stand the ill-will of every one who chose to act in opposition to me, and also be legally and officially, as well as individually, answerable for everything. Thus it was, then, that, when upon my return to the station, the mason's wife was not found to have come with me, he, the anxious husband, was almost like one, as he afterwards said, "demented;" and other unpleasant matters having occurred on shore before my arrival, he now urged upon me the necessity of taking him off the island and sending him home. Of course, I declined, as I was obliged to decline having anything to do with him or his going away. I was not even his master here: the land superintendent was the one to whom he must apply. But it appeared that he had already done that, and high words had passed between them. These things, however, I did not know until the day after my arrival, and only then after I had received much abuse of the very vilest and lowest kind *in the Mission House!* To explain more fully, I must go back to the moment when, after our anchoring in the bay, the surgeon came on board to visit me.

The first thing I noticed was that the permanent Mission House had been erected, and the old one removed; and, upon inquiry, I found that the carpenter and mason had worked at it daily, or as often as the weather permitted, since the vessel's departure. Questions having been asked and answered on both sides, the surgeon and I, then chatted away in the most friendly manner in my private cabin, while he opened the letters I had brought for him. Presently, he glanced over one of them; and then, to my surprise, he broke out into an exclamation of astonishment, and remarked that "if the Society intended

to send him away he was quite willing, as he was long ago sick of it, &c. &c." Not knowing to what this could refer, for my own letters * did not intimate that anything was amiss, and perceiving a gloom upon his countenance, I made some inquiries. At first he did not answer; but at length said, "So then the Committee wish me to resign to you, and I suppose you are ready to take charge?" Now, here was a curious position for me to be in. I knew nothing of what this meant, and yet it was evident the Committee desired something to be done by me. I again looked over my letters, but saw nothing in them more than usual—that is, nothing referring to what he alluded to; and though it was clear that, if the work was to go on, the very best thing would be for him to resign, yet I was perfectly at sea as to what it all meant. I felt convinced that the captain, whoever he was, if at all capable of directing aright, should have been the working head, he being a legal personage amenable to law, and vested with certain magisterial powers as a British ship-master, while others were not possessed of even the legal authority which an officer in a corporate body would be entitled to. I did not, however, choose to say so. I saw that I was short of some important letter, and I therefore allowed him to take his own ground, and to do as he pleased... But when he had told me what it was, I talked to him as a friend, and, I may add, as a brother. I pointed out to him the immense advantage it would be if all were under one direction, instead of having our little force divided into two parties; and especially now that it appeared he had difficulties with his two workmen, and could not get them, as he said, to obey his orders. I reasoned that it would be expected, and

* Because I had only letters a month older than his. My letter from the Committee of same date as his I did not get for three months afterwards, owing to its being posted a day too late, as I have already explained.

it would be but fair to expect, that the island was now sufficiently far advanced so as to receive any additional persons that might come out; whereas such was not nearly the case. I even said, that I would willingly give up my position to any one at that moment who could take it, if by that means the work which was now literally in abeyance could be better carried on. If he could take command of the ship I would yield my charge, subject to approval elsewhere, rather than stop the mission work. But *I* could not; nor, as things were, could I help him. The workmen would not work for him; but all and every one (the catechist, who would do no work at all, excepted) would work for me. As practical men, they preferred being under the orders of one who must necessarily, as a shipmaster, and particularly as a *quandam* colonist, building his own house and tilling his own ground, know something of practical work; and, as labouring men themselves, they liked to be with one who could also labour as well as direct, and direct as well as labour.

Not that Mr. —— was wanting in labour. I have seen him work hard enough; but he had not been accustomed to the right directing of labour either in himself or in others. To me, the taking more upon my hands than the burden of the ship, I full well knew, would only be, in a place like that, tenfold more of anxiety and trouble than the mere ordinary amount of mental or physical labour actually belonging to it under other circumstances. The power therefore would, after all, be only one of toil to me, without even any additional benefit in my own person. I should be nominally directing, but whomsoever I should leave in charge during my necessary absence in the ship would be the one to reap the benefit.

Thus, then, it was with no other object but for the good of the mission that I counselled Mr. —— to act in this as a man having the real interests of the work at heart. With

regard to his getting home to England, I, personally, could make no arrangement with him; but, as he told me that he had no money there beyond a few pounds, and as I conceived the case to be hard indeed, if it were so, that a man should be left thus abroad, I proposed that he should remain as now, doing duty as surgeon on shore or at sea, until the matter was properly settled at home. To all of this he eventually agreed, provided *I* would undertake to pay him 11*l.* *per month, besides his food!* on board ship. What to do, I really did not know. The ship wanted no surgeon at 11*l.* per month, and moreover I had no money to do it with. At last, finding that he received that sum from the Society, I agreed for three months, subject to the approval of the Committee.

The next morning, when I went on shore to the Mission House, I found that the catechist, who had landed in the previous evening, had done much mischief. I was saluted by oaths and bestial expressions, in the Mission House! on the part of the poor half-maddened mason, whom I had told I would not take away from the island unless he was properly discharged, for, if I did, I should be accused of countenancing him; and yet, if I did not, I was subjecting myself to the stigma of cruelty and many other things I knew not of; and I was insulted and contemned to my face by the catechist, who, with Mr. ——, not once attempted to check the vile language levelled at me. While the catechist was abusing me, the mason sang out, "That's you P——! Give it to him! Bl—— him!" But, I really am so hurt to be compelled to write thus, and about a *missionary* undertaking, that I must briefly go over what followed. Suffice it that the mason, upon finding the truth of things, on the next day, and always afterwards, expressed himself deeply sorry that he had so spoken to me: "But I couldn't help it, sir," said he. "I'd been that worked up (by whom he did not say), and I so believed you meant to

keep us on the island, that I was like half mad;" and so I believe he was; for stronger minds than he could hardly stand against the cunning at work under the assumed name of a mission.

If it be thought, as it has been intimated to me, that some act of my own was the cause of all this, the following quotation from a letter sent me by the Committee months after all that was forwarded home on the subject had been received will be my answer.

"You are highly spoken of, and may safely trust your character, &c., to the keeping of the Committee, who desire that you should regard them as your best friends, and never will abuse your confidence, much less say anything of you in your absence but what is to your credit; and for the best of reasons,—because they could say nothing else."

The result of all this was that Mr. ——, the surgeon, gave me his written resignation; the catechist refused to accede to or do anything but what he himself chose; the mason and the carpenter were both discharged by Mr. —— before he resigned; and, finally, his resignation was recalled by himself, and he and the catechist determined to act in opposition to me, and retain possession of the house and station. But now came my great difficulty. The carpenter and mason were to go round to Stanley. They demanded this, if it were only to speak to the authorities; and, of course, I could not, either in justice or common humanity, refuse. But what about the two who would insist upon remaining by themselves? What was I to do with them? Food enough, and shelter enough, they had; but, two individuals alone upon a desolate island, and I not able to prevent it by any power of my own, or by persuasion, or by legal compulsion, seemed to me so terrible, that I felt almost at my wit's end to know what to do. To leave them there was repugnant to my feelings; to take them away by force I did not dare; and yet they would

not come. Not that I wanted to vacate the station; though, even had I done so, it would not have been considered wrong, as the following extract will show:—

"Even as it was, had you thought it right to break up the Mission Station for the present, the Committee would have looked upon it as a mere error of judgment, and not allowed it to make them feel a whit less confidence in you."*

But such was not my idea; I merely wanted to get the place in working order under proper management; and then, during my absence, rather than it should be abandoned or neglected, my wife had kindly agreed to remain in the house, with the boy, and one of my seamen, a married man upon whom I could thoroughly depend. I felt my position to be a dreadful one. If I left those two men alone on the island, and anything happened to one or both, there would not only be a great outcry raised against me without reason, but I should not be able to rest happy. Yet, again, what *was* I to do? Remain there and watch over them, doing nothing else, with a ship at our heavy monthly expense? Never was I more puzzled; and night after night, for the next four nights, did I pace the deck like one distraught. I saw at once how these two had trapped me; and that, whatever plan I adopted, I should be placed in perhaps some perilous position.

At length I made up my mind to pursue a course that would at all events relieve me from any future accusation of having acted upon my own judgment. I would, as the only legally acknowledged person in authority here, summon around me every individual that claimed Great Britain as his birthplace, or who understood the British right to law and justice, and, putting the case before them, ask for their opinion and advice. I did so.

* Would it be credited that *at the very time* this was written a man was at Stanley acting, as has since appeared, under their express orders to get rid of me!

Hoisting the British colours, I called all hands, and the carpenter and mason, down in the cabin; and then explaining my position, first as captain of the ship, responsible to law as well as to humanity, if I left any British subject, or others, on a desolate island, I made my statement in writing, and then asked for their opinion and advice. That such was not good policy, as regarded the humbling myself to my crew, I well knew, and afterwards experienced; but I felt that it was wisest in reference to my character as a man. The result was that one and all of those thirteen individuals coincided in the same thing, viz., that, in making the written protest which I did against the acts of the surgeon and catechist, which protest the whole thirteen signed, I had done all in my power; and that all that remained now was to leave them for awhile, and go round to Stanley to consult the authorities. This then was determined upon; but, before going, once more I tried to persuade them by letter to alter their extraordinary conduct. I offered to take them anywhere they pleased, to Monte Video if they willed, only not to remain alone upon the island: but it was all in vain.

I should mention that I had landed a few sheep and pigs, hay and corn, as well as provisions that I had bought at Monte Video for the station; therefore, as far as food was concerned, there was nothing to fear; but what I did fear was the effect of the solitude and inactivity upon them. True one was a surgeon; but, even his medical skill was not enough to ensure him from that which I had a horror of, and which I felt in my own mind was the true cause of Captain Gardiner and his party suffering as they did. However, there was nothing better to do than consult the Colonial authorities; and, accordingly, I got under way, and, to make as short work of it as possible, I went through the passes, under a crowd of sail,—cut off the corners of all the land as closely as I could, and was in Stanley and at anchor in the remarkably short space of twenty hours. We

had experienced heavy weather, but the wind was fair, or rather I made it fair, even at some risk, for a strong N.W. and then a northerly breeze was blowing all the time.

Our trip may be thus described. At noon we left the anchorage at Keppel Island, and stood towards the North-West Pass, which, as I have explained before, was not more than one eighth of a mile wide. Through this we dashed, with the flood-tide carrying us swiftly along, and cleared it at a quarter past one. Then, by a serpentine course, away we went, on by rocks, by reefs, by shoals, by sandy spits, shaving them all to the nicest point of safety, and still with every stitch of sail, though blowing hard, rushed on towards the Tamar Pass. On our right Port Purvis opened out quickly to our view, and was as quickly shut in again and left behind. On our other hand the bold headlands of South-East Pebble Island appeared and disappeared as we went fast by; and then we entered upon the Inner Tamar Pass. Here the wind was rather scant, and the tide was strong against us: but, "Brace up, brace up, my men! Point the yards well forward! Sharpen them to the wind!" was an order that, being given and rapidly obeyed, helped us considerably.

The little vessel bounded to the breeze, as she all but twisted round and round in the tide; nevertheless she luffed up well. She weathered by about twice her length the dangerous points upon her lee, — cleared the curling eddies on her right, — left the Tamar Bay to windward, — passed the Pirate's Cove on the east, and then stood well and weatherly into the outer Tamar Pass. But now it was her trial. A six-knot tide was rushing in. The wind was just and only just sufficiently fair; though its strength was indifferent to us; for the stronger the better, if it would but get no more ahead. And now we are in the seething cauldron; and the ship will barely answer to her helm.

"Port! — Steady! — Port again! Port! Port! I cry;"

as, bawling from aloft, I shot a quick glance ahead and detected the long and dangerous rocks running out midway in the passage.

"Port! Port!" and "Port it is, sir!" comes for reply. But the vessel can hardly obey the helm, for the tide so twists her about.

"Port again! Port, my man!" and "Port it is," as suddenly, like some wild thing broke loose, she sweeps her bow off, and points towards the opposite dark cliffs at not a stone's throw distant.

"STARBOARD! *Hard a starboard,* man; and mind your helm!" I angrily shouted, as I saw the unexpected movemen; and "Starboard it is, sir; but I cannot hold her!" was the ready answer.

"Watch her, then; watch her well, man! Small helm; and quick eye will do it!" and so it did; for, a few most anxious moments,—a pointing of the bow in this direction to some frowning rocks, and then in that to another batch of the same ugly customers,—and we had forced the pass against the tide, and against a heavy outside sea.

At half-past three we were clear, and stood out upon the main ocean direct for the Eddystone Rock. This at 7 P. M. we passed at a short cable's length, disturbing by our noise the numerous seals, both dark and light, large and small, that covered it for quite a third way up to its summit. And now the night set in, with dark and gloomy weather, heavy squalls, and a rising gale; until at last it was too much to carry all the sail upon the ship. Topgallant-sail, flying jib, and two reefs were therefore taken in; and thus through the hours of darkness, with myself constantly on deck, did we dash on, and on,—and Why? Why, because I will confess that neither I nor my crew, nor the carpenter, nor the mason, believed we were right in leaving those two men longer alone on that solitary island than we could possibly help until the authorities had been made acquainted with the subject. More than this I need not

say; more than this, however, I and many others felt and still feel about it; for some of us had been to Spaniard's Harbour, and *our* sober reason told us what it was that made men rather choose to die than help themselves to retain their life.

And now when morning broke, as with weary eyes I watched, the land was seen fairly on our bow to leeward; and then with still increasing breezes we passed Cape Carysfort at four o'clock, the Uranie Rock at half-past five, and entering Port William at a quarter to seven, finally anchored, as I have mentioned, off Stanley town at eight.

CHAP. XXXV.

Interview with the Governor in reference to the Proceedings at the Mission Station.—The Author compelled to remain inactive.—Is officially made responsible for the Doings of the Society.—Extraordinary Proceedings on the Part of the Home Committee.—Indignation at Stanley against the Society.—The Vessel refitted.—News of another Wreck.—Proceed to render Assistance.—Take the Governor and official Suite on board.—More bad Weather.—Work the Schooner through the Narrows, and anchor close to the Wreck.—Find she is a large Ship, but now completely lost.—Remarks concerning her.—Reflections upon her Fate and the wrecking System.—Return with the Governor to Stanley.

IMMEDIATELY after our arrival at Stanley I went to the Governor's office. I there asked the acting Colonial Secretary—a young man who had never been off the island for many years, and consequently knew nothing of the outside world, when His Excellency could be seen on some important business; and he at once, with a great deal of superciliousness, demanded of me a knowledge of that business. At first I hesitated to name it, wishing if possible to keep the affairs of the mission from becoming public talk at Stanley; but I soon found that the secretary would get me no interview with the Governor* unless I told him what was my errand. I therefore named a part of it; whereupon he, with a pomposity

* His Excellency afterwards told me, with his usual kindness, to come in future direct to his private door, to save me the humiliation I was almost always put to by this individual and his acting successor, who not only insulted me, but would actually insult the Governor.

and a manner worthy of any artist's pencil who desired to represent a new Dogberry, informed me that he was a *magistrate* (which he was, as were pretty nearly all that could rank as gentlemen or had any moneyed position in Stanley); and added, "*I* have only to tell you, sir, that if you leave those two men on that island, and anything happens to them, a jury would bring you in guilty of manslaughter!"

"But," said I, "what am I to do? They won't come off the island: no one will stop there with them; and I suppose I must not take them off by force."

"As to that," he replied, "you well know, I suppose, what is called 'assault and battery;' therefore you had better take care. But what you *are* to do, I can't tell you. This, however, I *can* tell you, and I repeat it, —if you leave those two men alone on Keppel Island, or any other island, and anything occurs to them, I for one will be ready to bring in a verdict of manslaughter against you."

I was astounded! To be made amenable to law for the mad tricks of two perverse and obstinate men, and yet to have no power given me to help in counteracting the evil, nor official aid and cognizance rendered? The thing seemed preposterous! But, surely his Excellency, a naval captain, would say something different to this: and so, at first, when I saw him a few moments afterwards, he did; though he ultimately changed his views. At first he spoke as I believe any one accustomed to sea command would have spoken; but, upon calling in Mr. Secretary, the latter laid down the law in such a manner that I believe his Excellency as well as myself soon got involved in a maze. As for me, had some crime been actually committed,—had I indeed been on my trial for manslaughter, instead of coming to seek official aid to prevent any possible disaster, I could not have been worse handled by this sapient counsellor, who, having got on his

rocking-horse, was apparently determined to ride down every one who stood before him. I saw the Governor was puzzled; but, finally, it came to this: he declared that, from the letters I showed him in the surgeon's handwriting, he and the catechist, by their own acts, could no longer be considered in authority at the island; but, whether they would or would not come off the island, after my offering means to come off, I should be held responsible, as *I* had placed them there by taking them to the island in the ship. I was therefore to go and provision them for a longer period (four months instead of the three months' supply I had left with them), and then return to Stanley and lay the ship up till orders came from home.

Such was the result of my effort to obtain official aid. Made personally responsible for the lives of others over whom I had no control, and with whom I could do nothing. Stopped, too, in the midst of my proper work, and everything thrown upon me.

I was for a time all but utterly prostrated in mind and body. Wearied with the past night's watching; overwhelmed with the oppressive cares now unexpectedly thrust upon me, I was hardly able to attend to anything when I returned on board. But it was necessary to act, and not to passively sit down. The mail for England was to be closed on the morrow, and not a letter had I written. And yet to write, as write I ought, seemed to me impossible. Nevertheless I made the attempt. How I succeeded I hardly know; but, I enclosed to the Committee the protest I had made, and also sent home an account of what I had done. A thought, however, struck me. The carpenter wished to go home: here was an opportunity for him, and also for one of my men, upon whom I could depend. These two should go and represent facts to the Committee; and I at once prepared to send them. But here I was again met by difficulties. I had not, of

my own (nor of the ship's, had I thought of so using it), money enough to pay their ordinary expenses. These, however, would have been comparatively light, as the carpenter offered to pay for himself, if *I* would settle with him for his wages due from the Society; and the other man agreed to work his passage home. But I could do neither. Without funds, and unable to get any for such purpose, or, indeed, for any other, except mere ship's necessaries, I had to give up that idea; more particularly as, on the following morning, during another interview I had with the Governor in the presence of the captain of the "Spy," he decidedly opposed it. However, he strongly advised me, after victualling the two men on the island, to at once take the vessel home and myself see the Committee, as the mission was not only at a complete standstill, but also he himself, as Governor, would hesitate much as to granting anything in reference to the purchase of Keppel Island, or establishing a station there in what appeared to him such a badly managed business. It was absurd to put upon *me* personally all the responsibility, and yet not give me the power, and support me in the exercise of that power, necessary to carry on the work as it was required. He wished to do all he could for the mission; but he neither approved of the plan of importing natives (and if I did import any in my vessel I knew the ordinance in force against it and the penalties), nor did he at all concur in the arrangements that had been made for organizing an establishment with cattle on the island. For myself his Excellency expressed and thereafter evinced much kindly feeling and approval of what I had done; but, in his official position, he should have to enforce what he had told me, and make me personally responsible for all and every one I, as captain of a ship, might put upon any of the islands under his jurisdiction. I hinted at some magistrate or other authority going round to inquire into the circumstances; but he declined acceding to this, as he

would not interfere more than was necessary. It was enough that I, as captain of the ship, would be henceforth made responsible for all and everything done by the mission in the Falklands. I was the only *fact*, legally speaking, in the mission. The Society was not a corporate body: its acts separately were not lawful more than the acts of any individuals choosing to go and locate themselves where they pleased: to them, therefore, he could not and would not look; but to me, as a lawfully appointed shipmaster, — a personage known by and to the law, — he did look, and expected from me that obedience which I as a British subject should always show, even if not literally bound to Her Majesty's authorities all over the world. My papers, it is true, gave me right to go whither I would, as *I* considered best for the mission; but, if aught happened on the island, he would undoubtedly call upon me in an official manner to personally answer for it. Therefore, under all these circumstances, he, as also the captain of the "Spy," considered that I had better go and victual the island for nine months, return to Stanley, and make arrangements for a sealing vessel to visit them every three months, and then immediately go off to England.

The present advice seemed to me to be the best I could follow, with this modification, which I proposed, viz., that after having made all the arrangements named by his Excellency, I should then make a trip over to the Patagonian coast, as my instructions directed me, and afterwards go home. He was not, however, so favourable to this, on account of the probability of my being wrecked or lost: but on this point I begged leave to conceive that I was right; for if I did all he had mentioned as regarded victualling the island, and having a communication established between it and Stanley, surely I should be free to go about my especial work, and not keep the ship doing nothing. He did not agree with me, though he

would not oppose me; and, after leaving him, and consulting with the Colonial Chaplain (who, by the by, had been grossly defamed by our secretary at home, and was now about to institute proceedings against him), I went on board and prepared my letters. But never before had I had such a task. The mail was already closed, and the "Spy," taking the mail, was to sail in an hour or two; and yet I had not finished my letters, nor filled up the documents I had to send home. I therefore went on board the "Spy," and, through the kindness of her officers, was enabled to effect my object by writing in their cabin, even while the ship was getting under way; nor did I finish until she had made sail and was well on towards the Narrows. Captain Luckraft kindly took charge of my letters, as well as of those I had brought from the surgeon and catechist, and now faithfully delivered for transmission home; and then, bidding him good bye, I returned on board my own ship. Now, however, a reaction came, after the almost incessant and painful excitement of the past week. I was completely prostrated; and on the next day, which was fortunately a Sunday, I gave myself a rest in every sense of the word. The men I sent on shore to church, but I remained on board, and took such medicine for mind and body as I deemed necessary.

The following day I again saw the Governor, who repeated his advice, and added that he would take from me, at a fair valuation, anything I might wish to dispose of for the mission. Indeed, I found one and all advising me to break it up. There was not a man, either at Stanley or Monte Video, that spoke approvingly of the plans, which they considered unwise, imprudent, and erroneous, because of their impracticability in one sense, their expense in another, and their manifest approach to a mercantile speculation to be kept up by the importation of natives from the coast.

With regard to Stanley, I found a very strong and natural animus against the Society, and which was still more in-

creased by what I have already alluded to. What that was, as it concerns another and not myself, I can only refer to so far as I myself had to indignantly deny being a party to or having any previous knowledge of, the underhanded attempt made to asperse a brother clergyman's character, and to ruin him for life by depriving him of his colonial appointment.

Hence, then, those who reasoned with me quietly said, if I wished to act well and wisely, I would at once break up the mission in name, as it already was in fact, upon the Falklands, and, if it was to be carried on, induce those who had a real interest in the work to take it to the people they pretended to have a desire for converting. As for a mission station at Keppel Island, no one could be so blind as not to see what it was most like — another speculation! Natives imported to work there under various pleas! one hundred and thirty head of cattle to be bought! shares and profits talked about, and such like, did not savour much of what was said to be merely a mission to the natives. Consequently, if I were the honest man they believed me to be, I would, at all events, make the full truth known, and carry the mission to its proper place.

Acting upon the advice tendered me, but with the determination to first of all visit the Patagonians, calling on the way at Keppel Island, I now prepared for this new change. I began to clean the ship outside, to paint, and to do several things that would be advisable to do before going on a voyage home; and I hoped that while doing this something might arrive by a mail soon expected that would enable me to settle matters at the station. If a clergyman came now and was a right man, it was probable that much good could be effected.

While thus engaged one morning, only the next to that on which I had commenced refitting, a signal was hoisted, and a report raised that a vessel was wrecked just

outside the harbour. Here was something to do. Here was a chance to be of real service, instead of fuming about doing comparatively nothing and striving to carry out ill-arranged abstract ideas by bad organization and deficient means. There had been so many wrecks about the Falklands that it was no particular novelty to hear of another one. But this was close at hand, not far from Point William; and perchance some good might be done if I went down to her in the schooner. Therefore, having gone on shore in the boat, when I heard the news, I ordered the men to go back to the ship; tell Mr. Jones to leave off painting; put the pots and things below; make all snug, and see all clear for instantly getting under way! And off they went, while I at once walked to the Governor and offered our gratuitous services. They were gladly accepted.

Lloyd's agent and the captain of the wrecked vessel (who had crossed overland to the town) were with his Excellency, who had already given orders to the little "Sophy" to take the party to the wreck, but who now decided upon going with me, leaving the "Sophy" to take the harbour master and sundry blocks, warps, &c., to the scene of the disaster.

The wreck was at the south entrance of Berkeley Sound, on the inner side of Kidney Island. How the vessel got there will be presently mentioned; meanwhile I went on board to prepare for the arrival of my guests. Everything was ready. Sailor-like, the moment that the boat's crew had spread the news of a wreck wanting our assistance, and had given my orders to the mate, down went paintpots, brushes, tar, and everything else, and in quick time the vessel was ready for sea. When I got on board some of the chain had been hove in, and all about the deck made snug.

It was at this time freshening up to one of our usual gales, and, unfortunately, from the N.N.W., thus being against us, in getting through the Narrows, and also up to

Kidney Island, but otherwise favourable. It mattered not, however; we could but try; for I had heard that the poor fellows on the wreck were constantly pumping to keep themselves afloat, though upon the rocks.

Presently the Governor and his party, consisting of the colonial surgeon, Lloyd's agent, and the captain of the wreck, came off; and as soon as they were on board the Union Jack was hoisted at the main to denote his Excellency's presence; the mainsail was set with the British ensign at the peak; sail was made, the anchor tripped, and away we were off with a spanking breeze towards the Narrows. Fortunately we had the ebb tide favouring us; for it was a dead beat right through; and I had to shave the points pretty closely to do it. Standing on the lee bow close to the bowsprit I let her go well over to Engineer Point, even to the very edge of the kelp and partly inside, and then, all being at their stations, the word was given.

"Ready about!" and "Ready about!" was echoed back by the mate in reply.

"Down with the helm! Hard alee! Head sheets here;" and round the little vessel flies as ordered.

In a moment more, and "Haul of all!" and sometimes, "Topsail haul!" is shouted, and the yards swing round, as, with helm properly attended to, she again luffs to the wind and springs ahead. Then over to Navy Point, and the same evolution is repeated; and again once more on the other side, and yet once more on this, and we have got safely through.

And now we dash along past Old Man Point, which we just clear, and then away down Port William out to sea. There is a heavy swell and a freshening breeze; and we have to stand well out to enable us to weather Kidney Island on the other tack.

It is done; and now with a speed that sent the wild seas furiously over her bow, scattering the spray from forward right to aft, the "Allen Gardiner" stands up Berkeley

Sound so far as to let her well see from to windward what she is about. There is the wreck, a good sized ship with masts still standing, just within that rocky point; and round it we must go, and if possible drop anchor. But the place is very narrow, and withal dangerous on either side. Yet, go in we must; and go in we did. With a wide sweep over to the opposite side and a turn right round, jybing ship at the same time, I managed to bring our little vessel close up to the lee quarter of the wreck.

"Can any one tell me what bottom is about here?" I asked of Lloyd's agent and others. "This is rocky enough where we are;" as the lead told us: but no one was sufficiently well acquainted with the place to say, except that it was a bad spot. However, we could not stay considering; so down went the anchor; and in a moment or two more we had sails furled and everything snug, though a heavy short sea, with half a gale, came right in upon us.

The wreck was lying with her bows directly in land upon the rocks, and her stern in deeper water. She was a vessel of about 600 tons; coal-laden, and originally bound round the Horn to, I believe, Caldera. She had only a short time back left Stanley, whither she had put in, leaky and for repairs; and, with a new foreyard and other sundries furnished her, she again proceeded on her voyage. But, she had not got beyond Staten Land, when it was found that her leaks increased; and the captain, therefore, bore up to return. Heavy weather came upon them: winds adverse to their coming back: six days and nights were they constantly pumping, and almost without sleep; and finally, the morning but one before the present, they had managed to get close up to the lighthouse, but were unable to get in to Stanley, as the captain said, owing to a strong breeze right out of Port William. They therefore stood in to Berkeley Sound; and after being driven, or being obliged to run the ship on shore on one part of the East Falkland, she was got off only to drive on shore where

she now was. Altogether it was a curious affair; and so I believe it was considered: but I soon saw that nothing could be done, unless it were possible to get her off at once. However, as soon as we arrived, a light and pretty looking boat shoved off to meet us. Into this his Excellency and party got, not wishing to give me the trouble to lower my boat, which was griped-to in the davits; but the boatmen evidently did not understand the place, and, perhaps exhausted, could not pull up. They were fast drifting away; and finally got so entangled in the kelp as to be compelled to make for the shore at some little distance off. Seeing this, I immediately lowered my largest boat, and, apparelling myself in waterproofs, went off to pick up the Governor, who had been obliged to land as best he could and scramble along the rocks. Motioning to him what I meant to do, I then pulled up clear of the kelp and far ahead to windward; then edged in to a projecting point of land, and there received the party as they managed to get up to me, finally dropping down upon the wreck, under her lee. It was, however, necessary to be careful in going alongside. Spars and hawsers, and kelp, and the recoil surge of a heavy sea, were unpleasant things for a boat to get amongst; therefore, leaving her well protected with a man to look after her, all of us went on board to see what good we might possibly be able to do.

The wreck, as I have said, lay with her bow on the rocks and her stern apparently in deep water; consequently she was on an incline; but that she had not broken her back was inferred from the fact that she kept this incline straight. The moment we got on board I offered the use of my men for any work that was to be commenced; and as his Excellency was a naval commander he naturally suggested various things that struck him to be necessary. There was, however, something about the affair that I did not rightly understand; nor do I think it fit to say now

very much about it. Sufficient that she was wrecked; and some little time afterwards she was sold, hull, coals, masts; yards, and rigging, cables, anchors, sails, &c. &c., for, I believe, less than 75*l.*! Lloyd's agent selling her, and Lloyd's agent buying her through B—— for himself!

The sight of a wreck is a sad thing, even independent of the mournful associations connected with it. It is sad to see a ship that has cost so much trouble to put together, to equip, to man, and to send away, now thrown helplessly upon the rocks; her tall masts trembling as each surge of the sea strikes upon the hull and makes it quiver beneath the blow, without being able to release itself from the grip into which it has fallen; while the rush of water in the hold sounds like the dash of a sea into some huge cavern; and the pump is constantly going with a clang which makes one almost shudder when thinking of what it means. Then the once neat decks now all in confusion; heaps of sails thrown here; provisions and stores hastily put there; sailors' chests perchance in another place; and the poor captain, with wan countenance and hopeless glance, viewing his ship thus doomed before his eyes: all this is very sad, even apart from the nature of the fact itself. But, who is there that does not know that to some in the world, such a sad picture is a source of joy rather than sorrow?—that to some it is tidings of fresh means to increase wealth, and, out of such destruction, to build a house? To such there is no sadness in the picture: to me there was, and especially so, knowing she was indeed doomed.

I found the mate—an active, sharp, intelligent young man, who has lately brought a ship home from the Falklands under most extraordinary circumstances of danger, and in a way that does him much credit—hard at work with the men pumping, and contriving all in his power to carry out the various suggestions made to him. But nothing effectual could be done. He and the men were thoroughly exhausted. They had scrambled on shore

to sleep as best they could amongst the tussack, as it was their duty to stick by the ship until the captain had formally abandoned her and given her up to Lloyd's agent, which I believe he did this day; and when I left he and they were still at work. But I could not stop much longer, especially as there was nothing in our power to do, and several small cutters, &c., were also now here to render aid. The wind was fast increasing, and many signs appeared of bad weather. The schooner was, as I could see, pitching very uneasily, sending her sharp bows like a knife into the water each dip she gave. Accordingly, as soon as the Governor was ready, we went on board. A hasty dinner was made; and then I began to get under way. Here, however, I was close put to it. Of course we could not go out by the way we had come in, for the wind would not let us; but, as there was a passage behind us, and thus between Kidney Island and the mainland, it would be by that we should go. But a long and shallow spit, that very considerably narrowed the channel, was not far astern of us; and with many rocks all around I felt much difficulty in getting under way. Indeed, I could hardly get up the anchor. The jumping and surging was so great in heaving upon the chain that two iron stoppers were carried away, snapping like a thread; and before we had got near the anchor, the ship began to drag, at the same time forging ahead toward the rocks with fifteen fathoms cable out, which, of course, acted upon her bow injuriously as a check. I had, previously, loosed the sails; and now, therefore, worked them sharply as required. It was suggested to me, "Set the fore and aft foresail;" but I knew my vessel; and to have set that sail—a sail under which she would lay to—would have helped to throw her up into instead of off the wind. Accordingly, I ran up all the head-sails, threw the topsail aback on a box, and kept the after-sail down. At first this would not help her; and she was already on the edge of the kelp close to

the rocks, and with the "Sophy" in our way if we got clear; when another heave at the windlass, a strong puff of wind, and a movement of the helm at the right moment, canted her bow, and turned her in the way we wanted. Instantly filling the topsail, and smartly heaving upon the chain, so as to get our anchor, helped her more; and then, gathering way, we put her before the wind, cleared the little "Sophy" on our right and the rocks upon our left, and, running through Kidney Cove, as the place was called, we entered Port William, and finally anchored off Stanley at 4.30 P.M. The Governor and Colonial Surgeon immediately landed — Lloyd's agent having stayed by the wreck: but we had barely stowed the sails and made all snug before the wind shifted in a heavy squall to the south-west. Had we not got in as we did, and at that time, we should hardly have been able to do it afterwards. But, the circumstance was quite enough to warrant the attempt I made; and I would do it over and over again, if there was but a chance of saving life or rendering assistance to a wreck.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Proceed with refitting the Ship. — Anxiety of the rew to be re-Jeased from their Service. — Painful Position the Author is placed in. — Life at Stanley. — No Newspapers or Lawyers to be found there. — Remarks thereon. — Reflections on the Political State of the Falkland Islands Government. — News of another disabled Vessel. — Assistance again rendered by the Author. — Rivalry at Stanley in reference to newly-arrived Ships and their Custom. — Necessity for a narrow Scrutiny at Home. — Arrival of Sealing Vessels, and, finally, of the Mail. — Singular mode of Conducting the Society's Business at Home. — Revisit the Mission Station. — When a Hermit's Life is desirable. — Contrivance resorted to for getting the two Solitaries off the Island.

It was now drawing towards the end of January, and, with a mind naturally tormented by many doubts and anxieties, I watched the progress of our passing summer sadly enough; while I daily looked out for the mail arriving, to give, as I hoped, some relief to the heavy weight oppressing me. Meanwhile I proceeded in refitting the vessel, and thoroughly clearing her inside and out. The cabins were fresh painted by myself; the hold fresh stowed, principally by my own hands; and every part of the ship had something done to her. We had been out from home some fifteen months; and, saving a few trifling things, the vessel was none the worse, either in her hull, sails, or gear; indeed, when we had finished our paintings, &c., she was in reality what she appeared to be, very much better than when we left England. But several other matters besides those I have mentioned now crowded upon me and engaged my serious attention. My men,

whose time would be out in April, were already counting the weeks; even the Hindoo cook vexing me by his constant cry of "Ha! very well you: no much more grumble, grumble at the duffs (puddings that he badly made for the men, and caused them to grumble); by and by no more duff to make; six, seven week more—then good bye." And yet there were all these to pay, and I with no money to do it! for it was no small sum required; and I knew not where to get it. Then, again, there would be stores and provisions wanted, not only for the ship, but also for those two on the island; and, in addition, an agreement must be entered into by me to have a communication kept up with the station. What, thought I, has all this to do with my duties as a ship-master? Why, besides having to rack my mind with the difficulties of navigating a vessel in these wild seas, am I to plan, contrive, and fight to keep her afloat in all the essentials wherein money is concerned? Why do they not see to this at home? They tell me they are getting money; how is it none comes here to some one, if not to me, to uphold their vessel? And then, again, why am I to be tormented and made personally responsible for two of the servants of the society, who, choosing, and perhaps rightly, to act in opposition to me, prevent me from getting clear of such painful responsibility? And still further, what am I to do with the ship? How about the mission work amongst the natives? Would the public ever know the truth, and judge me rightly? It was, indeed, a truly terrible position I was placed in! Whichever way I turned, I saw only difficulties almost insurmountable in the ordinary way. Thus, then, I waited and waited at Stanley, anxiously expecting the mail; but for weeks it came not. Nevertheless, I was not idle. True the summer was passing; true nothing was being done amongst the Patagonians; but I had got everything ready for it the moment I could get my letters, be it winter or summer; and I had

made all necessary arrangements for the mission in my absence. And thus not only one week, but four or five weeks passed on, without any news from home, and without my having any power but to remain quiet; for every day led me to hope that the next would bring the mail, and with it letters telling me what to do. Meanwhile, however, sundry occurrences worth briefly noticing had taken place at Stanley.

Were I writing a political essay instead of a mere personal narrative, I could perhaps enter into more detail; but here I must only generalise. Suffice it to say that I saw in Stanley, Falkland Islands, as I have seen in Sydney, New South Wales, or in the Lucchese Alps, or Bernese Oberland, or Western States of the Stars and Stripes, that human nature is everywhere the same. Pacing my deck, as I often did, and reflecting upon what was best to be done, I observed many things that showed me a truth that I fear is too much hidden in many of our minor and out-of-the-way colonial possessions. What that was may be inferred from this I now say, that to be governor of a place like the Falkland Islands, a man should either be *ostensibly* a tyrant or willing to be led, unless, aiming at the medium course, he made up his mind to be the butt and scapegoat of every one. Fortunately in Stanley there was no lawyer and no newspaper. In my opinion, no greater curse can happen to a small community than to have either of those, and perhaps I might add a sectarian minister amongst them. In a large community the case is widely different. The Press, when rightly managed, is a boon to man in general, but not to man as an individual. It is a blessing to society, but a curse to him who is but a unit in society. It is pleasant to know of what is doing abroad or amongst your neighbours; but you don't like the prying eye within your own doors. Canvass the faults of others if you will; but don't nudge my elbow, and tell me my own. Therefore, while in an

extensive society, the Press can do good without individual pain being felt; in a small and isolated community it is otherwise. I have noticed this, even on board ship. Rare is it to find amongst passengers some one who is not hurt and wounded by remarks in the well-meant and possibly innocent newspaper got up to beguile the time on board. And thus, then, it is, that, save amongst our Transatlantic brethren, who could not live except in print or argument,—and I do not blame them if they enjoy it,—a newspaper is a bane instead of good in a small community.

With regard to the lawyer, I am sure that I need say nothing of him. Good amongst many, he is, politically speaking, bad amongst a few. Thus, then, I say, fortunately, there was no newspaper or lawyer at Stanley; for had there existed either, I believe the whole place would have been in arms daily. As it was, a man could never tell when he was doing right or doing wrong; and the wisest course to pursue was to never talk on any subject without a witness on whom you could depend. This, after awhile, I found to be necessary; and I believe it would have been well for higher persons if they had done the same. However, without dwelling too largely on this subject, I would say that much unpleasant contention was witnessed by me between the ruling powers and the next in authority. Unfortunately I was, in spite of myself, dragged into this; and though, as his Excellency must well know, I strove always to make peace, yet I am well aware that my efforts were often misconstrued, and several perhaps thought the *missionary* captain was an enemy instead of a friend.

The fact is, that in Stanley the mind becomes so stagnant for want of something to arouse it, that it often seeks for relief and excitement in the most trumpery things imaginable. The putting one name before another on the justice roll; the not bowing to you in the street; the informality in such and such a thing becomes

and is it not so everywhere, when shut out from the great world?) a serious matter, and at once is taken up with suitable indignation. Heaven help the poor governor who does not know how to please such subjects! Better go and earn his bread as a humble pensioner. Then, again, you have the microscopic lenses that are concentrated on you from the eyes of all the little community who may be different from yourself; and the pimple in your chin or the frown upon your brow will naturally be magnified a hundredfold. If you walk to this house or to that, it is important news; if you leave the ship at six o'clock to dine with the Governor, you are, to your surprise, told of it most minutely and with faithful accuracy on the very next day; if you make a call and chance to find the lady of the house away for a walk, and call again, it is reported to you as a wonder that you were kept waiting so long, &c. &c.; and should you chance to say that you *fancy* some one is not looking well, you will find on the morrow that you had actually reported that she or he was seriously ill; and so on.

But again I say that after all this is only human nature; and in this respect Stanley is no worse than any other place. Where it is worse, and where on that account I conceive it to be about one of the very last places in the world I should like to reside in or visit, is its deficiency in the administration of justice. Putting myself out of the question, I would appeal to every poor man, woman, or child that could understand my appeal, and are in the Falklands or have been there, and ask them if they know or ever have known it to exist. And how could it exist there? Some half dozen gentlemen hold dominion, as it were, over the island; and all these equally hold appointments as magistrates. Differ among themselves they may —abuse each other; but let any of them be once attacked by a stranger or inferior, and see where that stranger or inferior will be. Court or no court, law or no law, he has no hope

for a fair adjudication of his case. And hence it is why, with the insolence and arrogance many have met with from some of the secondary officials, as well as on account of the expenses, shipmasters care not to visit Stanley, but would, I believe, rather go to Monte Video. During my stay there several vessels called in, and I had an opportunity of conversing on the subject with the captains, and I found nearly all express themselves much alike. The subject, however, is one that I must leave for the present, and turn to matters more relating to myself.

As I have said, weeks passed away, and no mail arrived. I had got the ship newly done up, and she was again ready for sea; it being my intention to no longer delay, but to start forthwith and visit the coast, calling at Keppel Island on the way, after leaving the guarantee the Governor desired of me in respect to my own responsibilities; when, one evening at a late hour, I was visited by the Surveyor-General, with a request from his Excellency the Governor that I would lend my boats and crew on the following morning to assist in getting another disabled vessel into the harbour. Of course I immediately consented, and gave the necessary orders.

As the assistance required was for next morning, I sent my crew off at an early hour, several boats belonging to the harbour having also gone; and at eight o'clock the stranger was towed in. She was a fine large American ship, one of the double topsail rig, and bound to California. She had been as far as the Horn, but had met very heavy weather, been struck with a sea, and had so damaged her rudder as to be compelled to bear up for Stanley. It was with great difficulty the captain contrived to get his vessel there; and in entering Port William she caused some damage by fouling a boat.

It is a custom at Stanley, the moment a strange sail is signalled, for certain boats to run out and ask the captain to give his patronage to the one or the other parties

established there. If the reader has ever passed through a certain archway close to St. Paul's, he will probably have experienced something which is an apt illustration of my meaning. Pounced upon and taken possession of, almost *vi et armis*, he is soon inducted into all the mysteries of the place, so far as such extend to the heavy payments he will speedily have to make. Now, in Stanley there are two opposing business powers. One is Lloyd's Agent, and acts as a sort of banker, storekeeper, auctioneer, and general jobsman for everything. He is not only a useful man, but also, owing to his ready cash, a man of perhaps as much real power on the island as any one. This man, for several years, had all the business pretty nearly in his own hands. At length the Falkland Island Company found it absolutely necessary, in justice to those whom they employed, to also establish a retail store. The result was, that the rival houses had to contend with each other in getting custom; and during my sojourn at the Falklands it has often amused me to see the eagerness with which the boats belonging to either party made sail out of the harbour to intercept the stranger and lay hold of him. In the present case, one of these boats, having got alongside of the large American ship while she was trying to work up Port William, was very nearly crushed, owing to the stranger when tacking going astern almost as fast as she would go ahead. The movement being unexpected, the boat could not get away in time, and the consequence was that much damage was done, and ultimately the captain had to pay for it.

It was not until the 3rd of March that the mail arrived, and I received my letters. These proved that my surmises about there being some important communication to me wanting, were correct. A letter, dated Nov. 8th, I ought to have received in December at Monte Video, but, as it was posted too late, I only now got it. Let it suffice to say that I found many important changes

had been made at home as regarded the mission affairs; and that, at last, a missionary was, as that missionary himself wrote and told me, coming out, and it was hoped I should be in Monte Video in the middle of April, to receive him and his family. An official "Commission of Inquiry" was also sent me to "examine into and report upon the state of Keppel Island," and asking me, "for the sake of the cause, to take upon myself the extra duties of land superintendent, &c. &c.," should it be necessary by Mr. ——'s resigning, as "I was empowered to accept his resignation:" all of which, as the letter to *me* had been posted a day too late, and the one to *him*, informing him of this, had been sent by the secretary in time, was now made useless by what had taken place. However, as soon as the weather permitted, I went round to the mission station, and, to my great relief, found the two hermits not only well, but better in health than ever. They appeared to enjoy this strange state of solitude; but then it must be remembered that one was in the receipt of 132*l.* per ann., and the other of 80*l.* per ann., from the kind-hearted subscribers at home; and if to re-establish a colony of monks and ascetics, with herds of cattle, and sturdy natives to work for them, &c. &c., were the object of the Society, there could not have been a better beginning than what these were practising.

It would be useless troubling the reader with all my arguments to persuade these men to leave the island. I went to them in a friendly way, and without a word of anger. I told them how I was made personally responsible for their lives, and yet that I was compelled to go on my duty with the ship. I delivered a message from the Governor, stating all that he had said to me on the subject. I read to them my authority from the Committee; and I entreated of them not to stop the mission work in the way they were now doing. But nothing availed. They remained doggedly obstinate in refusing either to leave

the island or to let me act. What to do I could not possibly conceive. At length I determined to adopt a plan that would at all events relieve me from the *legal* responsibility, and I hoped much of the *moral* responsibility connected with them.

While pacing the deck in a state of mind most wretched, a thought struck me. It was to try and get them on board, if not by the use of argument or by force, which I must not put in practice, at least by some contrivance that should be a release to me from having originally put them on shore, and being made responsible for their lives.

Accordingly the next morning I called all hands to me, and, after consulting with my mate, briefly informed the men what I intended to do.

"My men," I said, "I wish you to well understand me. The two persons on shore for whose lives I am made personally responsible are coming alongside, as they yesterday arranged, to get some more provisions. They will be here in the small ship's boat that I lent them, and which belongs to the ship. Therefore overhaul the boat's falls in the waist, and the moment they come up to the gangway and touch the ship, you, Griffin, go down into the boat and haul her ahead under the davits; another of you then jump down, and both of you hook on, whilst the rest make a flying run and hoist the boat chock up. But—and mind this particularly—don't one of you molest or touch with your hands either of them, even though they should molest you. Whether they will or no, they shall not any longer, if I can help it, make me thus responsible. Deaths, either by starvation or by mental aberration, or by any other cause, voluntary or involuntary, shall not again occur in this mission while I have the smallest power to prevent it, even though I should ultimately be made to suffer. So be careful, men, and do what I have told you promptly and steadily."

A ready and a willing "Ay, ay, sir!" was the immediate reply; and preparations were at once seen to. The falls were overhauled low down; and the crew were all on deck as appointed.

I do not say that what I did was that which I should have preferred as the more open course. On the contrary, in calmer moments, I have regretted that I resorted to any act that was not well known beforehand, and that I could not afterwards look back upon with pleasure. Yet I would ask the reader to consider all the circumstances,—the dreadful fate of Captain Gardiner and his party,—the moral and legal responsibility, officially and otherwise, put upon me,—the necessity for my going immediately again to Monte Video,—and the possibility of any accident occurring to myself, with the harassed state of mind I was in,—and then condemn me if he can. If he should still do so, then I would only express a hope that he may never be placed as I was, and have to feel, night as well as day, talking, reading, writing, waking, or sleeping, that the death of others would be laid to his charge, and he with no power to help it.

It was after breakfast that the little boat, pulled by the two hermits, was seen coming towards the ship. The morning was fair, with a gentle breeze, or they could not have ventured; for their skiff was light, and they themselves were unskilful; but such was their will. Presently they neared,—they were close to,—already were my men prepared to spring,—they touched the ship's side,—and, hoping they would come up of their own accord, I sang out in a kindly tone from the high locker where I stood, "Throw up your rope;" and the surgeon was about to do so, when the catechist stayed his hand. Possibly he conceived something amiss, or feared that the other would be persuaded to remain. At all events it was not done; and, instead of holding on by the side, they were about to shove off, when I shouted at the top of my voice,

"Hook that boat on, men, and hoist her up! Quick! lose no time! but mind you handle no one!" and like lightning, down went Griffin by the after tackle. He was almost too late. The boat's bow had swerved off; but his long legs managed to reach it; and, almost all-fours, though still clinging to the lower part of the tackle, in he got. He was instantly attacked and nearly choked by the catechist, who had clasped him round the throat and was hitting his head. He bore it, however, most admirably, and though his blood was up, as was that of all of us, yet he did not attempt to retaliate; but, with some muscular effort, got the boat quickly under the davits. Another of the men then jumped down, and, in a moment more, despite the furious efforts of the catechist to throw Griffin overboard (Mr. ——, the surgeon, as far as I can remember, was quiet), the tackles were hooked on, and our two hermits suddenly found themselves, boat and all, swiftly rising out of the water, and mounting up above the bulwark rail. As their heads appeared—standing as they were alone in the boat (for the two seamen had sprung out again by climbing up the falls directly the tackles were hooked and hauled tight)—I could hardly refrain from a smile at the ludicrous figure they cut; but, truth to say, there had been too much of bitterness cruelly and unnecessarily entailed upon me for me to be other than justly indignant, and quite incapable of "delicately and mincingly" expressing myself. I was for once again the sailor, and not the mere machine in the hands of any one, whether fanatics, zealots, pharisees, or something else I must not name.

After the boat was hoisted up, and as the two still remained in her, I went to the waist, and at first spoke calmly, but firmly. "Gentlemen," said I, "the ship I command brought you to this island, and, unfortunately for me, I landed you on this island. You have chosen to remain until now upon it; and, whatever be your motives,

—a desire for pretended martyrdom,—a determination to embrace a monkish life,—a wish to live at ease,—a something (as I will charitably suppose) produced by a morbid hallucination,—or a settled purpose to thwart me in my endeavours to carry on the work,—you have deeply injured the cause you profess to serve, besides cruelly entailing upon me fearful responsibilities. You are, however, now on board (that is, in the boat, where I hope you will not remain, but on board) of the vessel that brought you to this island. I have resorted to stratagem to get you here without violence, and to relieve myself from not only a great difficulty, but also a dreadful responsibility. Of course I cannot venture, nor do I for a moment intend to coerce you. It is enough for me to say, that never, with my free will or consent, shall you, or any one of the mission, be it ten thousand times what it is, go again on that or any other island, unless I, the captain and only responsible person, have the Governor's permission and direction to land you. Here you are. If you have cause of complaint, I am going round to Stanley, and there you can make it. Suitable accommodation is ready for you; and whatever you require from the shore can be procured or obtained by yourselves, upon your giving me your word as missionaries, to return; otherwise *I* shall not put you on shore, and you may do as you please. And, again I say, whatever complaint you fancy you have against me, you will now be able to make it in person to his Excellency the Governor of these islands."

But all I said was of no effect. They got out of the boat; I was abused and insulted, until at length my patience was exhausted. I could command my temper no longer; and no doubt much talk passed on both sides that was exceedingly wrong.

At length I demanded of them whether or not they chose to admit the authority sent to me by the Committee to examine and report upon the station, and give me

the key of the house for that purpose. It was refused: therefore, seeing that nothing could be done with them, I gave orders to the mate to take with him three others and give an honest and true report as to the state and condition of everything upon the station. They did so; and that report, signed by them, is now before me. It almost flatly contradicts the statements put forth by the Committee of the Society in collecting subscriptions, on, I presume, the faith of letters sent home to them by these gentlemen. However, there it is, signed by four individuals, and confirmed, if need be, on oath, by a fifth—myself.

While the mate was away I ordered the little boat to be lowered again, and passed astern, as her proper place was there. Seeing this, they demanded to know whether I intended detaining them by force on board. I again stated that I had no legal power over them: morally speaking, I ought to do so; legally, I could not: but I would once more warn them that if they ever left the ship it would be of their own accord and against my remonstrance and desire; and, moreover, they would be now taking one of the *ship's* boats, though they might think it a mission boat also. The result was that, in spite of persuasion, talk, and everything but positive force on my part, to prevent them, they themselves hauled the boat up, and, getting into her, departed for the shore.

As they went off, I could not help feeling inclined to stop their departure, knowing full well that, in spite of all now done, I should still be most anxious about them when we were away; but, I doubted my right to do so, and, therefore, merely gave them a parting word. "Madmen," I said, "for such I cannot help considering you, remember—and men bear me witness—that you two have left this ship to go upon that uninhabited island against my wish and without my consent. We may be away months; the vessel may be lost; I have had no money or provisions sent out to enable me to keep on supplying you

here doing nothing; and yet you will go.—Well, then, your blood be off my hands!"

And thus they went: and yet I have been falsely accused by one member of the Committee, and perhaps by others, of having left these two men on Keppel Island! and, moreover, without food! when, on the very next day, seeing they were determined to remain, I sent on shore 400 lbs. of biscuit and 300 lbs. of salt beef, besides the sheep, pigs, and a variety of other things I left on the previous visit, and part of which they still had at the station.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Many Difficulties in Connection with the Mission.—Complaint of the Workmen.—No Funds sent from Home to pay them.—"Voice of *Truth*" *versus* "Voice of *Pity*."—Departure from the Station.—An Accident.—Return to Stanley.—Arrival of H.M. Brig "Pandora."—Remarks upon the great Labours of Surveying Officers.—Departure of the "Pandora" for England.—The River Murrell.—Illness of the Author's Wife.—Kind Attentions shown to her.—Prepare for another Trip to the Plate.

THE record of our doings for the next month could be given almost as a diary; for, looking over my journals, there is so much mentioned that I hardly know what to select as likely to be of most interest. One thing was done immediately after the two solitaries had again gone on shore, and that was to officially record the whole affair; and then, to give them time to change their mind, I determined to wait a few days, or as long as could be, without making it too late for arriving in Monte Video about the time named. Accordingly, two or three days were devoted to various matters about the island,—sounding the reefs, &c., and examining as to the capabilities of the Island for a fixed settlement. I should have mentioned that I had been directed to *buy* the entire island; but, like the other directions sent to me, it was useless, in consequence of there being no money transmitted for that or for any other purpose. Indeed, I was actually spending my own salary, little as it was, in keeping up the payments and the respectability of the ship. My table was provided almost at my

own expense; every extra to the men came from my own pocket; and all disbursements, being in ready cash, had to be made by me for the entire mission abroad, sea and land. At that time I did not grudge it. I let my hands deal liberally, thinking that too much could not be done for a cause to which I had so wedded myself. And thus, whenever accounts and vouchers were sent home, I always found myself pecuniarily a sufferer. But my only object was to advance the work, and make it creditable as well as practicable.

As an instance of the difficulty about money and how it was expected I should pay everything, I will briefly mention the case of the two workmen, — the carpenter and mason. The latter, having gone round to Stanley, begged hard of me to advance him a trifle upon the bill he had against the Society. He said, and very truly, that it was hard to be turned ashore in a far-off place without means*, and he hoped I would let him have some money, otherwise he would prosecute me as an officer of a Society that he called anything but honourable. The result was that I was induced to let him have five pounds, and then three or four more, out of the claim he had for about thirty; and the same with the carpenter, who, having an opportunity to go home viâ New York, thought so little of the chance of getting his arrears of pay, that he offered to me his claim of forty pounds if I would give him one half in ready cash for it. But I was not likely to do such a thing; and accordingly by advice advanced ten pounds to aid him in getting home, and backed that sum upon his claim.

It was in the month of March that I was, as I have mentioned, at Keppel Island. The weather was sometimes fine and mild, sometimes most unpleasant and wintry. One day I went on shore to get some geese, and I took

* The Missionary Society, however, did not think so as regarded myself and my wife.

my dog, now a noble animal, with me. I shot about a couple of dozen of the better sort of geese, and the dog captured two alive by chasing them. A third one, that had been, as I noticed, in company with these two, followed us to the boat, and for an hour and a half hovered near the spot where its mate, still alive in the boat, was to be found; and when, upon my return, I observed this, and released the captured birds, its joy appeared to be very great. They paired themselves together, and marched off into the uplands in a most loving manner.

At length on Saturday 22nd, having waited a week, and with no chance of getting the hermits to change their mind, I took advantage of a wind from the westward, and prepared to get under way. I ran a signal up to show that I was going; but no reply came; no signs of there being any one on shore. They generally slept till 10 A.M., to dream away time, for the purpose, as I find, of recording a tale of pity in the "*Voice of Pity;*" * but, having now waited quite long enough, I gave the orders and tripped the anchor. It so happened, however, that owing to the sharpness of our bow, the anchor fouled the stem, and, in luffing up to clear it, the ship forged too far ahead, got in amongst the kelp, and approached close to the cliffs on the north shore. We instantly tried various manœuvres — backing, filling, and a sternboard, but all to no purpose. The tide and the wind, which, while we were in this position, changed in a heavy squall to S.W., prevented her tending as wished for, and she was fast drifting on to the rocks, when I found it necessary to suddenly let go the anchor. This was done, and a kedge carried out to windward, though with great difficulty, owing to an increasing breeze right upon the land. We tried to heave off, but the kedge

* A monthly publication of the Society, which would have been better if called, and adhered to as, the "Voice of Truth."

came home; and, the anchor not holding, we were gradually shoaling our water and nearing the rocks. Already the ship's stem was close to the extreme limit she could go without striking, when a manœuvre I attempted fortunately succeeded. We were at a corner of the land, and I therefore threw the topsail aback to give her sternway, at the same time keeping hands to the starboard braces to lay the yards abox, and reversed the helm. This answered, though she had not more than her own length in which to go astern; but the moment she moved in that direction, the rudder acted, turned her stern round, and, with the yards abox, canted her bow so as to allow of the jibs filling when they were immediately hoisted. The anchor was again tripped, the kedge got in, and the ship run out into deeper water, where I found it advisable to once more bring up, as it was now blowing hard. Here we remained all the next day, which was Easter Sunday; and on the following morning, with a north-easterly wind, got under way, and went round the south part of the island, intending to go that way out to sea. On the trip, it again came on to blow; and, as it kept an adverse wind for going to Stanley, I was obliged to once more drop anchor, which was done off the Old Settlement Cove. And thus it was often and often in my different cruises about the Falklands and adjacent seas. Hardly a day could there be a certainty that no unfavourable change would take place; and though the barometer, by frequently consulting it, enabled one to tolerably well judge what was coming, yet it was rare to meet with anything like steady, moderate weather.

The next day, the 25th, the wind having got round to the south, we were again under way, and passing between Saunders and Keppel Island. We went close by the latter, and noticed very distinctly the large "stream of stones" that is here very remarkable. It seemed like a mountain road, so uniform and continuous was its appear-

ance. Elsewhere, however, this curious geological phenomenon is described; hence I need not say more about it here.

At the western part of the Island we observed numerous black patches like burnt squares; and it was only when examining them through the glass that it could be seen they were complete colonies of birds, some thousands, congregated together like battalions of soldiers.

At noon we were off Pebble Islet; and then, continuing close in with the land, we passed swiftly on towards Cape Dolphin. Between this Cape and the Eddystone we experienced a very strong tide-race, the tide being against us. We closed the various points as near as possible; and at dark a course was shaped for Cape Carysfort. As the wind was off shore I kept nearer in than otherwise; but in the night, during my watch below, (for, having now only one mate, I was obliged to keep watch,) the ship was run into great danger. I don't remember what called me up, but I came on deck and found the vessel going right in for the Frehel reef! The helmsman was, unfortunately, so defective in his sight, that he had mistaken the points of the compass, and was steering E.S.E. instead of east northerly! It was lucky that the mistake was discovered in time; for soon after I had rectified it we passed the reef quite close enough, its white breakers and ominous roar showing and sounding particularly unpleasant in the dark night.

In the morning we rounded Cape Carysfort, and then had to beat up to Port William against a light baffling wind. We were all day engaged thus; and it was evening before we neared the entrance. Before getting there we perceived a large vessel leaving the port, and, under the usual sail, stand away to the eastward. This, as I afterwards heard, was H.M.S. "Amphitrite," from the Pacific, and bound home. She had merely called in here for refreshments.

It was long after dark before we could round Point William, and then, after attempting to beat up against a now increasing breeze, I was compelled about half-past ten to drop anchor.

The next morning, in getting under way, with half a gale blowing, we were served in just the same way as at Keppel Island, and this time got close upon the rocks at Point Charles. For two hours did we strive to clear ourselves; but the task was not an easy one. The truth is that, speaking in technical language, our hawse-pipes were too far forward; nor could they well be altered. Hence it was that whenever we were in deep water, and had a few fathoms of chain up and down, the anchor always fouled the stem. Ultimately we got clear without any damage, and at 3 P.M. anchored in Stanley Harbour.

Immediately upon my arrival I received a note from his Excellency, inviting me to dine with him and meet the newly arrived stipendiary magistrate, who had been brought round from Valparaiso in the "Amphitrite." An acquaintance was then commenced, which continued for some months in a most friendly manner; but unfortunately the arrival of the missionary not only broke it up, but also produced anything but a friendly magisterial proceeding towards me, as will be seen in its place. Other circumstances had also occurred during my short absence which tended to make me more and more desirous of getting our own affairs at the mission properly settled. What these circumstances were can only be briefly mentioned. They arose from some of the petty intrigues rife in political circles everywhere; only, as I was informed, fomented and made worse by one who ought to have known better, but whose official position unfortunately put much mischievous power into his hands.

I informed the Governor of what I had done; but he still insisted upon keeping me to the same degree of

responsibility; and as far as the purchase of the island was concerned, he would hesitate about it until something more definite was come to by the Committee. I would have offered to buy it in my own name; and this I told his Excellency, because, had I done so, and got legal possession, I could warn off all trespassers; but I had not the money to effect the purchase. My idea was that if I bought the land in my own name, pledging myself to turn it over to the Society when required, I could then have gone to work and put the place in order. True, it would have been a great risk, as many said to me, and one person of note especially warned me not to do it, nor use anything of my own for the Society; but I did not care for that if I could have got on with the work. However, instead of buying the island, I effected a renewal of the lease for a year; and, paying the small amount of annual rent, I secured the place for the Society until the following March.

On the 29th of March H. M. B. "Pandora," surveying vessel, arrived from New Zealand. It was with very much pleasure that I was introduced to Commander Drury, a name well known for his high scientific attainments and professional abilities. When the "Pandora" first arrived I had gone on board of her, thinking it was the "Spy," a sister brigantine, which vessel was daily expected from Monte Video with another mail; and I thought it possible she might bring a "*linguist*" for our mission, as I had been informed one was sent out to Monte Video to proceed to Stanley by the first opportunity. But I soon found my mistake. The two vessels, however, were so much alike that, to the eye, the mistake was hardly to be avoided.

The arrival of the "Pandora" gives me an opportunity of saying a few words upon the great merits of our naval surveyors. It is not that I am personally connected with any of them, either individually or officially, but

because I cannot help looking upon their labours and their skill in a very high point of view. I have spoken of the excellent survey of the Falklands by Captain B. J. Sulivan, Commander Robinson, and others; and also that of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia by Captain, now Admiral, Fitzroy; and at this time I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the most clear and beautifully executed charts and plans in manuscript that could be conceived. Indeed they were as if already printed with the nicest care; and their delicacy and apparent accuracy was more conspicuous in their present state than many I have seen from the press. There were several young assistants on board, under the skilful tutelage of Captain Drury, who, I should mention, had his wife with him,—a privilege, I believe, not often accorded in her Majesty's vessels; and from what I saw of the officers, lieutenants, master, surgeon, and all, my respect for that branch of the Queen's service is heightened beyond even what it was before.

I cannot help thinking that these painstaking and necessarily most skilful officers have hardly that consideration shown to them that they ought to have. We applaud, and justly applaud, the daring and bravery of a naval captain in time of war, but seem to very much forget the determination, energy, endurance, and moral courage so often calmly displayed in moments of great peril by our surveying officers. Take up Captain Fitzroy's Journal, and see the nights he was compelled to be frequently away in an open boat, examining one of the most dangerous coasts in the whole world; and here again, in the "Pandora," Captain Drury and his officers had been for five years surveying the rugged shores of New Zealand.

During the time I was at Monte Video another first-rate surveying officer, Lieut. Sidney, was engaged making a survey of the River Plate. He had a small craft under his orders, and once I had the pleasure of visiting him on

board of her. He then showed me his charts; and I need hardly observe that they were exceedingly good. The soundings, marks, and everything appeared in such an artistically correct manner, that I must be pardoned for thus expressing my high opinion of them.

His Excellency the Governor of the Falklands is also well known for his attainments in another scientific department—magnetic and pendulum observations; and when we reflect upon the amount of skill, science, and varied ability to be found among our naval officers, it is not too much to say they deserve the respect evinced towards them by the other department of the nautical profession, although it is often not so highly rewarded as it ought to be.

I had intended to leave Stanley for Monte Video soon after my return from Keppel Island, but an offer to take the mail up induced me to delay until it was ready. This, however, at last came to nothing, owing to certain influences at work against the mission, which prevented its having the usual help I had been generally able to secure to its funds whenever I went to the River Plate. I was offered by Mr. Deputy Acting Secretary so small a sum, besides being tied down in such a manner as to fetter me more than my duty to the Society permitted, that finally I refused to have the mail.

The point of difference was this:—It was known that the mason's wife was to be sent out by the Society, and, as her husband was going to Monte Video, Mr. Secretary wanted to make *me* also personally responsible for *her* as well as for those others on the island; and for that purpose would not pay the mail money, but hold it as a security. But there was also another thing that detained me. The Governor did not see his way clear to let me go from the harbour; for, said he, "There is no Government vessel here that I can employ to send round to the island, should anything befal you, and the arrangement

you have made for a boat to go there be not carried out in your absence." Whereupon, perceiving that it was necessary to bring this provoking point to a definite issue, I one morning called at the Government Office, and respectfully informed his Excellency that it was my intention to go to sea on the following morning at daybreak; and therefore if the authorities conceived it necessary to any longer detain me it would have to be by some overt act that would release me from the unpleasant position in which I now stood, being to all appearance, idle at Stanley, instead of proceeding upon my lawful voyage. I spoke respectfully but firmly, and in the presence of the magistrate, who had been summoned to give his advice; and his Excellency very kindly heard all I had to say. A consultation then took place between the Governor and magistrate; and the result was that I was informed I could not be detained *officially*, but yet the same responsibility would rest upon me as before.

As soon as I heard the decision, I went on board and gave orders to prepare for sea.

Prior to my departure the "Pandora" sailed for England. The evening but one before she sailed there was a select party on board of her, to which myself and wife had been kindly invited; but, owing to my wife's health being rather delicate at the time, I went alone. It was a wild and stormy night; but in that cabin there was warmth and sunshine. Merry hearts and agreeable souls surrounded us. Besides his Excellency and Mrs. Moore, there were Captain and Mrs. Sibbald, with their children, and myself; and truly it was a most pleasant and friendly evening. In some respects, however, it was touched with a shade of regret. The Governor's two boys and Captain Sibbald's eldest son were to return home in the "Pandora;" and the feelings of their parents on parting with them for the first time may be imagined. Nevertheless, Captain and Mrs. Drury, aided by the officers, so con-

trived it that the sorrow was somewhat lessened by the agreeableness of the entertainment.

The next morning they paid us a visit, and expressed themselves much pleased with our accommodation. In the evening I was invited to Government House for a final adieu to the boys, and it was then arranged that an offer I made to bring back any of the family who would like to go outside in the "Pandora", with the children, should be accepted. Accordingly, the next morning, which happened to be very calm and fine, the whole party came alongside of us that the boys might once more say "Good bye;" for they all seemed most partial to us; and even now I think of many, many pleasant hours enjoyed after various cruises on board of the schooner; and then, the final adieu being given, they went to the vessel that was to convey them home.

The calm continuing, I at last thought it best to tow out, and so did the "Pandora," as it would be rare indeed if a breeze of some kind did not soon get up. Indeed, though the morning was so very fine, I put no faith in it. There was an intensity of heat quite unusual, and I knew that something must speedily come to relieve the oppressed state of the atmosphere. However, at present it was all we could wish; and the "Pandora" and the "Allen Gardiner" proceeded slowly down the harbour, towed by the boats. Presently, however, a light air sprang up from the north-westward; and to it all sail was set. We were a little ahead of and inside the "Pandora," and thus hoped to get through the passage and into Port William before her. We did not wish to be cramped for room, for the wind was barely free enough to allow of our going through without tacking; but her superior sailing soon brought her close to us. But it was a pretty sight, that Queen's vessel, treble our size, just upon our lee quarter, and passing us in the narrows; and very near to each other were we obliged to go. I took

the helm in my own hands, and, with yards braced sharp up, touched the sails as we rounded Navy Point, keeping inside, so as to let the "Pandora" pass in the deepest water. I was anxious lest a "flurry" of wind should come round the point and throw us off upon the man-of-war when she was abeam of us; and as there was no room to manœuvre, we must have fouled; hence I kept as close to the rocks as I knew from experience I could. We both got prettily through, and soon she was far ahead of us, running on towards Port William. When near enough she hove-to; and the Governor and his lady, with Captain and Mrs. Sibbald, having given the last embrace to their boys, were put on board of us in one of the "Pandora's" boats, as we also hove-to for them. The boat returned; and while they were hoisting her up, and getting all snug for sea, I made sail, ran on a little way, then took a sweep, came round, and so turned back towards Stanley, closely repassing the "Pandora," to allow one more greeting between parents and children. It was done: a friendly cheer; a signal run up by me, "I wish you a pleasant voyage," and a responsive signal made in return; and the "Pandora," under all sail, was speedily standing out to sea, as we, likewise under all sail, were beating back to Stanley.

It was proposed, in order to relieve the ladies from the first painful impressions on parting from their boys, that a little trip should be made up the Murrell River; and, accordingly, I took the vessel as far as she could go, and we then all landed in the boats. But we were not to escape the change in the weather I had in the morning anticipated. Before we could return to the ship it came on to blow and hail and rain very sharply, and but for coats, &c. the ladies would have been well soaked. Fortunately, before the worst of the storm burst upon us, we succeeded in getting on board, where my wife, as hostess, had an excellent dinner ready;—some of the viands and

cordials having been brought by his Excellency and party, and the rest—provided by myself.

After dinner we returned to Stanley, and got in about five o'clock; my wife and I afterwards spending the evening at Government House. I should say, that my wife was now seriously ailing, and no wonder. For more than nineteen months we had not once slept out of the vessel, remaining true to our trust, and suffering under all trials, changes, and the close confinement on board. But more than all, the cruelty shown towards us, by our colleagues, to whom she had ever been most kind, had greatly worked upon her. She was now ill; and before I could get away to sea she was so ailing that every one tried to persuade me not to go. For a day or two I yielded; but fearing the missionary and his family might be waiting at Monte Video, I determined to go. Kindly did Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Sibbald, with his Excellency and Captain Sibbald, come off to say good-bye to us. They endeavoured to make me stop until my wife was better; even the Governor tried hard to persuade me: but I already begun to have an inkling of what "good folks" would say,—as they have lately dared, against their very letters to the contrary, to say,—and go I would. I bade them all farewell, and got under way, but the wind compelled me to anchor again lower down the harbour. Here, for the two days I was detained I had visits with offers of assistance from some, and many kind inquiries sent from Government House daily; and one evening Mr. Havers, the Colonial Manager, and Captain Sibbald themselves pulled off in a small boat to us. Had it been any one but my own wife—even one of the men—I should have yielded to their expostulations, and not have gone to sea. As it was, I went with a wife suffering greatly, and no doctor on board, though there was one at 132*l.* per annum doing nothing at the Mission Station.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Again depart for Monte Video. — The Barometer and its Advantages. — Meeting with an American Whaler at Night.—Anchor at Monte Video.—Arrival from Home of some of the Mission Party.—The Mason and his Wife.—The "Linguist and Interpreter."—An Account of him.—Missionary Jobbing.—Necessity for public Inquiry.—The Crew demand their Discharge in Accordance with their Agreement.—No Means to pay them.—Arrangements made.—The ship detained at Monte Video, waiting for the Missionary, and for a new Crew.

It was not until the 16th of April that I could get away from Stanley. To have gone before, with the winds that prevailed, would have been useless. As it was, and watching my opportunity, I started with a suitable wind, and carried it nearly all the way to Monte Video, thus saving the wear and tear of sails and gear, and getting up as soon as I should have done had I gone a week before. These things, however, are not understood at home by those who only look at this date and that date, and find a ship still at anchor. As an illustration of what I mean, I will briefly mention a case.

On one occasion I wanted to go round to Keppel Island, and, of course, should have had to pass Falkland Sound. Now it so happened that a schooner called the "Fairy" had to go into that Sound on some important business, and we were both ready to start on a Tuesday. The "Fairy" went, but I held on to my anchor, for the barometer told me it would not be pleasant weather.

Now by my saying the barometer, it is not to be supposed that that instrument tells the changes of the weather

by merely looking at it: no; it is in *itself*,—that is, apart from its associated aids,—a deceptive and almost useless instrument, unless taken as a part and not as a whole. And here very often the grand mistake arises in the minds of some who do not consider the thing rightly; but, if a constant series of observations, made regularly if possible, be obtained, and cause and effect be attended to, the barometer will, with its associated aids,—the aids of reflection and proper noting of its movements,—prove invaluable. Now for a long time after arriving at the Falklands I was often puzzled at the glass sometimes being so high with a wind from a direction that, under general circumstances, made it so very low. But reflection and careful noting explained the cause to me, and hence I could often tell what changes we were going to have, and so remain at anchor, or, if at sea, prepare my sail in accordance, or, if near a place of shelter, and it was needed, run in for it. Thus, then, when the "Fairy" left, I held on, for the weather was not satisfactory, at least, for me, who was not bound to go upon any particular day; and hence I lay quietly in harbour for three days, while some heavy westerly gales, which would have been dead against us, were blowing. At last on the Friday—three days after the "Fairy" had gone—I perceived some indications,—not of an abatement of the wind, but of a change in its direction, that would be fair for us. As to its being a strong breeze or a gale, so long as it was fair and off the land, I cared not; accordingly at 4 P.M, on the first symptoms of this change, I had the sails reefed, and all made snug and ready for sea. At a quarter-past four the change came; the wind flew round in a heavy squall from W. to S.S.W., and directly the first fury of the squall was over I got under way, and went flying out of harbour under moderate, but quite enough, canvass. I carried the wind beautifully, though blowing hard; and the next morning,

at half-past nine, actually passed the "Fairy" only just then standing in from sea towards the Falkland Sound; having, as I afterwards found, suffered severely in the last three days' westerly gales.

To sum up, then, it may be said, that good and proper attention to your barometer as a meteorological index, and not alone as a mere register of the mercury, will perhaps give you three days' quiet in harbour, will save you much wear and tear, and perhaps damage, and yet enable you to make as good a passage as if you had started before. Thus it was in my present trip to Monte Video. I had waited a few days at Stanley because of the wind, and then when I did go we carried a fair breeze nearly all the way. Seven days only were we going to the mouth of the River Plate; and out of those seven days we had twelve hours calm, and about twelve hours that our speed was not more than one and a half mile per hour.

On our passage up we had no incident of importance to narrate, except perhaps the meeting with a ship at night. This occurred on the 22nd of April, the day before we saw the land. It was about two in the morning, when I was called up from my watch below by a report that a strange sail was in sight on the starboard bow, and that she seemed to be in disorder. Hastily dressing myself, I went on deck. There was a strong breeze, sending us along at seven miles per hour; and as we neared the stranger he seemed uncertain which way to go. At first I took him to be a wreck, but the arrangement of his sails and lights upon the deck soon removed this impression. When we got within a mile I had the square-sail taken in, and, going forward, conned the vessel so as to pass close to the stranger's stern, he, apparently, being under moderate sail on the port tack. It was, as I have said, a blowing night, and withal dark, with a rather high sea. Nevertheless, we soon got within hail, and then commenced the usual questions.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Holloa!"

"What ship is that?"

"The 'Macdonald.'"

"Where from?"

"New York, but of Sag Harbour."

"Where bound to?"

"Cruising about, whaling."

"Shall I report you?"

"Yes, if you please, all well. What's your longitude?" This question was from him.

"Fifty-six, twenty-five," was my reply; "what's yours?"

"Fifty-five, thirty!" Here was a great difference, though I could not be much in error, having left the Falklands only a few days; and so I told him.

"Well, I guess we're going to have some wind to-night," said he. "So you left the Falklands only five or six days ago?"

"Yes."

"All well there?"

"All well," said I; and would have continued our colloquy, but by this time we were, though with sails shivering in the wind, gradually increasing our distance, so I could only add, "We have seen several whales more south of us. I wish you luck. Good night!" And then filling our sails again, we speedily lost sight of him, and I went below to finish my sleep.

The next day we saw the land, and the following day we were tacking and tacking in the River Plate. We passed over several shoal patches, varying in depth between five and eight fathoms; and thus we continued for the ensuing twenty-four hours. At the end of that time we were close up to the locality of the English Bank and the smaller banks south of it. Much discoloured water and breakers appeared on our right, but our soundings kept at six

fathoms, except on one or two occasions, when they lessened to three and less. At length, at half-past 3 P.M., having got observations of the sun to determine my position, and the depth of water proving tolerably correct, I found we were between the Archimedes and the English Bank, and nearly through the swatch. As, however, I could not see the land, owing to a thick haze upon the horizon, I tacked ship to the westward instead of standing on to the N.N.E., as I perhaps might have done under other circumstances. At half-past 6 the Cerro Light was seen from aloft, and at 7 P.M. from the deck.

As there was a gentle breeze and fine weather, I stood right on for the harbour, and soon after midnight came to in the outer roads. The next morning at daybreak I again weighed, and ran up to the town, anchoring off the Hospital Point, and inside of H.M.S. "Star."

Finding that I was not visited by the authorities, I got a friendly boat that came off to us to make inquiries; and in a short time I was informed that I could land, as, from the Malvinas there was not such necessity to examine my state of health, &c. Directly I landed I was informed that two "missionaries" had been awaiting me for some time past; "but," said my informant, "I shall leave you to consider what kind of missionaries they are. My opinion, as well as that of many other persons here, is that your people seem to be a queer lot. However, that's your affair, not mine. I'll show you where they live. One is a young German, whom they call an interpreter; another is Mrs. ——, the mason's wife." This news pleased me in one sense, but gave me much pain in another. With regard to the interpreter, or rather "linguist," as he was styled in the Society's publications, I knew nothing more than that such a person was coming out; and I, of course, concluded that he was, as he had been made to appear to the public, a superior kind of man, both in mind and general qualifications. The idea one has of a *linguist*, is that of a

highly accomplished man; and in our case I looked to see somebody who was master not only of English, Spanish, and such of the European languages most used in South America, but also of the Fuegian and Patagonian dialects. I could not have any other idea but this; for "our linguist and interpreter"—the title Mr. Schmid had given to him by those who thus pushed his name before the subscribers in such high and lofty terms — was capable of no other construction; and so, no doubt, thought many when they gave their money. What I found him to be will shortly be seen; but here let me say, I have ever thought of him, as either an innocent, weak-minded, well-meaning, inexperienced youth, or something exactly the reverse. The former is what I incline to; but I mention the latter, that the reader, when perusing what follows, may not think I was blind.

I accompanied my informant to a lodging-house in an adjoining street, where, having stated that I should find those whom I sought, he left me to go upon his own business, he being captain of an English vessel.

Entering the house, I found it was tenanted by British residents, one of whom I asked for the persons I wanted. My voice was sufficient, for, in another moment, the mason's wife came rushing out, and eagerly asked if I was the missionary schooner's captain. Then followed a string of inquiries; and, at last, with some necessary caution, I stated that her husband was on board, and in a short time I would bring him to her.

On going back to the ship, I gently informed the mason that his wife had arrived, and was waiting for him; took him on shore; left them together; and finally, declined, without an express and written order from the Society at home, to take them on board the schooner. It will be enough to say that I had no money to pay for their expenses. Moreover, as the mason had been discharged from the mission by the land superintendent (and

I regretted that he had left, for he was a good workman), I had only to let him go on shore; gave him another small advance upon his bill of claims upon the Society; saw that his wife also had a trifle; recommended him for a job at Buenos Ayres, and bade him good-bye, with every wish for his success and well-doing.* And now to the "linguist."

While I was speaking to Mrs. W——, some one came out from a door behind me, and she said, "Here is Mr. Schmid." Turning round, I was, I must confess, so amazed and disappointed at beholding the gentleman who had come out under that high-sounding title, that I could hardly speak to him. However, shaking hands, we soon got chatting together on the affairs of the mission; but, poor fellow, I found that the talk was necessarily nearly all on my own side. He knew nothing of the Society's affairs except that the missionary was to have left England soon after he did, and, therefore, might be daily expected. As I had not then been for my letters, I knew nothing but that this was probable; but in an hour or two afterwards I was undeceived. However, reverting again to poor Mr. Schmid, let me here give an outline of his history, so far as connected with our undertaking, and present to the public another curious picture in the "getting up" of a missionary scheme.

It was, I believe, at the end of 1854 that Mr. Schmid, a young and perfectly inexperienced person, born in Germany, was in a training college somewhere near Basle. One day he was asked if he would go to Patagonia; and, though he had originally thought of Texas, he, leaving the matter in the hands of his principal, did not hesitate about Patagonia. Well, without any stipulation as to pay, board, or anything else, he was packed

* Poor fellow! I have just read, in a publication of the Society, that he is dead! and the only way in which they announce his decease is, "Webber, departed and deceased!"

off, and, like other bales of goods received by Mr. Secretary, duly arrived at his house, and was installed there as any similar piece of useful furniture. He knew nothing of English, but it suited Mr. Secretary to have him in the house, *without pay*, teaching him and his children German. At the end of a twelvemonth, when the mission began to flag in interest, it was thought well to put young Schmid forward in his capacity as "linguist and interpreter" to the mission; and, thus placarded and announced, behold he was one day informed that he had been appointed "linguist, &c.," and he would have an annual salary of 40*l.* per annum, and *find himself*. This salary, moreover, was not to commence till he had arrived at the mission station on Keppel Island! Even he was startled at this; and though he made no demur, nor asked any questions about the stipend, —I believe he would have been frightened to do so,—yet he did venture to ask the price of provisions abroad, and he was told that for six shillings per week he could keep himself! And, moreover, his expenses to Monte Video being paid, he would be allowed a certain sum to help him on thence to the Falkland Islands, as there was a fortnightly communication between the two places (which I had repeatedly stated in my letters home was not the case), and that he was to make the best of his way to the station, &c., taking Mrs. W—— under his charge. I need not repeat all he told me of his mishaps, nor the life he led on board the ship he came out in. Suffice it to say that "Mr. Theophilus Schmid, Linguist and Interpreter to the Patagonian Mission," was duly despatched, with his instructions, public and private,—the public ones being, of course, all right enough,—the private ones, as he told me, intimating that he should act as a spy upon his brother workers in the mission. In proof, it will be enough to mention that he really did this; and that, on the passage out, he not only opened the sealed

letters entrusted to his care for the consul and the chaplain, and one of my crew, but actually read them, and allowed them to be read all over the vessel! His excuse was that his master had bade him study epistolary correspondence, and that he would better please his employers if he carefully observed and noted, and then reported home, all the doings of those with whom he was henceforth to be associated!

Thus, then, did I find Mr. Schmid at Monte Video, where he had been three or four weeks almost at his wits' end as to what he should do. Fortunately the consul's and the chaplain's letters were simply letters of introduction; but the one to a seaman of my vessel was private, from his wife. It was a tale of suffering and poverty, and of course ought to have been sacred between the husband and the wife; but the teaching of others at home caused the half-witted bearer of the letter to make it all public; and great was the indignation of the husband when, at Monte Video, he was everywhere told of this. The man came to me, and naturally asked if that was missionary honesty, &c.; and I as naturally (for it was the first I heard of it) denounced the whole affair as a base fabrication. I would not believe that a man who was coming out as a missionary, and was moreover a clergyman, could be guilty of such teaching; and not until I had personal conversation with him and he did not deny it, but merely generalised it into "a mistake, &c. &c.," did I fully credit it.

Meanwhile I took Mr. Schmid on board, but found, as I said in a letter to the Society at home, that it was like having a baby to deal with. He wanted and expected in that small ship a separate table and lights, that he might study Hebrew and Greek; he knew nothing of the world; was always making lamentable mistakes, and would cry if spoken to by any one. To ingratiate himself, as he thought, with me, he one day came into my cabin, and began telling me,

in the usual drawl, a great deal about his being religious, and saying prayers, &c. &c.; but I stopped him. I said if he wished to make me his friend — and he begged of me to be so, for he had no one out there, and really was deserving my pity — he would have to leave off all affectation and be sincere in what he did. "Be manly; be religious too; but keep all that more to yourself, unless you can make it of benefit to others; don't bring it into contempt:" for on one occasion, when the British chaplain was on board, he had gone up to the men and said, "If you please — hum — if you please, come down to pray!" This, as might have been expected, produced a boisterous laugh; and one of the sailors, more rough than the rest, replied, "Yes; go tell your mammy we'll come." I believe, however, that my plain teaching did him good. Whatever his defects, I considered him earnest in the work, and still think he will now perhaps do more for it, if allowed to do so, than several that are in it.

Young Schmid had brought me no letter from the Committee, either of introduction or business, and I hardly knew what to do with him. However, I ultimately took him on to Stanley to await his master's arrival; but I would not put him or any one else on Keppel Island, especially as he was a foreigner, and there was an ordinance in force against the importation of foreigners. This the Committee knew, for I had sent them the particulars of the Act; and yet they got the poor fellow to go out at 40*l.* per annum, find himself in food, &c. (his washing would cost nearly half that sum), and only receive pay upon arrival at that station where he would not be allowed to remain, unless he gave security for his being sent home! The result was, that when the missionary came he had to enter into bonds for Schmid, and then claimed the poor young man much as a master would a slave.

During the time he was on board I had made him useful; and I have his letters of thanks for my wholesome

teaching. He had his meals with myself and wife; and as we lived much at our own expense, he cost the Society but little. Yet when his master arrived, and Schmid, at my advice, asked him about money matters, no settlement or explanation was given as to his salary. At length I insisted upon his coming to a decision; and as he did not belong to the ship, I told him that he must arrange about joining the land party under his own master. This brought about an understanding. He was *ordered* by the missionary to get ready to go with him to Keppel Island; and, when he spoke of money matters, the following was the result:— "There," said the missionary, "there; I will advance you a trifle (or "pay a trifle," I am not sure which), but I shall charge you seven shillings a week for your food on board of the schooner!" And the poor fellow agreed to pay it, without consulting me.

Mr. Schmid, when he found he had to go to Keppel Island under this missionary, was all but crazy. During my absence on shore one day, the cook discovered him in the cabin on his knees, praying for some one to come and help him,—to save him!—and, with bitter cries and tears streaming down his face, extravagantly regretting that he had not taken the advice of his parents, and remained at home. But a cunning spirit, in the shape of his clerical superior the missionary, had got hold of him, and away he went in an agony of mind I shall never forget.

Before he left the ship I called him into my cabin, and gave him such advice as I hoped would do him good. "Be faithful to whomsoever you serve; be manly, be candid, and, above all, avoid the slightest approach to that despicable and scandalous course of conduct you say you have been told to pursue towards your fellow workers, and which you put in practice when opening sealed letters entrusted to your care. May you take warning in time! And now farewell. Take this for your present wants; and if you are driven into a corner let me know." I pitied the

poor young man; and the twenty shillings given from our private purse I advised him to lay out in getting a few things before he left Stanley. And thus he left me,—as wretched as any poor mortal ever could leave,—to go to a new master. That he was not fit, I have always said; that he may become so, I believe; for he has a ready tact for acquiring languages, and may be made useful; but that he should have been placarded before the public as "linguist and interpreter" was, in my opinion, something that I do not choose to name.

Other matters now rapidly claimed my attention. The crew asked for their discharge, and to be sent home in accordance with their agreement; yet I had no money to pay them, and my letters merely informed me that the missionary had not departed, and moreover would now go direct to Stanley; but not a word as to how I should manage about funds. I had suspected this, and written home, earnestly impressing upon the Committee to take these matters into consideration; and my advice was that, for many reasons, it would be better the vessel went home in April at the expiration of the eighteen months, for which period only the men had agreed. It will be sufficient to say that I argued my best on the point, knowing that it would save the expense of sending the men back to the port whence they sailed, and which by law I, personally, was compelled to do. But it was of no use. The ship, for purposes I can very well understand, was to remain out, no matter at what expense, waste of time, or inconvenience. Thus, then, I had to discharge all the men and send them home. What trouble I had;—what I went through,—hunting about the streets for money to pay the men's wages,—going from place to place and ship to ship, trying to get the men a berth home, instead of paying for their passage;—battling with the Consul (who spoke feelingly, but firmly, on the subject),—none can fully tell but myself. I can well understand that it is not fit or

proper here to speak of my wrongs,—bitter and most cruel as they have been; that this is a "narrative of adventure," not a statement of injuries received. I cannot tell my tale as I believe, for the sake of truth, the world should know it; and while I have to read and examine my daily entries at this time, I must hurriedly pass over events of bitter suffering to myself, and keep to the mere general narrative, as being only that likely to prove of interest.

To sum up the more personal events as regards the mission during this period, I will briefly say that I discharged the men;—had to wait some weeks, at heavy daily expenses, before I could get anything like another suitable crew; got some pecuniary assistance to pay part of the wages from a merchant, who, as a matter of kindness to me, as he said, took my bill on the Society;—hoped on that the missionary might yet come out direct to Monte Video, as there was a doubt to that effect; once or twice made up my mind to take the ship home and give her up to the Society, but was persuaded not to do so, until I had seen what another and then another mail brought; and finally, after two months' detention from want of funds and of a crew, with the waiting and waiting for advices from home, at length I got the news that the party had secured a passage, and would be *at Stanley* about the beginning of August; and, accordingly, back there I again went, thus making the fourth useless trip up and down for the missionary, each trip at an expense to the ship of from 100*l.* to 150*l.*

But, before I went down, sundry matters occurred at Monte Video which will, I think, be worth noting. Some of them are general, and others personal, though all, I believe, possessing some interest. As, however, I find scattered about my journals several rough notes on Monte Video, I think it will be best to throw them all together, and devote a chapter to the subject.

CHAP. XXXIX.

General Description of Monte Video.—Entrance to the Harbour.—A Lively Scene.—Stringent Regulations.—Incidents connected with them.—Board of Health and Quarantine.—Pilots, and Moving the Ships in Harbour.—Weather at Monte Video.—An Animating Picture.—The Reverse in a Pampero.—Letter describing various Events.—A remarkably heavy Hailstorm.—Fine Days often occur.—Dress of the Monte Videan Ladies.—The Cathedral and Divine Worship there.—Charitable Bazaars.—The Lafone Family.—British Chaplain and English Residents.—Change in the Weather.—A Fearful Night.—A Pampero.—The Town, Streets, and Houses described.

I HAVE expressed the pleasure I felt when seeing Monte Video on my first trip up from the Falklands; and I still retain the same lively impressions of the place. It has always appeared to me a busy, bustling city, well situated for trade, and its harbour full of shipping of nearly all nations. As you enter that harbour from the wild Southern ocean, life, in all its charms, in all its activity, seems to suddenly come before you. Once more one is again in the world, to which, despite all our "pious" reasoning, we still belong, and to which we unavoidably must cling, some more, some less, than others.

We will suppose ourselves to be dashing into the harbour under a smart topsail breeze, every moment opening out some new and lively scene. Now a lateen-rigged fishing-boat is passed;—then in the roads a line-of-battle ship or large frigate, unable, from her draught of water, to get into the harbour, which is only three fathoms, two fathoms, and even less in depth;—next, a pilot-boat hails

you in broken English as your flag proclaims your country, but, as I do not take a pilot, and they are all Italians, or mostly so, I have only to answer *non ho bisogno*, and off they go;— then you come within the outer anchorage,— pass on your left Mount Cerro, green and pleasant, with its white square building and lighthouse on the summit; —rattle by one or two straggling vessels anchored thus far out, ready for sea; — go on by the Brazilian guardship that seems to be a fixture there;—and, threading your way in and out amidst numerous large and small craft moored in tolerably even order, so as to form regular and even lanes at times when the wind blows in a particular direction, you shorten sail, round to, and drop anchor as far in as you know by the soundings you can venture.

The harbour of Monte Video is nothing better than an open bay, with shallow water and a muddy bottom; and when a pampero (south wind) blows, there is such a heavy sea comes tumbling in as to make it far from pleasant. Sundry harbour regulations are therefore stringently enforced, and amongst them there is that of mooring north-west and south-east, and not to shift the berth without permission. Topmasts are to be struck, jibbooms run in, &c.; and although this is rarely done, yet if not attended to, and any damage occurs, the party who has neglected this article in the regulations will have to be the sufferer. I will mention an instance.

There was an English brig, called the "Nautilus," lying a little ahead of us, and nearly ready for sea, homeward bound. Her captain was, very naturally, making her look smart and in good order prior to departure. She had everything all ataunto, jibboom out, and new paint aloft and alow. One morning, however, the steamer from Buenos Ayres came dashing in. It was blowing fresh, and, in threading her way in and out of the numerous shipping here, she very quietly took off the "Nautilus'" jibboom, and nearly sent a few more spars rattling about the deck. Well, the

captain went on shore and complained, asking for compensation. Foolishly he refused what was offered him, and demanded more. The agent of the steamer, therefore, buttoned up his pocket and referred him to the captain of the port, who very briefly told him that he had no business to have had his jibboom out against the regulations, and must therefore suffer the entire loss. Of course he regretted not having taken the offer first made him.

In a crowded place like the harbour of Monte Video you can hardly escape some damage, more or less. We had a narrow chance on two occasions; the first was a brig that clumsily ran stem on, but fortunately did himself more damage than what was given us. He was going out of the harbour under all sail, when he caught us, at anchor, right on the starboard bow, just clear of the guys; but we were too strong for him. A dull concussion, a snap of his jibboom in two; a shouting, and some angry exclamations at his carelessness; then a laugh, a push off, and away he went as if nothing had happened, his broken spar still hanging down in the water when I last saw him standing towards the outer roads.

The second case was that of a large Brazilian barque, called the "Castro III.," just in from Rio Janeiro. We were lying moored in the inner harbour; and, as we thought, about the best place to be found. One morning, during a stiff breeze and moist weather, this barque came tumbling in upon us, rounding to under more press of sail than she should have carried, just under our very nose. It was a nuisance! "What are you about, friend Castro?" I sang out rather testily, for I did not like the getting wet so unnecessarily. "Why didn't you choose another place? You're fouling my moorings!" But the captain looked so civil, and chatted away in French so pleasantly, that I could not be angry. Accordingly we put ourselves to some trouble; and, as he came driving down upon us, we veered away cable until it was nearly

an end. By this time he had brought up, and, with the aid of hawsers, &c. carried out, he managed to hold on without doing us any damage, though, as my jibboom was out, had it gone I must have paid for it. While he was so close to our bow, and in return for the trouble he was giving us, he passed along from his taffrail by our jibboom a quantity of very delicious oranges, which at that time were scarce at Monte Video, though plentiful at Rio Janeiro.

Great care is needed in moving from one part to the other in this harbour, for the tides are very irregular, and sweep about in various different eddies; so much so, that I have seen vessels tide-rode in almost every direction. When a ship arrives, if she does not take a pilot, she must nevertheless pay half pilotage; and, if opening her register, —that is, discharging or taking in cargo,—pay many other things besides. I escaped several of these, being not in trade, though I had to pay some of the dues. The first person who visits you is the Board of Health officer; and if passing his muster, and that of the Custom House who next comes, you may then land; if, however, you have sickness on board, or have arrived from any port where there is sickness, you are placed in quarantine. At the time I was last in Monte Video, fever was rife in the Brazils; consequently, all vessels coming thence had to undergo so many days' quarantine. The mail steamer was subject to this; and her passengers had to be landed on a small low island in the harbour, called Rat Island, and where there is a building for their reception. The mails, however, are sent on shore after certain fumigations, &c.; and the steamer then proceeds on her way to Buenos Ayres. Our Minister Extraordinary, Mr. Christie, was thus placed in quarantine upon his arrival; but, as Her Majesty's sloop "Star" happened to be there, he went on board of her, and thereupon she had to sport the yellow flag.

When a vessel is moved in the harbour, it is considered

best to let a pilot do it for you; because, if you do not, you will have to pay half pilotage, and bear all damage that may happen; but, if you do, he will become answerable for all the damage occurring to you afterwards (always if the regulations be adhered to). Thus, then, on the last occasion when I found we should have to remain some weeks until I could get a crew, the pilot was taken to move us from near the reef to a better spot farther up the inner harbour. It was an unpleasant day, with a strong breeze from the south-east; and, unfortunately, the pilot sent on board did not understand or speak English. He was, in fact, useless; and we should have been better without him. As it was, we got the loan of a few men from the "Star," and then prepared to get under way. It was somewhat difficult, as there was but little room; and just astern of us, as we now lay, was the "Star," and other vessels; while the French brig of war, "Beaumanoir," was a little on our starboard quarter. It was my purpose to go between the two French and English men-of-war, take a sweep, and so fetch up to our moorings in the spot indicated to us by the pilot. But he was, apparently, desirous to do it another way; viz. by casting the ship's head to port, and so going in front of all the vessels,—a plan I considered very unwise. I therefore took the matter out of his hands, after finding he was confusing every one; and, ordering a spring to be got out, next tripped the anchor and run round in the direction I have named. We were off like a shot, and hardly cleared the two war ships (on the other way we could not have cleared them),—passed through the flotilla that was in our way, and finally rounded-to near the innermost vessels of any size in the harbour. But here we were nearly in a mess. The pilot, who had to name the place for us to be in, made no allowance for the sharp nature of our bows, and the way in which we forged ahead, even after all sail was off. The consequence was that we got amongst several small craft;

and I had to throw her right up in the wind and back her carefully astern before we obtained a clear position. We then moored with 25 fathoms each way; and in this manner lay the whole time I was at Monte Video; except in pamperos, when we had to veer away more chain.

The sight of the harbour full of shipping is, on a fine day, exceedingly pretty, when seen from the deck of your vessel. A gentle swell coming in from the south, with a refreshing sea breeze and clear weather, produces a most lively picture. Boats and coasters, steamers, men-of-war of various nations, merchantmen with almost every flag of the world flying at their peak, form a scene exhilarating and delightful. The case, however, is reversed on one of those heavy, oppressive days when the north wind blows. Then appears a listlessness and general stagnation, succeeded by a bustling preparation for a pampero, should the breeze veer to the N.W. and bring rain. The indications of a pampero are well known. Hot northerly winds, fluttering about for two or three days to the N.E. and N.W., with a stifling atmosphere, are succeeded by fierce squalls from the S.W. Vessels send down their lofty yards and masts,—drop a third anchor, if they have it,—and veer away cable to a long scope. The sea comes in heavily, causing many ships to pitch bows under, and some to drag, if they have not previously got good hold of the ground. Everything looks wild and in confusion; while all intercourse is necessarily stopped with the shore. But perhaps I cannot give a better idea of what occasionally occurs here than by inserting a letter, sent at the time from Monte Video to a friend at home:—

"Monte Video, June 21, 1856,
"At anchor in the Bay.

"My dear Mrs. ——,

"According to promise, I again sit down to have a chat with you—in fancy it must be—as though we were at home, almost forgetting that I am some

thousands of miles away, and that at this very moment the thunder in loud peals is rolling awfully over my head, the lightning playing about in dazzling brightness, and the rain descending in a perfect deluge. Hence why I have said 'at anchor in the bay;' for truly so it is. Had I been in a snug house, like yours for instance, or, indeed, almost any place but here, I should not feel and hear the terrific storm now raging,—at least I should not experience it so much. But, in the Bay of Monte Video, lying open to the wide sea, and in so small a vessel as mine, every storm like this makes itself well understood. There is something peculiar in these Monte Videan storms, for they bring about other storms, sometimes of a more fearful, though not such a gloomy kind, called 'pamperos.' When a pampero comes, we have to be well on our guard; every ship letting out more cable, getting down masts and yards, and, if possible, dropping another anchor. The other day one was expected. I was on deck, anxiously watching for its appearance. A settled, gloomy, heated, and damp atmosphere hung about us overhead. The wind came in hollow and fitful gusts, and the harbour presented a most singular appearance. Small vessels and boats were hurrying in from sea for shelter; larger ships and men-of-war had got down their lofty masts and yards, and all work of an ordinary kind afloat seemed suspended. The birds had flown to their coverts, except a few croakers who kept up an ominous screeching overhead. Even the town, as I glanced upon it, appeared deserted in its thoroughfares. But the pampero came not; and instead of it we have been experiencing much unsettled weather, sometimes excessively hot and moist, then cooler, with rain; and again as now while I am writing. Once during the past week it turned into a remarkably heavy hailstorm. It had been unusually sultry, and the night such as to lead me previously to make preparations for bad weather, when, about six in the morning, I was awoke by what seemed like

a shower of musket-balls falling upon deck. It came so heavily that it was only when I had some of the hailstones, or rather pieces of ice, in my hand, that I was able to fully credit it. Actual measurement gave *an inch and a half in diameter to about nearly three-quarters of an inch thick*, and yet many of these hailstones were, as others informed me, larger. A lieutenant of the 'Star' measured one two inches in size!

"As you may suppose, the damage done is very great. Many hundreds of panes of glass broken; and such a storm of hail has not occurred here, as I was told, for fifteen years before. But I am now so accustomed to storms, as you at home call them,—gales, hurricanes, pamperos, &c., with us of the sea,—that they are nothing in particular to me. During the past twenty-two months since I left home, and especially since our arrival in these southern parts of the world, it is rare for us to have a fine day. Frequently, when we have been dining on shore at Stanley, have we had to return on board through a gale of wind, though it had been moderate when we left the ship. Indeed the Falklands, and the seas about Patagonia and Cape Horn, are everywhere noted for heavy winds and terrific weather. When I come up here to Monte Video we do occasionally experience some few very fine days; but it is not often we are here to have them.

"On the Queen's birthday we went to the opera. There we saw the fashion and display of Monte Video; and perhaps it may interest you to know that the ladies in this part of the world dress most expensively. Indeed, they seem to us not to spare anything in their fancy for dress. Very costly scarfs and shawls, dresses of rich silk and satin, and bonnets (if they can be called such) falling off the head, and trimmed in a most showy style. All the colours of the rainbow may be seen in many of the dresses; and the dark, but handsome, Spanish-American features of the ladies are displayed in a very conspicuous manner,

especially when in evening or ball costume. The hair is dressed *à la Eugenie:* great numbers of the fair sex wear no bonnets at all in the streets; and many have their slaves behind, or, if young ladies, a duenna, as I presume, to attend them.

"At the cathedral I was amazed, and yet pleased, to see the unceremonious and lowly manner in which one and all, rich and poor, the elegant lady by the side of the black slave*, joined together in *their* worship. No seats or pews; all knelt down alike, and with utter disregard of their rich dresses, upon the marble and stone flooring. Truly, there is something better and higher than mere base superstition in this; and, though I do not admire the Roman Catholic form of worship, yet I could not but admire the spirit of sincere devotion that seemed to me to animate those of all grades kneeling on the stone floor of that cathedral at Monte Video. And who shall say that they will not be equally accepted by Him who reads the heart, and heeds not mere lip service?

"We have also attended some of the charitable bazaars held here for that excellent building the General Hospital†, at which Mrs. Lafone, her husband,—a wealthy

* It may be that a ready argument will be here found, against the sincerity of a religion that admits of this slavery; but having seen "slavery" in many parts of the world, I cannot help remarking that I wish our factory people, and the majority of our working classes, were so happy and contented an air, and looked so "jolly" as many of the slaves I have met abroad. I detest slavery—even as all men in this enlightened age ought to do;—but it is the *real* not the *ideal* that I abhor. What will the natives brought to Keppel Island by the Patagonian mission be? Perhaps they will call them "dear brothers." I and many more would style them by a very different title.

† There is a curious contrivance that I have noticed for receiving foundlings. It is like a wicker cage, and turns round a pivot, being placed in such a position that any one in the street may, from outside, put the child in this basket,—ring a bell to attract the notice of one of the hospital attendants,—and go off, if such is their object, without being perceived.

merchant of Monte Video, — and their worthy family, take a most active part. Indeed, it is not saying too much when I assert that few come more prominently forward in good deeds, far and near, than the Lafones. The head of the house is a staunch Protestant; and his religious zeal and general character is, I believe, too well known among those connected with religious affairs abroad to need farther remark from me. His hospitalities are always most liberal; and I look with much pleasure upon the very friendly way in which he and his family have received myself and wife. The British chaplain, the Rev. Snow Pendleton, with his amiable lady, have also shown us much warm friendship; as also Mr. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, and a few others.

"But there are times when nothing can take away from us much painful thought, especially when we think of pleasant hours we have spent together at home, and then turn to the realities and the peculiarity of the life we are now leading. Honestly speaking, I am getting more and more disgusted with the ways of those with whom I am associated. I am sorry to say there has been too much of the Mawworm about it from beginning to end; and this ought not to be, for the undertaking is a noble and proper undertaking if it were but rightly and practically carried out. . . . . I cannot help stopping myself at this moment to tell you of what is occurring while I write. Lightning is incessant, thunder terrific; and the rain is like ten thousand waterspouts. It is a fearful night*, for, as captain of the ship, I dare not go to bed yet.—Something is coming.—The very heavens are opened!—Hark! One continuous roar of thunder!—A perfect deluge pouring upon the deck!—The wild breeze from the south is approaching!—Another awful crash of thunder!—The very lightning serves to illumine my page as I write these words!

* I was unable to go to bed on this particular night on account of the storm, and therefore sat down to write my letters.

—My wife, terrified, is painfully listening, and anxiously makes inquiries of me as to danger.—She cannot go to rest; it is, she says, too awful! and yet it is only what we are accustomed to. It so happens, however, that one of these exhibitions of the mighty working of God's power has taken place while I am writing to you, and, therefore, I give you in writing a faint idea of it. . . . . I have had to stop my pen, go on deck, and pay attention to my ship. Ugh! It is, indeed, a fearful night. Erebus itself could not be blacker; and all the elements seem to be combined, playing together in a wild and frightful display. The ships in the dark gloom are seen tossing about, and tugging at their anchors as if dreading some mysterious wrath about to be let loose upon them. Like war-horses chafing at the bit, and fretting under the tight curb, so are the armed vessels near to me; while a solemn and an awe-inspiring dread seems to come upon everything around.

* * * * * *

"You see how I am obliged to try and amuse myself, or, rather, let my thoughts run nearly as wild as the night itself. The doggerel rhyme just written came from me almost without a previous idea of it; but the character of the night made me think of those at sea. May God preserve and protect them! It is bad enough here at anchor, and what it may be at sea I have too often experienced not to wish everyone safe out of it.

"What a boon it would be to have a little life put into me just now! How I long for something true and genuine, even if it be not altogether so very superlatively good! I am getting soured, and gloomy, and doubly old out here. I am hampered, and fettered, and provoked by the doings of others who set themselves up as better and holier than

* I had here written a few lines not worth transcribing.

everyone else, and yet — poor-sighted mortal that I am — I cannot see it. On the contrary, I fancy that the very roughest sailor I meet, or even the savages I have visited, are more manly, and honest, and true, than much that is actually before me from self-styled better men. If I am wrong — and who is not likely to err (except those I refer to, who claim exemption from all error, as the 'elect?') — may I be forgiven; but such are my feelings, and such I candidly tell you. . . . . .

"*Tuesday, June 24th.* — A pampero has at last come on in its fury. It has been and is blowing very hard, — a regular gale, and vessels are driving and pitching bows under. This morning one vessel came in from sea with her sails torn to pieces, and her spars broken. My own little craft has such a quick motion that I can hardly write. . . . Adieu."

From the harbour one can often hear the band playing on shore or on board of the guardship, the music sounding sweetly upon the water; and, occasionally, fireworks may be seen, sent up from the town, generally in *midday*. On landing, if at the Custom House, — a fine block of buildings embracing several government offices, — you walk up a flight of stone steps, and are at once amongst all the Port authorities, where the captain has to report himself and leave his ship's register, — an objectionable proceeding, though customary; but, if at the mole, you ascend to it by stairs not always easily accessible in rough weather. This mole, called the Victoria Mole, is a moderately long pier, built, I believe, on speculation by an Englishman, who, however, did not find it pay. From the mole you at once enter the town, which is formed in square blocks of houses, with streets almost mathematically correct in longitudinal and parallel lines, but roughly paved, where paved at all, and in many places full of great holes, which in rainy weather give wet and mud in plenty. The houses are, most of them, flat

roofed, with azoteas or walking-places on the top, and to many of them a small tower, from which the proprietor can look out upon the sea and notice what vessels may be coming in. They are built with interior square courts adorned with flowers and plants, and having a well in the centre. Several that I visited were very pretty, though the general appearance, presenting no variety, made them rather insipid to the eye after the first inspection.

The cathedral is a large and partly-finished building in an open square at the inner end of the old town. Its towers can be seen a long way off at sea; but in itself I could perceive nothing interesting. Opposite the cathedral are the prison and courts of justice, and a little beyond them a new and handsome theatre. Farther on is the market, and then come the suburbs. But the principal street for attraction is called the Calle del 25 Mayo, where all the shops are, and where I shall presently take the reader.

One day, while we were at Monte Video, there was a general display of flags made, and salutes fired, in honour of the birth of a son and heir to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. The men of war dressed the ships most gaily, —Brazilians, Spanish, British and French; all were decked out in gay colours. A few merchant vessels also sported their signals; and, of course, I likewise did my best to show the same respect. But the great day for the British was on the 24th of May, when was celebrated the anniversary of our gracious Queen's birth; and it gives me pleasure to say that it was respected by nearly all the vessels in the harbour, as well as by the authorities on shore. Flags of all nations, and all varieties of colours and patterns, were floating from the thick forest of masts in the bay of Monte Video; but, to the vexation of many an English heart, the salutes were fired from the fort and from every man-of-war, except from the English men-of-war. And why? Because, according to an Admiralty regu-

lation, vessels carrying only a certain number of guns are not allowed to fire salutes. Consequently, all that could be done was, to dress ship and man yards; and thus our beloved Queen had the warrior's homage paid to her name from every ship of war but her own. Even the Spanish brigantine fired away most lustily; and, with the dear old flag of England run up to the masthead as the usual intimation of what was being honoured while saluting, a hundred huge cannon opened their mouths from American, French, Brazilian, Spanish, and Monte Videan, to hail the natal day of Britain's Queen. Truly, there are moments when a man can forget everything but that he is an Englishman; even as a Frenchman or American can justly and proudly do the same; and on this especial day it was so with me. To the few men I had on board at day-work to mind the ship I gave a treat, and then determined to have one myself. I therefore took my wife on shore, and went to the opera, having secured a private box for the entertainments given that night especially in honour of the occasion, and also to celebrate the alliance between France, England and Sardinia. The British, French, and Italian residents, with the various officers of the men-of-war, patronised the entertainments, and various flags and emblems decorated the place. It was intended that the national anthems of each country should be sung on the stage, and for that purpose small flags had been lent to the managers. Among them was a silk ensign of moderate size, belonging to myself.

The opera at Monte Video — at least, what I saw of it — is exceedingly well-conducted. There is nothing to shock either the taste, good feeling, or sensibilities of any one. The pit is occupied wholly by the male sex, while the upper boxes are reserved exclusively for females. In the pit all the seats are numbered, and armed off, so that when a ticket is taken no one but the purchaser of that ticket can occupy the seat with the corresponding number.

On the present occasion there was a very full house of mixed people, representing many nations. No uproarious noise; no exhibitions of frailty in the slips; nought to offend either the eye or taste. I was agreeably surprised; and certainly, whatever may be the laxity of morals in private at Monte Video, I saw nothing of it in public, either in the opera, or in the streets.

One of the pieces chosen was *Don Pasquale;* but I do not remember the other. Prior to the regular performance commencing, the national airs were sung by the principal *artistes* and the whole *corps dramatique.* The first one was the beautiful hymn of the Uruguayan Republic, a wild and stirring chaunt; then came the thrilling notes of Italy's song of freedom; next the "Marseillaise," powerfully sung in character by the tenor bass; and, lastly, the *prima donna,* Signora Lorini, gave us our own glorious anthem. Oh, how the rich notes of her voice rose and swelled in powerful music! How they went to the very heart as, every one standing (foreigners and all), the hum of many voices in the English tongue joined in the chorus with her! For myself, I forgot everything but that I was an Englishman, in a far off land among foreigners, joining with other Englishmen in thus doing homage to our home-born island Queen! And thus, upon that natal day, and in distant South America, were these loyal hearts, of various grades and mixed faith, gladly uniting in the national hymn and the heartfelt cry of "Hail, Victoria, Britain's Sovereign Lady!"

The opera was good. Don Pasquale was exceedingly well done, and so were the other characters. Indeed, I do not know when I so enjoyed myself. I wanted a laugh; I wanted some life put into me, and it gave me all I thus wanted, — nay, more, it sent me away a healthier man. The depressed state of mind, the morbid feelings produced by being so long pent up in the ship (more than eighteen months), were chased away by the sunny smiles

and good humour I saw around me, and without any of that which I had feared might be the case in Monte Video. Another opera that I went to hear was *La Traviata*; and, as the music of this is now so well known, I will only say that again and again could I listen to it with the same enjoyment that I did at Monte Video. Its subject is lost in the soul of melody that is felt pervading it; and even the purest feelings may be increased by the thrilling notes of almost heaven-born sweetness that belong to it.

Passionately fond of good music, I might well be excused for visiting a place not, perhaps by some, considered exactly in accordance with the particular calling in which our vessel was engaged, even if the especial purpose for which the entertainments were given should not be deemed strong enough to call forward every Englishman who loved his country and his Queen; but other reasons also influenced me, particularly when I reflected that, after all, I was only the captain, and not the missionary; and, moreover, had been treated very unkindly by the party of the latter. Both myself and wife were becoming seriously ill. Our confinement to the ship, the late extraordinary proceedings and the extreme difficulties thrown in our way, with no power in our hands to prevent them, were working most injuriously upon our system. Medicine I knew would not benefit us. We wanted change: we wanted, if possible, for a week or two, to forget the ship and all about her; and in other scenes and occupations strive to refresh and invigorate both mind and body. Thus it was well, as I considered, to go to the place we did; and I say so now. Whatever may be my error in this respect, yet I honestly confess that I believe innocent and rational amusements will never do any one harm. On the contrary, I conceive that the good God has given to His creature all things created by Him or permitted by Him, for that creature's *use*, though not *abuse*. "To the pure, all things *are* pure;" but "To the jaundiced

eye everything looks yellow;" and thus it is that many a man who preaches about the vanity and wickedness of so and so, does it, not from any positive ill-will, but because of the gloom he has placed before his own eyes, so that he can see no beauty in aught else but himself, or that which may be a *fac-simile* of himself. The delicious notes of a gifted voice, speaking to you, as it were, in angel's tones, and striking every chord in your heart with some new and perchance godlike touch, cannot be felt or understood by him, because he has already conjured up a picture far different to the reality, and steeled his senses against the truth. Neither the happy faces, the joyous tongues, nor the gladsome look come within his comprehension, and yet he may be, and he is, right in *his* way, if he be but conscientious in it. Nevertheless I may also be right in mine, and all I ask of him is, that if he cannot see with my eye, neither should he wish me to see with his. One thing, however, I would say. No man employed by a certain body of men possessing particular views, should do aught that he wilfully knew was in opposition to those views; but, in my case, it will be enough to say that I had strong reasons for what I did, and, moreover, had previously received the secretary's opinion thereon.

For the reasons I have named, then, I determined to see what a stay on shore for a short time would effect; and accordingly took a room for myself and wife at the Hotel du Commerce, *tenu par* M. Feraud, a Frenchman. Personally, however, I could not entirely leave the ship, but, blow high or low, I was obliged to visit her daily, to wind the chronometer and attend to the instruments, having no mates or any one on board who could see to this for me. Mr. Schmid was, of course, out of the question. He was of no use, though desirous to be of use, and, in his desire, sure to do wrong. With wild amaze and terror in his looks, he frequently found out only when too late that he had committed

some egregious blunder; and though it vexed and made me angry, yet I so clearly saw that his failings arose from, as I believed, simplicity more than evil mindedness, that I ultimately formed a liking for him, and possessed a desire of aiding him in the only thing he seemed to care for—Hebrew and Greek. Mr. Schmid, therefore, less than any one could I trust with the chronometer and instruments; and as there was no one else in the cabin, for we had neither boy, nor steward, nor cook, I had to go off daily to the ship.

One of the men, however, I left in general charge during my absence, but he was not what some might suppose I should have selected, the most pious man I could chance to get hold of. I had become cautious now; and had one of the new men I here engaged come and told me he was such, the experience I had gained of these professing men during the past eighteen months was such that—and I say it without a feeling of anger or excitement—I should have been more doubtful of him than I should have been of a man turned over to me from the gaol. The man I picked out was one who had some months before been twice in disgrace for bad conduct, though now a self-reclaimed and a thoroughly trusted man. My original crew, as I have stated, were all discharged; but this man was one I had shipped some months previously from a wreck, and he was now, with some others, doing day duty on board. He came on shore to me every morning at a certain hour; and he had to take care of the vessel and see that sufficient cable was given in blowing weather, and attend to whatever else was necessary. But, as my own experiences may be of benefit to others, I will trespass on the general reader's patience while I here mention a few particulars connected with my crew, and especially this one man, thereby giving an illustration of what can and cannot be done at sea.

As I have already mentioned in an early part of this

work, I was directed to get my original crew in London. Now common sense told me what sort of a crew I ought to have; and how difficult it would be in that busy period of war to get any at all. But my difficulty was increased by the restrictions in every way — wages, religious qualifications, duties, &c. — put upon me. I wrote to the committee, urging upon them "the necessity of my being permitted to examine and engage all the *executive* workmen belonging to the vessel, . . . that there might be in the vessel men who could do the duties each undertook to perform, and received pay for;" and in reply I was directed to get my crew in London, by applying to some of the missionary offices, and was strictly limited to men of pious principles. Now, I grant that this was as it ought to be on the whole, but — could it be done? I went to London (all, however, at my own expense, though it was nominally on leave); I saw a London missionary, who himself having been captain of a vessel, told me it was one of the worst things I could do to ship what is called a religious crew. I saw an esteemed Admiral, now dead, who cautioned me in a similar way. I applied at the Sailor's Home, and was told it would be hardly possible to get it done; and, finally, after much trouble and some expense, exhausting my own limited time, I succeeded in getting two mates at their own wages and their travelling expenses to be paid them; one of them, however, in addition, stipulating that I should also take his brother, who had never been to sea before. Of course I wrote and rewrote about these things; and here is the reply concerning this brother:—"Could you not dispense with the fourth seaman, and take young B—— as *carpenter* and *seaman* to the vessel. You have very little *topwork*, and he will soon learn with his brother on board." Now fancy my going to sea on a voyage to Cape Horn and neighbourhood, and amongst the natives, with two mates, three seamen, one of whom was so blind he could hardly ever steer, one

landsman, one Hindoo cook, and a boy who never was out of the Union before! Yet that was the result of all my endeavours to get a crew according to the limitation put upon me by the secretary.

Had I been left to my own choice (which I had afterwards to follow abroad), I should have studied more the capacity of the man for the work in hand, his general good character, and his willingness to be led; not him who came and told me with his mouth "he was one of the elect, a chosen vessel," &c., and yet so full of spiritual pride, that the assumed garb of humility was but the strictest impersonation of that pride. Sailors generally follow the example set them by their captain. A rough crew, if they bear but a fair moral character, can soon be made a religious crew, if the captain chooses to show a proper teaching and example. But rarely is there a vessel that ships a so-called religious crew at home, but what has great difficulties with them when away; unless they have been previously acquainted with each other, or have other ties besides that single one of religious feeling. Let us see how it was with my crew. The two most eminently good amongst us were my chief mate, and poor W——, one of the seamen. The latter I firmly believe to be sincere; indeed I have now no doubt of it, though formerly I had, until I heard the circumstances which explained his strange conduct. Well, these two, whom we should suppose to have been the most amicable of brothers, were to each other almost invariably like dëmons. Their constant personal altercations, and the unpleasantness created on board thereby, may be found recorded in the chief mate's own writing in the log. On one occasion I had to stand between them and exert my authority, to prevent blows,—not from poor W——, but the other; and so it was throughout, more or less, while they were on board. Some of the crew were often in hot water with or through them and one of the land party aft, who also professed high principles. But

when these three were gone it was better; and, except on a few occasions, we all got on well together.

That example and precept with firmness on a captain's part may do good, may be seen by the following instance:—There was an illiterate seaman on board that had been engaged from a wreck at Stanley. He could neither read nor write; and whenever he could get on shore he would always take to drink. One Sunday the men had leave to go to church, and afterwards have a run. At the proper time they assembled to return. I was there, and soon discovered this poor fellow in a lamentable state of inebriety. The men looked anxiously at me, because they knew how severe I was in every instance of abuse in this way, especially upon a Sunday. With a stern countenance I went up to the group, and, pointing to the victim of intemperance, said to the second mate, "Take that *animal* on board,—put him out of my sight,—I want none but *men* on board of the 'Allen Gardiner!'" and turned away for a walk until my order had been executed and the boat came back for me. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it;" and here it was successful. The man it appears was conscious of what I said, and it had a remarkable effect. The next day he attended to his work (for he was too good a sailor to be lost), and no more was said to him; but I never saw or knew that man to be drunk again; and for the next twelve months that he remained with me he was my trusted boatman, — going to market at Monte Video, attending upon me on shore, executing my orders on board, left in charge of the vessel, and in everything proving himself worthy of my trust and confidence. From the day I had thus spoken to him, he steadily set himself to work to learn reading and writing; and, under the kind tuition of young B——, he became an apt scholar, as his market-book and accounts now by me prove. It was my practice occasionally to give the crew lessons in navigation, &c.; and after one of my original crew, active little Bun-

ning, left me, when his time was expired, Jack, as we called him, was my purser, steward, and *homme d'affaires* in marketing.

I have mentioned this anecdote by way of illustration as to what may and may not be done on board ship with crews; and it stands to reason that if a company of sailors are all so good, or consider themselves so good that they cannot be any better, it is of no use attempting to do anything more with them; but if, on the contrary, a sailor admits, as we all ought to admit, that there is a great deal too much in the habits of a seafaring life to make us feel sensible of the infirmities and weakness, as well as passions of men, then there is something to work upon, and the fallow ground may be turned up to advantage.

And now let me turn to our new life in Monte Video.

My wife was so ill that I felt it necessary to have medical advice for her; and the medical men she saw all agreed in the same opinion as to the cause of her illness. It is sufficient, however, for me now to say that her sufferings, even were I myself not to be considered, will ever be remembered; and that the ingratitude of those whose cause she served too well will some day meet its reward.

I took her out and about the town and environs; but as she could not walk far, we had to generally engage a conveyance. All this, and our being at an hotel, was of course a great expense; yet, like everything else, I have had to bear the whole of it. At length an improvement took place, and in a week more she was greatly recovered, though still far from well.

Our time on shore was too much occupied with my wife's ill state of health for us to greatly enjoy ourselves. Nevertheless we contrived to see a little.

Amongst other places we visited was L'Union, a small town about three miles and a half from Monte Video, and where the enemy, in the memorable nine years' siege of

the city, had their head-quarters, and built a school, which has since become the University. It is a pretty place, the road to it being lined with hedges of aloes and the cactus. But our general walk was to the market and suburbs by the Calle del 25 de Mayo. Here the numerous shops, principally French, gave to it a life and variety that other parts of the town failed to present. We found much civility, though everything at a high price. The Hotel de Paris is situated in this street. It is, as I was informed, a good hotel; but the only time we visited it was one day to get some luncheon, and I then found it dearer than expected. There are two or three other hotels, one of which, the Hotel de l'Europe, is much frequented by nautical men; but there are none of them so clean as we find hotels at home. The Hotel du Commerce, where I stopped, was good, though second-rate. French, as well as Italian, is spoken, and the proprietor, M. Feraud, is most attentive and obliging.

On the first day of our stay there, two of the men were on shore, and, from motives connected with getting a new crew, I treated them to some indulgences perhaps rather unusual for sailors. Amongst other things, they had a breakfast at this hotel, and, as usual, *wine* was put upon their table. During the time, I went in to see that all was as they wanted, neither of them speaking a word of any language but their native tongue; and I could not help laughing at the ludicrous expression displayed upon their countenance when such sour stuff, as one of them called it, was given to them instead of something more substantial. This, however, was soon procured for them, and they then made a hearty meal.

As an idea of what sort of men I had to deal with on board, I will mention that one day, when the boat's crew had been kept on shore beyond their dinner hour, I took them with me to an hotel near the landing place, and desired the landlord to give all of them a good meal. Upon

afterwards returning to the place to see if they had finished, I met one of their number, who informed me that, as the landlord had wished to put them into a poor room with no convenience for enjoying their meal in comfort, they had gone elsewhere. I did not blame them for being so nice, where it would have to be paid for; but I said to myself, "You certainly do think a great deal of yourselves, my good men. The least you could have done would have been to first let me know about it. Nevertheless, it shows a degree of self-respect that must not be condemned."

At Monte Video there are several English residents. Some are merchants, others mechanics, and a few, but very few, in a still more humble occupation. Of the former I know nothing, except in one or two instances, and these sufficiently prove the fact that here industry and perseverance fail not to reap a tolerably good reward.

A church for the English was built by Mr. Lafone, at a great expense, and I believe that he gave the ground upon which it stands.

The British Consulate is in the Calle del Rincon, and is a rather handsome edifice. It is the duty—as it ought always to be the pleasure—of every British ship-master to immediately pay his respects to the official representative of his country; but, in some parts of the world, it is not always agreeable to do so. Here, however, the case was different. Our Consul at Monte Video, Mr. Thornton,—who is also Chargé d'Affaires,—has earned for himself the esteem and friendship of all his countrymen; and scrupulously just, even to the appearance of being harshly so, yet it is not the case. He is affable, and at all times most attentive to those whose duties call them to him. I would, however, suggest, in reference to what comes more immediately within his notice, that some change in the Monte Videan harbour regulations should be sought for, as regards the giving up to the Monte Videan officers a British ship's register. True, it is afterwards

transferred to the Consul, but nevertheless it strikes me as not a safe or wise thing to do.

Among the other English at Monte Video, from whom we received personal kindness during our stay, I must not omit our friends the British Chaplain, his wife and family. I am sure they will pardon this allusion to them; but it is perhaps the only opportunity I may have of thus thanking them for the friendship shown towards us, as well as the services rendered to me as an officer of the mission.

During my stay at Monte Video, I heard a few facts connected with the early attempts of the late Captain Gardiner; and these, with what farther came under my notice, thoroughly convinced me that zeal without wisdom and the proper use of means, is but another state of folly, and is flying in the face of God. The journals and papers left by the ill-fated party who perished in Spaniard's Harbour were read by many before they went home to England*, and the statements made to me, and publicly attested, fully prove that men are but men, no matter under what guise we may dress them. Some may be more heavenly-minded than others, and such I always believe were Captain Gardiner and his companions; nevertheless, they have the same human passions and infirmities as their fellow-men, and those who would attempt to gloss this over and represent them as of superior mould, do harm instead of good. It is enough for me to say that, from all I have

* I take this opportunity to do justice to Mr. Lafone, so far as to give his own words in reference to the sending supplies to the ill-fated party at Spaniard's Harbour. In a certain work, published by the present missionary, it is indirectly implied that the fault lay with Mr. Lafone, but this, he assured me, could not have been the case. It was the fault of those at home, and not of him; and when the captain of the schooner came and said "they are all starved," he at first believed it to be the mere way men have of expressing themselves, until, being convinced of its literal truth, he was struck as with a bolt of ice, and has ever since suffered from it.

heard, quarrels and serious differences, even to a complete severance between persons connected with the missionary work, should not be put down as belonging to the present attempt alone. The first efforts were no more free from such than the second; and a strong proof of this is found in the fact that a good mile and a half separated the two parties in Spaniard's Harbour, even during the whole time of their terrible sufferings, and up to the very date of their sad death. God forbid that in saying this I mean to detract from their excellence and true worth! I simply say that they were human, and those who wish to make them appear otherwise, should be told that by it they turn much of the really good into evil, where the whole truth is known abroad. For my own part, I could admire the character of Captain Gardiner and of Mr. Williams even still more than I do, were they represented with less of the ideal about them, and more of the real. The true man admits his faults, mourns them, and struggles boldly against them; but there are few, very few indeed, who have not some evil attached to them; and thus it was with the first mission party as well as with the second.

As in all places where the Spanish rule has extended, or its blood touched the soil, Sunday bull-fights are a favourite pastime here. I never saw one, and never wish to see one. I can, therefore, do no more than mention it as an amusement, and a very great one, of the Monte Videans. Murders, stabbing, and general crimes are much the same as, and perhaps a little more so than, in most cities afar off, where there have been revolutions and wild scenes of blood and carnage. The last revolution, in November, 1855, was, I believe, a serious one as regards loss of life, though nothing to be compared to some that the history of our own days tells us of. But it was not safe to be out after dark without being well on guard against the assassin's knife; and, one night when I was returning on board after visiting the Chaplain on shore, a

captain was stabbed on the Mole almost before my eyes, and merely, as I was told, because he had not paid so much for his boat-hire as was demanded. On the other hand, great civility and deference are paid to the ladies and female sex in general. Indeed you may chance to get grossly insulted, if from ignorance of the custom, you do not invariably — no matter how wide the path — give the wall to a lady or any female, but especially one at all well dressed; and if, upon suddenly turning a corner and meeting her, you do not lift your hat, and jump aside, it is considered as wanting in respect. The fair creatures seem to know this, too, for once or twice I have been stared and scowled at, when, walking with a mind full of thought, I have forgotten the custom, and not shown the due respect. I remember one day my wife and I were walking along a street where the pathway was narrow and the road very dirty, when suddenly we met the Governor and part of his suite, on foot. Instantly they stepped aside, and gave us the entire path, lifting their hats as they passed; and I noticed this was done almost as a habit to every one.

I ought not to forget mentioning that beggars are plentiful. Indeed begging is completely a system. I have often seen a man riding from door to door, and asking for alms, thus being literally "a beggar on horseback;" and proud beggars some of them really are, with their large spurs and defiant air.

The Brazilians have a regular guardship stationed at Monte Video; and very often there are some two or three more of their war vessels in the harbour. At one time I counted no less than ten armed ships under the Brazilian flag. The Americans generally have a frigate here, and the French and Spanish a brig or sloop of war. They all render prompt aid when needed to the vessels that occasionally strike upon the English Bank, or the neighbouring coast, and get wrecked. Several of these wrecks occurred during my various visits; and one in particular would

have been worth narrating, had I not already given so many instances of similar matters at the Falklands.

During my stay a fine large American ship came in, having suffered by water, and fire, and wreck, on the coast of Patagonia. She was a noble-looking vessel, sister to the one I have mentioned as calling at Stanley to get her rudder repaired. This one — "The Star of Hope" — was a six topsail ship; and, owing to her great draught of water, she had to be lightened considerably before she could get sufficiently up the harbour.

Another ship that suffered there was a Frenchman bound to Lima. She had lost or sprung her spars in a heavy gale, and came in to refit. This was done speedily by the aid of the French man-of-war, and new spars replaced the others. But no sooner was she off, than another gale reduced her to the same state as before; and we heard that she had been obliged to bear up for Rio Janeiro under jury masts. It was from this ship I procured my new chief mate, a Frenchman, Mons. De May. He spoke only a few words of English; but this, with my poor French, enabled us to get on very well together; and the whole time of his service he, as well as Mr. Jones, whom he succeeded, and the second mate, behaved in every way that commanded my thanks and approbation.

At Monte Video I also met the schooner that had gone down to seek and relieve Capt. Gardiner. She was called the John Davison, and is now engaged as a Pilot tender.

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It was on the 18th of June that the English mail again arrived at Monte Video; but, to my surprise, bringing neither letter nor person for me or the mission. Finally, however, a letter came to hand through the British Chaplain; and the contents of that letter were so inconsistent as to make it impossible for me to discover how I was to act. But after consulting with the Consul and Chaplain, I decided upon immediately returning to Stanley, where, I

found by this last communication, the Missionary would be expected to arrive about the end of July. Accordingly, as soon as I had effected all the arrangements,—settled the bills, and shipped a new crew for three months,—I got under way, and, after the usual run down to the Falklands, at midnight of the 11th of July, passed through Port William, by the aid of the excellent light, and at half-past ONE A.M. anchored in Stanley Harbour.

As soon as official business was settled I wrote home, announcing my return to Stanley, and also referring to past letters, as regarded the plans of the Mission; and I find my communications must have been received before October, for the Committee state in their publications that they had "received letters from Capt. Snow announcing his safe arrival at the Falklands, and that he was patiently awaiting the arrival of the missionary party."

After my return from Monte Video, I was in a measure compelled to do nothing but wait for the arrival of the Missionary. As I intended to say something more about Stanley, and as I think it will be interesting to some, and perhaps useful to others, I will here devote a few pages to it.

CHAP. XL.

Arrival of the French Brig of War "Beaumanoir."—Incidents connected with her Visit.—Society at the Falklands.—No Amusements.—Improvements taking place.—Reading Room established.—A Teetotal Society formed.—A New Church built.—Divine Service better attended than formerly.—Suggestions made as to a Bishopric at Stanley, for South American Chaplaincies.—Domestic Servants scarce.—Effective Labour wanting.—Many of the Colonists anxious to leave.—Political and private Jealousies.—A Steamer wanted at Stanley.—Remarks on the Mail Conveyance.—Dearness of Provisions at the Falklands.—Means of Livelihood for the People.—Local Information.—The Police Court and Gazette-Board.—The Wrecking System.—The Seal and Whaling Fishery.—A Corral and the breaking in of wild Horses.—A Trip to Port Louis.—Some Remarks on the Patagonians.

DURING my visits to Stanley, a few vessels came in from various parts, some for repairs, some for refreshments. Amongst them we had the French brig of war, "Beaumanoir," which ship it may be recollected rendered me assistance, when first at Monte Video. Of course I now felt it my duty to go on board and personally pay my respects to her Commander, and I need not say that I was most politely and kindly received. The fact of their being Frenchmen would make this certain; yet I cannot help thus publicly offering my acknowledgments to Captain Duval and his officers, for the courtesy and attention so readily shown to a British shipmaster, when aid was required. But, truth to say, I have when abroad ever found the French ready in all graceful and kindly acts. I may

have been fortunate in happily meeting such; but I speak from my experience. The French officer, however, is known as *un preux chevalier;* and apart from all other associations, I shall ever greatly esteem them, if it were only for the sake of him who represented his country's flag in the Arctic seas, and nobly perished in one of the highest undertakings man can engage in,—the cause of humanity. Poor Bellot! Though I had not the pleasure of personally knowing him; yet let me here, and while speaking of his brother officers, give my own expression to an acknowledgment of his great worth and amiable qualities. From all I have read and heard, I cannot but think of him as one of whom his country might well be proud; and, in thus honouring him with this humble tribute, I would also do honour to the great nation that could proudly claim him as one of her many brave and noble-minded children.

It was something connected with these feelings, and, if I recollect aright, the "Allen Gardiner" happening to be the only British vessel then in harbour, that made me one day dress the ship in all her flags, in honour of an official visit paid by His Excellency the Governor to his Imperial Majesty's sloop of war. This, however, got me into something like a scrape; and as I had to officially represent the circumstances to the Governor, I will briefly state them.

The French Commander had paid an official visit to the Governor; and on this day the return visit was made. Now it so happened that the government at Stanley had neither a suitable boat for His Excellency to go off in, nor a crew to man one; and, as was usually the case, our own boat and crew were placed at government disposal. Picking out the best hands, and encouraging them by a promise of a gratuity from myself, if they did the thing well, I sent the boat away with the men in her dressed alike, and, as much as possible, in a manner befitting the occasion. The day was fine, but

with a smart breeze; and having now only one man and an officer left on board, the flags were prepared beforehand, ready to hoist at the proper moment. Having no French flag of our own, one was borrowed from my agent on shore, and the following arrangement was then made for dressing ship. On a staff at the bowsprit-end was the Union Jack: to the fore was the French tricolour and immediately under it the numeral flags, denoting Napoleon III., with other varied flags beneath those: at the main was our large British ensign with the numerals for Queen Victoria, and other flags underneath to the deck; and aft on the flagstaff, a small silk ensign. All these flags were ready for hoisting the moment I should see the Governor leave his house and enter the boat; and as it took some time and care to arrange these flags that the different colours might harmonise, I was not very well inclined to alter any arrangement thus made. However, at this time, and just about the moment I knew the Governor would be embarking, a boat belonging to the F. I. Company came alongside, and the person in charge, a civil and intelligent man named Rutter, brought me a message to the effect that Mr. Deputy Acting Colonial Secretary wanted the French flag, as it was required to hoist at the fort when a salute was fired. Now one or two things struck me immediately as most absurd, in such a request being made as if officially:—first, that *this* French flag should be the one especially needed (for I did not then know that the colony could not boast of a public one); and secondly, that it should be particularly wanted only at the moment it was seen and known we were going to hoist it. Moreover, it was private property belonging to my agent, who had lent it to me; and therefore I should not be justified in giving it up to any one unless he himself had sent for it. And yet had he sent for it I might have hesitated unless the message had been in writing, as the messenger happened to be employed by the rival store.

I therefore told Rutter that I knew nothing about what was wanted on shore, but as the flag was lent to me by my agent I should return it to no one but him.

Rutter went on shore, and what he said I know not; but presently Mr. Secretary came off quite furious. He mounted the ladder and descended upon the quarter-deck, in a manner, and, when he spoke, with a tone excessively haughty and insulting, though his proper official position was after all only government *clerk*, and his age considerably below mine. I was nettled, and determined not to be bearded on the quarter-deck by any official unless he came armed with proper authority to back him in his insolence. Consequently, when he demanded the flag, I refused, "unless," said I, "you tell me that it is the request of His Excellency; and, if so, I will take the trouble to unbend my flags and send it on shore. Without this, sir, I must inform you that such unceremonious and haughty demands meet no attention from me. Having got my flags all ready I cannot now be made a fool of." Upon this, and without at all caring for my wife's presence, who happened to be on deck, he flew into a passion, and muttered something about knocking me down; and then hastily going over the ladder repeated his threat. Fortunately, I restrained myself, and remembered the particular sort of ship I was in, which while it gave him and every one else liberty to insult me, prevented my resenting it. Otherwise he would assuredly have made a hole in the water, and so I told him. The upshot of the business was, that Mr. Secretary went on shore; and, I believe, a flag was obtained from the "Beaumanoir."

The Governor was at this moment leaving his pier, and I had to attend to my ship. The flags were run up simultaneously: dipped on his passing us, and then rehoisted; and, as we were so close to the French vessel, we did our best to make ourselves look smart. Salutes were fired from the "Beaumanoir" and then the fort; and finally, when His

Excellency, after remaining on board some little time, returned to the shore, and our boat and men, the latter very wet, came back to us, the flags were hauled down, and everything made right again. But the matter did not end here. I represented the affair officially to the Governor; and it will be enough to say that the correspondence I have by me shows a state of things at Stanley evidently requiring great change before merchant captains should be recommended to go there; or, if they do go there, they should remember what I have here said, should they in anything be opposed to a member of the magisterial brotherhood. I had to take my case into court, but as Mr. —— was the presiding "Justice of the *Peace*," and could not try his own case against himself, one of his brother magistrates did it for him; and though the evidence was clear, the case was dismissed. Such was the result as far as the inquiry in court was concerned; but, officially, the case was different; at least so far as any satisfaction to be derived from mere words is concerned. For aught else, why — one must consider it was Stanley, and so end the matter.

Society at the Falklands is, as may be expected, very limited. It is in this respect one of the dullest and most miserable places I can imagine in the world. A sort of mental miasma seems to hang over it; and I have rarely visited any spot where English are to be found that there is so little to attract one as here. For my own personal feelings, — and I know that I also echo the sentiments of many others who have visited the place, — I would sooner lay at anchor in the outer harbour of Port William, as I have often done, or even on the coast of Patagonia, than trust myself to the chances of getting into hot water by being within sight and hearing of Stanley. For, of all things in life, — no matter how rough they be, — may Heaven guard one from that stagnation in a community which almost compulsorily causes the mind of its members

to hail with delight and seek relief in scandalising each other. Nor do I say this with a view of reflecting upon the character of the Stanley people. On the contrary, I believe that character to have been most shamefully and unjustly aspersed by a certain individual who has lately gone out amongst them; but I mention it as one of the almost unavoidable failings connected with the place, and one which the impartial reasoner will see is more an appendage to its physical characteristics than the result of personal infirmities in the *morale* of the individual. Nevertheless it is so; and, being so, it becomes to a stranger or non-resident one of its greatest nuisances. I verily believe it cannot be helped. There are some at Stanley who must have a little ball of scandal to roll about until it becomes a huge mound requiring several persons to keep it on the move; and, as I have already mentioned, a word, a laugh, a nod, is soon afterwards magnified into something terrible. I could relate many instances of this; some comical enough, some seriously unpleasant; but it would be mere gossip, and moreover I should have to refer too much to individuals, which it is my desire to avoid, unless where I am personally concerned. In my own case I have, to my surprise, on one occasion, found myself congratulated as the New Colonial Secretary by some, and insulted on the same account by others who were seeking a post I myself had no desire for: another time I was father to a bride I had never seen but once before and had no acquaintance with: then I had said this, and done that; landed at precisely such and such a time; shook hands with this one, passed that one; wore a blue coat one day, and a black one next; until I got so thoroughly tired of it all that whenever I did land in Stanley, unless on an especial visit, I was fain to make a run of it, and with gun and dog go away to the hills behind, and there enjoy myself. Sometimes I would be fairly puzzled how to split my good intentions, so as not to offend one by pleasing another. By the democrats I

was an aristocrat; by the secondary aristocrats I was a popularity hunter among the "lower orders,"—for even on that bit of naked and barren rock there were classes in the social scale with all the same designations as in a more numerous society. If I threw open the vessel, as I once did, to the working classes,—and right willingly did I do so,—giving them a cruise outside for a few hours, I was idling my time, &c. If I formed a picnic party on board,—and several most pleasant ones have we had,—I was courting favour from His Excellency and the officials (though little of favour had I, as the result has proved); and so the game went on; until at length it was found too much to either laugh at or contend against. Consequently I gave it up; and during my last stay at Stanley kept a great deal in the outer harbour while waiting the Missionary's arrival.

If I mention these things it is to show that human nature is everywhere alike; and that life in the Falklands is much about the same as life elsewhere. It has its cares, its anxieties, its vexations, and its jealousies. There are political squabbles, social disagreements, domestic broils, and petty nothingnesses, even as there will be found in every place where two or three are met together. There is no Utopia. There cannot be a Utopia upon earth. And my humble but earnest belief is that the very inconsistencies existing in the world are the true source of that harmonious whole which the wise and good God has created, although we, seeing through a glass darkly, cannot rightly understand it. The wind bloweth where it listeth, but no man telleth whence cometh the sound thereof; and all nature shows that calmness, evenness, and regularity is to ocular demonstration a thing unknown. I say *ocular* demonstration, and I mean that only; for, deeper than the surface of the eye, all—even the greatest apparent irregularity — becomes beautifully smooth and clear. So it is with man; and those who seek for moral per-

fection here below do, in my opinion, seek for what they are told by nature and by nature's God shall not exist, except in a far different sphere to this. Let us not then judge others too severely. There is no community, whether at home or abroad, but what has its peculiar foibles; and if I have introduced those pertaining to Stanley, it is because I would be honest and truthful, and, moreover, hope to do more good than harm. At present the place is next to a curse to all who visit it, as well as to those who are obliged to remain there; and it will be so until the world mixes more with it. Pent up, confined, cramped, and warped, with nothing to look at but sterile rocks and wiry grass, unless it be the glorious sea, how can it help being narrow in its fancies and jaundiced in its look? If Mrs. Nameless feels it a relief to go from house to house and retail the latest news, however trifling, why should we condemn her, when we know that there is hardly anything else on earth for her to do; and, moreover, when we find that at bottom she is a good-hearted soul, working and slaving for any one she can, and frightened when she hears of the mischief her voluble tongue has created? And this is the case at Stanley, and no doubt at many other places also. Therefore, again I say, let us make allowances; and though, for my own part, dreading as I do a fast woman's tongue, I could never stand such gossip, yet it may not be so with every one; and consequently those who may be better off in this than I, can safely and comfortably visit Stanley.

The absence of all amusement at Stanley is, in my opinion, a great drawback to its welfare. As I have once before said, there is fortunately neither newspaper nor lawyer; but if there were a good lecturer, or amateur dramatic company, I believe it would be vastly beneficial. I am not at liberty here, from want of space and other reasons, to discuss the advantages of rational amusement; but I may briefly say that I consider no scheme of educa-

tion, religious or otherwise, should be without it. A man may study so hard that at last he actually becomes a part of that which he has been studying. How often do we find this the case! and how clearly this explains the monomania one occasionally beholds on particular subjects. What is amusement may be another thing; but my own impression is, that whatever gives relief to the mind without impairing the body is amusement; and such amusement cannct be wrong, no matter what it is. If there were such at Stanley, I have no doubt it would be of vast benefit, providing it were under proper and official control; for, in *small* and *distant* communities no good can ever come of people being left to themselves.

The necessity for some moral and social improvement was so evident to His Excellency the present Governor on his arrival, that he gave every encouragement to the formation of intellectual gatherings among the colonists. A Reading Room was established, and, I believe, is now tolerably well supported; a Total Abstinence Society was also formed, and, speedily had several members; and a Cricket Club attempted, though without much success. With regard to the Reading Room, I need hardly say that I felt it my duty to do what I could in aid of it. In addition to a donation, I sent some books and pamphlets, and did all in my power to help it. I believe its most active supporter—that is, of those who were not of the working classes, for whom it was more especially intended — was Mr. Havers, the Colonial Manager of the Falkland Island Company, a gentleman of rare and varied talent and ability. But as to the other Society, it was mainly established by working men themselves, under the patronage of His Excellency, who liberally subscribed to this, as well as to the Reading Room. For myself, not approving of teetotalism as a principle, though well enough as a possible means to an end, I could do nothing but candidly say so; and, while I forwarded a similar donation to that

which I had given to the Reading Room, and even joined with Mr. Havers and Mr. Brooke, the magistrate, in giving a lecture for its benefit, besides taking its members in the vessel for a few hours' trip outside, yet I could never conscientiously say I approved of it.

There was, however, one other thing done by the Governor in which, heart and soul, I could cordially join: this was the making a suitable church. The place selected was what originally had been intended for a market-house, in the centre of the town. It was now enlarged, and was to have been completed and opened by the 1st of December last year. But there is great difficulty in getting work done at Stanley. Both materials and labourers are scarce, and I remember much delay being caused by there being no lime in the colony to mix the mortar. However, one of the Company's schooners was directed to bring some from Monte Video, and so the work went on. Stone there is in abundance, and very suitable, too, for working up; but until the place obtains more help in the way of cheap labour, it can never hope to thrive.

The church services were originally performed in a long wood building at the back part of the town, used also as a school-room. I have occasionally seen so few as only seven individuals there, including myself, the clergyman and his wife; and it has often pained me to reflect that a man of Mr. Faulkner's clear and impressive preaching should have to address good discourses to literally empty benches. But example is everything. The church at that time was not patronised by the chief authorities of the place; and consequently no one cared to go. When, however, the present Governor arrived, he made it a rule for himself and family to attend regularly, morning and afternoon, and to partake of the sacrament. This brought an increased congregation; and, finally, when the present building was turned into a church, the number of persons attending was occasionally not less than seventy.

To get the new place suitable and ready for worship, a collection was one day made after the sermon, and a tolerably large sum was obtained. This, with Government grant and other aids, enabled the executive to effect the desired object. There were, I believe, as there always will be everywhere — though one would hardly look for it at such a miserable place as Stanley — religious differences. It is a great pity that man's passions and self-conceit should distort a religion of love into one of virulence and dogmatic assumption. Yet such is the case wherever we find a mixed company of men congregated together; and hence it is that I cannot but think it would be better to have no ministry at all in a small community, unless that ministry is such as will suit itself to the circumstances in which it is placed, so far as is consonant with the *spirit*, not the mere *letter* of what it professes to teach. Nothing pained me more when at Stanley than the fierce discord produced by a too strict adherence to the letter of the law; and though I admire consistency and uniformity, yet I cannot help thinking a more loving, a more gentle and less dogmatic course would have been more acceptable in the sight of Him whose word was said to be then uttered. I agree with the principle in the main, but object to the suitability of its adoption in such a small community as the colony of the Falkland Islands. It was suggested, and I believe some correspondence took place about the establishment of a bishopric at Stanley, the jurisdiction of which should extend over all the chaplaincies of South America. If, as I hope, the Falkland Islands become of greater note than they now are, and particularly if occupied by Government as a penal settlement, I see nothing more likely to be of general good than this. At present several persons born on the islands, or arriving there at a tender age, are desirous of being confirmed; and before I left, it was much wished the Bishop of Cape Town, or some other bishop, would visit the

islands. Fortunately for the colonists, it does not require a bishop to marry persons, and therefore they marry and are given in marriage whenever a suitable opportunity for uniting the two sexes presents itself. This, however, owing to the paucity of subjects, is not very frequent. Now and then an "affair" will come off; and at such times it is not unlike a similar affair in one's own family. Everybody knows all about it; and everybody is either personally acquainted, or in some way or other is connected with, one if not both of the parties. As in the case of Australia, damsels here have not to wait long before obtaining a husband; and those who keep servants must not expect to retain them above a few weeks unless they agree to take the man as well. Indeed, for the officials, and particularly His Excellency's household, this scarcity of domestic labour, is a serious and most inconvenient drawback; and yet it would not pay for any to be sent there. There is already quite enough of female labour, if it could be more generally distributed, but at present it is all taken up with its own domestic cares, most of the fair sex being married women, and also, I may truly add, married *girls*.

When I speak of labour, and of its scarcity, I mean of the right sort of labour; of that which is most required in so small a colony, a mere place of call for shipping. At Stanley itself I do not see how any labour can be self-remunerative; and consequently there is much distress among a certain part of the population. There are many persons suffering greatly in the Falklands, and they would most gladly leave the place at any sacrifice, if they only had the pecuniary means to do so. But there they are, chained to an almost barren rock; some of them not once for years going outside of their own harbour; some hardly ever upon the water. A chance visit from a strange ship, a wreck, or the mail schooner coming in, with the arrival and departure of the few small craft and boats belonging to the colony, are the only events that vary their

dreary and monotonous life. As for being able to get home, they *hope* for it, but hardly dare calculate upon its realisation. And often when taking a walk on the hills behind the town, from whence is obtained a beautiful view of the ocean, are glances cast towards a passing sail, and expressions of regret uttered that the beholder cannot go northward with it. But a family and the want of pecuniary means prevent this; and thus there are many now at Stanley who would gladly leave it if they could, but who, not being able to do so, eke out a wretched existence by working at anything and everything offered to them by almost the only man, except the Falkland Island Company, that can give employment. Of this man, the employment he does give, and the power he has over poor people, it is not for me here to say anything more than that it is quite time some attention from home was paid to it. Government, if retaining an out-of-the-way colony like the Falklands, should now and then have a searching investigation made into what is going on there; for it is not always that the local authority, especially when unsupported by military power, is sufficient to check any evil, or finds it wise perhaps to report upon it. Wrecks, and vessels *condemned*, yet bought in, or up, or something or other, by one individual who has the whole to do with them; who is auctioneer, agent, banker, and, in fact, the real autocrat of the place, — able to set everything and everybody at defiance that opposes him, — are matters which have struck more than one person at the Falklands as needing inquiry. Where honest truth exists, no inquiries need be feared; but such inquiries can never be justly made where all and everything, even, I believe, to the Government money, has to pass through one man's hands.

With regard to the local authorities checking any evils that may exist, it is possible such may now be done, since Government has lately sent out a small military force; but when I was at Stanley it appeared to me that

the Governor was next to powerless. A small but strong and suitable steamer should be stationed there, besides a good life boat. At present the conveyance of the mail to and from Monte Video has to be contracted for; 500*l.* per annum being allowed by the Home Government for this purpose. Now, a steamer attached to the colony would save this by herself running up for the mail; and, moreover, would be able to render vast importance to shipping. A perusal of certain parts in this narrative will, I think, prove this, and show that the matter is worth attention.

One point connected with Stanley I must not omit to mention. It is with regard to another collection made for a good purpose, although not to benefit itself. I allude to the Nightingale Fund; and poor, wretchedly situated, suffering at the time from a scarcity, and with a very small number able to afford anything, yet it came forward in answer to the Governor's appeal and sent home, I believe, 36*l.*! Perhaps there could be no greater proof of the universal esteem in which Miss Nightingale is held than this subscription to the Fund from such a barren place as Stanley. I was fortunate in being there at the time, as it enabled me to thus quietly evince the high admiration and esteem I felt, as every man must have felt, for that pure and noble-minded woman, Florence Nightingale. Often, of a stormy night in the dreary watch, have I thought of her and others ministering, with all a woman's tenderness, to the dying and the wounded amongst our gallant warriors; and if ever there are beings upon earth whom men can dare to look upon as angels, such truly are Florence Nightingale and her companions, with those glorious *Sœurs de Charité* of the Crimea.*

* Another good-hearted creature connected with the Crimean War is Mrs. Seacole; and I must be pardoned for thus mentioning her, inasmuch as her kindly acts to the poor soldiers have just come under my notice.

I have alluded to a scarcity in the colony, and such was the case just before I left. Indeed, there is at all times, when vessels arrive, a demand for anything new or cheaper than what is to be got in the colony, where everything is most dear. Flour is especially so; and I have paid 4*l.* 5*s.* for 200 lbs of it, though never higher, as has been wrongly asserted. Indeed, before I had left, it was down to 3*l.* 5*s.* Coals are dear; pork and mutton also, being 1*s.* per pound; butter is 2*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.*, that being the dearest at any time, 2*s.* was what I had paid, just before leaving, for newly imported. Beef of the best kind is obtainable at 4½*d.* per pound, and other beef always at 2*d.* from the Falkland Company. How any one, and particularly a member of a missionary society, can say therefore that "We only get meat twice a month," is astonishing to me, and must be to all who know aught of Stanley. Six mullets cost 1*s.* 6*d.*; two wine-glasses, 2*s.* 6*d.*; one ounce of worsted, 3*d.*; one pound of lard, 1*s.* 4*d.*; one dozen of penguin's eggs, 1*s.*; quarter of a pound of pepper, 4½*d.* Fruit, except in the governor's garden—and there only in a small quantity—is unknown. Whenever any is brought by a vessel from Monte Video, it is eagerly sought for; and one of the greatest presents I could make was some oranges and other fruit. Onions also were much needed, and for a trading vessel they should always form a small part of the cargo.

It may be asked what the people do for a living, if the place is not self-productive*, or if there is no Government work? To this my reply is, that I hardly know. It has often puzzled me how they all manage to get food; but somehow or other they contrive it, and one or two do pretty well. What with sealing, and wrecking, and working on vessels calling in for repairs, there is a something gained; and added to this, the employment given by the

* I say this only of Stanley.

Falkland Islands Company to about a hundred persons, and the little labour required by the Executive, we have about the total of all the means at present within reach of the colonists to support themselves. Fortunately the climate is healthy; and except an epidemic that raged for some few weeks in 1855-56, there is rarely any amount of sickness there. The Cemetery is on the east of the town, and has a neat enclosure. Several of the headstones show considerable skill. One records the death of five children in one family during five weeks, four of these being in eight days! This, however, was during an epidemic that raged in the year 1855.

The Police Court is but a poor place, containing the justice room, magistrate's private room, and two other rooms for his own residence, besides outbuildings. There is a magistrate's clerk, and a constable, with a gaoler. The constable, Parry, is an old hand, and is intimately acquainted with every nook, harbour, and bay in the islands. Melville, the harbour-master, is also quite familiar with the entire group, having for twenty-one years been knocking about that part of the world. Parry's wife, a coloured woman, was I believe a resident at Port Louis when the murder of Mr. Brisbane took place; as also was another woman by name Antonini, a half caste Spanish American, and now employed at the Falkland Company's Farm, at Hope-place. These two, if I remember rightly, are the oldest colonists, though not the most aged, on the islands, and any one wishing to obtain information of the past should seek it from them.

The Gaol is situated in the dockyard not far from the water's edge. It is, as may be supposed, but an indifferently secure place, having a few lock-up cells for any criminals that may chance to be there. These, however, are rarely other than drunkards and disturbers of the peace. Occasionally the Spanish blood becomes heated among that portion of the population not allied to us by

national ties, and once a murder was committed and the culprit hung. But it was the only instance that has yet occurred since Stanley became the seat of government.

In the absence of any newspaper as a medium for advertising, there is a board put-up at the principal pier or jetty, and also facing the main road in front of the town. This board is called the "Gazette Board," and all notices, legal, official, or otherwise, are here posted up. Consequently any one requiring information as to the local proceedings of the place, or wishing to advertise aught concerning himself, has but to go to this board as he would to a newspaper office at home. The Legislative enactments, ordinances, &c., that from time to time are issued, do not, however, appear here. Reference to them is made, and a perusal of their contents may be obtained by applying at the Courthouse. Fees are in some things excessively high. On one occasion it was necessary for me to get a copy of the investigation that had taken place about the flag affair, and though the whole does not occupy, as I find, more than a page or two of post paper, I had to pay a guinea for it.

I need hardly say anything more about the administration of justice. What can be expected where nearly all the parties who would be likely to come into court in any important case are themselves on the bench or closely connected with those who are! It would be looking for too much to suppose that strict impartiality could possibly exist. It is precisely the same as going into a family. If of that family, feelings are at work in a divided manner on the one side or the other; if a stranger, then the family sympathy is all against you. This, however, is most hurtful to the interests of the colony, if we would see it thrive, or expect it to be of any importance in the commercial world. For I again repeat that I have heard many shipmasters say they would never go twice to Stanley while it exists as it latterly has.

In isolated communities and far off lands, where speedy

appeal to the highest tribunals can never be made, it is rare in the extreme to find impartial justice administered. If our daily papers are carefully examined, they will show many proofs of this; and, moreover, if it be so very difficult for a man single-handed to get his case investigated and attention properly paid to it, even here in England, how much more so must it be where there is no check upon the doings of a few men who alone constitute the official, the judicial, and the working authority of the place! Until Government has given greater attention to the colony, and made its official representative there more powerful, it will be vain to hope for a greater degree of prosperity to attend it.

The subject of wrecked vessels is one that ought not to be passed over so lightly as it is. I myself heard the Governor say, that certain matters connected with the wrecking system were disgraceful. If His Excellency followed up what was, I believe, his first intention, the matter has already been laid before the Home Government: if not, it is time that it was. For myself personally, I can do no more than draw attention to it, by asking some one interested in shipping insurances, &c., to well weigh what I have said, and to make inquiries into this serious matter. I cannot understand how it is that vessels are condemned, and then bought by Lloyd's own agent, — sent home with cargoes, and again and again come out to him with their hold well filled; or, how it is that out of nearly every wreck taking place, and there have been many such, he alone, as official agent, as auctioneer, and as moneyed man (each wreck getting more money for the next), should be the one to buy up and benefit thereby. Well may his store be full of wrecked goods, and his yard and warehouse crammed with spars and sails and nautical requisites. There may be a reason for all this; and if there is a good one, my remarks can do no harm; but at all events the subject should, in my opinion,

be seen to, else the more it is known by mariners the more frightened will they naturally be of going near a place where in a moment they may find themselves in hot water, — their ship run up to all sorts of expenses, perhaps condemned, — perhaps driven on shore from circumstances similar to those of the wreck I visited at Kidney Island, and perhaps the captain made to suffer by the chicanery of others.

I have alluded to the occupations and pursuits of the colonists; but a few words more in this place may now be necessary.

Sealing is one of the principal occupations followed; and, generally speaking, it is a most profitable one. The way it is carried on is as follows.

Generally speaking there is some one amongst the few wealthier persons at the Falklands who has a cutter or two and some stout boats. Amongst these the Falkland Islands Company own several; and it was a little craft of some ten tons that I had intended to try for, if I could have remained in Stanley. She had been employed as a tender to a schooner on the coast of Patagonia collecting guano, having been towed there and back; and, in many respects, would have well suited my purpose. My plan was, as is generally done, to hire her on a certain share to the owner, and giving certain shares to the crew; and then, on an agreement prearranged, go about the Islands, and over to some of the places I had visited in Tierra del Fuego, for the purpose of sealing, and for the secondary one of completing what had been begun in our late cruise.

The men who go sealing generally make an agreement in the manner I have stated. They hire the boat; select one as their captain; club together to buy their provisions, and then start off on a three or four months' expedition amongst the Islands. Upon their return, rarely unsuccessful, their produce is sold to one of the two persons at

Stanley who buys it to send home by the first opportunity after a sufficient cargo is procured; and I have known some of these sealing trips realise to one man engaged therein not less than thirty pounds net profit. Many are the wild and startling incidents connected with this adventurous life; and, from the materials I could soon gather, an interesting volume might be made of tales and adventures in the Falklands.

Whaling is followed up principally by the Americans, who occasionally make their call at Stanley, but form their head-quarters at New Island, in the Western Falklands. Several very fine vessels have been known to cruise about these seas; and, from the many whales I have in my different trips come across, I imagine they do not find it a losing speculation. They are rough and hardy seamen, but much more intellectual and attentive to the science of the sea than would be supposed. A proof of this is seen in the varied information they send to the hydrographic department of their home Government; and indeed in this respect I cannot help saying that I think the whole of the American mercantile marine get ahead of us most considerably. As a class, they are a highly intelligent and competent body of men; their ships are a model to the eye, and a pride to a seaman's heart; and, speaking of my own experience, I have ever found much courtesy and ready aid extended to me whenever needed by them. That they have a stern and often unpleasant bearing when called upon to acknowledge aught wherein British rights are claimed is too evident to be denied.

Some of the whaling vessels cruise about the coast of Chiloe; one, the "Morning Star," called at Stanley just before I left; others go down in the season to the South Shetlands, but generally in company, or with a tender, it not being considered quite safe to venture alone. Two of these vessels had just returned on one occasion when I was

at Stanley. They had been tolerably successful; and one of them was now on her way home to the United States.

I also met here a famous American sealing captain, named Smyley, the same mentioned as having gone to look for Captain Gardiner, at Spaniard's Harbour. He has spent twenty-two years of his life mostly between the South Shetlands and the river La Plata, and once he remained six years without coming north of 41° south. He has been sealing on every part of the Falklands, on the outer islands about the Horn, on Staten Land, the Shetlands, and as far south as any man. He speaks well of the Falklands, and, when I left, had become a settler there, having been appointed American consul. The information he can afford, and his great practical experience, must be invaluable to every one who needs it.

Other kind of fishing might be made profitable at the Falklands, if there was sufficient inducement for the colonists to stir themselves about it. Mullet and smelt, and, I believe, whiting are found, the former in abundance, and the latter tolerably plentiful. But, it is not often that a fishing excursion is made; and the Governor and Mr. Bailey are nearly the only gentlemen who make the attempt. Sporting, however, has more charms; and wild geese and small birds are frequently brought in to the settlement by some of those who go out shooting either for their own amusement or with the object of making it profitable. Egg-hunting in the season—commencing October—is also much attended to, and tens of thousands of eggs, penguins' and others, are brought into the market and sold generally at a shilling per dozen. These eggs are delicious, and, being large, serve admirably for a meal, as I have before remarked.

Cutting peat for fuel, and tussack for fodder is another occupation occasionally followed; but I know of hardly anything besides what I have mentioned to give employment to mind or body at Stanley. The Falkland Island

Company has a station on the west side of the island; but, personally, I am so little acquainted with the company that I am unable of my own knowledge to say anything about it.

On one occasion I remember being invited to accompany the Governor on horseback, to see some horses broken in. The place was at a "corral," five or six miles from Stanley; and, though I greatly enjoyed the ride, I cannot say the same as to the sight. It was exciting enough; and the Spanish guacho who did the work was apparently well up to it; but I am unable to give a proper description of it. Some score of horses confined within the corral, — one brought to a post by the aid of a lasso — tripped up — saddled — let loose again — tripped up once more — mounted by the daring rider in company with another horse and rider — and then off like an arrow,—here, there, and everywhere — round and about — twisting and twirling — jerking, pulling, and tossing and rolling upon the wild animal's back like a ship in a storm, until the poor beast, frightened and exhausted, is brought back with dilated eyes, nostrils snorting, and moistened sides, — is something like what I remember of this, the only scene of the kind I had an opportunity of witnessing.

Occasionally the Governor and his lady with the principal persons on the island will take a ride to the light-house, or the hills; and now and then the little Government yacht is brought into use, and a party will go out for a sail. Pleasure-boats also are at times seen flitting about the harbour and adjacent coves; and "pic-nics" are formed whenever the weather is sufficiently tempting to admit of the enjoyment. Once I had the pleasure of taking the Governor and party to Port Louis; but our stay there was not of long duration But it must not be thought that "pleasuring" was alone the occupation of His Excellency. He rarely made a visit anywhere — at least when with me — without attending to some

particular and useful object; and, in his tour of inspection in the "camp" or interior, I am informed he roughed it as much as any one. In this respect his arctic experience no doubt greatly benefited him.

I have now, I believe, touched upon all the most important or interesting subjects connected with the Falklands, except such as will be referred to in the Appendix; and therefore, with a very few words upon Patagonia, I must return to my own more personal narrative.

I have been frequently asked if the Patagonians are such giants as we suppose them to be from the accounts of old voyagers; and in reply I say, from the information given to me, that they are not. They *are* above the medium height, but not so tall as generally believed; and if dressed in the habiliments of our lifeguardsmen I imagine they would be nearly about the same stature as this distinguished corps of our army. Some few may be a little taller, but I have not heard of any being of the height of six feet and a half; although Falkner has, in his book, spoken of one who, he says, "must have been seven feet and some inches in height, because on tiptoe he could not reach the top of his head." From all I have gleaned concerning them, they are far from being a contemptible race either in intellect or *morale;* but their principal occupation is to roam about from the Rio Negro, on the confines of the Buenos Ayrean territories, to the Straits of Magellan, and it is not always that ships can fall in with them. Numerous and pleasing anecdotes relating to these savages, as well as other tales not so agreeable, have been told me; but I never like to repeat any stories unless certain of their authenticity. What I think may be depended upon is in substance as follows.

The Patagonians are naturally a race of wild hunters, living more on horseback than on foot, and are as skilful in pursuit of game as the far-famed Indians of North America. Living on a barren soil, flesh is their principal

food, and the quantity they eat is said to be enormous. Polygamy is practised, and thieving held in such estimation as to form a consideration in the necessary qualifications of the intended husband, who is looked upon as indifferently capable of supporting a wife unless he is an adept in the art of stealing from a stranger. Their government is in a great measure nominal, being under the rule of caciques or chiefs who have attained a certain degree of notoriety, but whose power is soon lessened unless they can maintain the influence which first gave them the title. Their tents are made of poles and the skins of guanacoes, and are generally carried about with them as they move from place to place. They dress in long mantles made of skins, covering them from head to foot, and this gives them a singular and somewhat forbidding appearance. They have a great liking for tobacco and spirits; and, as I have been often told, adhere strictly to truth. A lie with them is held in detestation; and I believe that no man would be in any real danger amongst them (and I may say the same of nearly every savage) who would put on a bold front, and never try to deceive. Several Europeans have been known to live for years amongst them; and Mr. Havers of Stanley told me that he has a Patagonian in his service who is not only to be depended upon, but is really most useful, his principal and almost only failing being his addiction to liquor. This, whenever he can get it, he will take to excess; and the manner in which his master deals with him is as follows. He is stationed in the camp to look after the horses and cattle; and when he has to visit the settlement he is ordered to always first come direct to Mr. Havers's house and deliver his message, or attend to his business. This done, he is told what hour he will have to again return; and being then dismissed, he follows his own pleasure till that time, having, in general, one or two of the Company's men with him. He then gets a good bouse — a sleep — another bouse if he has time, with a

renewed sleep afterwards; and then punctually at the hour named proceeds to his master's house for fresh orders. These received, he is directed to immediately start on his journey, and sometimes it will be necessary to see him out of the settlement to prevent his getting any more spirits. On one occasion he kept literally to his promise not to take any more while in the town; but no sooner was he out of the town than, as was afterwards known, he took from his breast a bottle of rum, and drank so much of it that in a short time he was soon asleep by the wayside, his horse roaming near at hand. Upon awaking, he got up as one refreshed, easily caught his horse, and, without attempting a return to the town, steadily pursued his journey. His habits, being so well known, make him to be thus depended upon; and, if I am right in all the circumstances, — for I am giving this anecdote from memory, — he is frequently watched to see that no harm befalls him. Taciturn and stoical, though tractable, I was given to understand there could be but little information gleaned from him; and I believe this is the characteristic of all his countrymen. I do not think that they would kill any stranger going among them unless he gave them great cause; and, from an anecdote related to me concerning an aged cacique, I imagine they have a reverence for many of the higher moral virtues.

I should mention that owing to their frequent migrations, and occasionally mixing with the Spanish settlements, there is hardly a Patagonian of any age but what has a knowledge of that language, so far as a few broken words enable him to express his wants or make himself understood. Indeed it may be said of them that they are already semi-civilised; and also that they know something of the Christian faith, as it is found in South America.

The coast of Patagonia has been in some places notorious for wrecks; and St. George's Bay, on one occasion received a great number, some of their remains being still to be seen

there. It is, however, in my opinion no worse than any other part. Care is needed everywhere; and though accidents will sometimes occur in spite of every precaution, yet I have known one small vessel—the "Fairy," Captain Wood, a first rate sailor, and painstaking man—go frequently to that coast for guano, and to trade with the natives, without any danger. Still, as the captain himself told me, it is necessary to be always most cautious: you should never trust too much to the appearance of the land, nor the appearance of the inhabitants. Both alike may deceive you when least expecting it. But, if due caution, accompanied by an outward show of confidence, be adopted, there may be hopes of establishing a successful intercourse with the people.

CHAP. XLI.

Revisit the Mission Station. — Communicate with a Barque called the "Kezia." — Tedious passage to Keppel Island. — Final Interview with the Land Party. — Return to Stanley. — Two disabled Hamburg vessels call in for repairs.—Arrival of the Missionary and his Party.—Extraordinary want of Management.—No Money or Provisions brought out. — Disunion among the new Arrivals. — A munificent Donor to the Mission. — Manner in which he was treated. — His severance from the Missionary's Party.—Last Trip of the "Allen Gardiner" under the Author's Command.

Soon after my return from Monte Video to Stanley, I again went round to the Mission Station, to see how the two *solitaires*, were getting on. That it was useless, as far as any good could be done, I knew. Nevertheless, as the Committee wished me to try (for by this time I had their replies to the accounts sent home on all sides), we got under way, and after leaving a message for the Missionary, in case he should arrive in my absence, we left the harbour on the afternoon of July 22nd. As we stood out to sea, I observed a vessel in the offing, and apparently luffing up for Port William. Thinking it possible that the stranger might be the expected ship with the missionary party, although it was rather soon for them, according to what their last letters told me, we ran down towards her. The wind was rather fresh, and there was a jumbling sea on. Hence, I did not care to go too far to leeward; but when near enough we exchanged signals; and it was then ascertained she was the "Kezia," bound round the Horn. That sufficed to tell me, we had

nothing on board of her; and accordingly with a farewell signal, I again hauled to the wind, and stood on our proper course.

This time we had a difficulty in getting round Cape Carysfort. Expecting the wind would remain as it was from the westward, I kept well in with the land; but during the night the weather became unsettled. Gusts of wind, calms, and light airs prevailed: so that we made hardly any progress. At 9 P. M. we dipped the light: but, at midnight, there being no wind, the swell set us in towards Cow Bay, and then backward to the Volunteer rocks. Of course the light was thus again seen; and as we were still drifting, I found it necessary to get a tow-rope ready and everything prepared in case we got too near. At 2 o'clock, however, a breeze sprang up from the N.W. and this helped us off. At daylight we were out of sight of land: but, on tacking, soon brought it in view again. In this manner and for four days did we endeavour to make our way to Keppel Island, which we had sometimes reached in less than one day, thus convincing me more and more of the folly of leaving Stanley Harbour to go westward against a foul wind, unless absolutely obliged. In our present case I felt myself as it were obliged to go. I was tormented in my mind about those two men; dreading everything, yet not knowing how to act with regard to them. If I remained at anchor to be at Stanley when the Missionary arrived, as was expected, these men might in the mean while be in some danger: for it was impossible to say when the party from England would actually come, and what to do I could hardly tell. However, at last I determined to make the visit, hoping on my way back to meet the vessel with the mission party, and if so to take them all at once to the station.

Our trip round was one of the worst we had yet experienced. A copy of the log would show what tacking

and tacking and bad weather we had to encounter. Indeed more damage — if a few ropes breaking can be called damage — was done on that trip about those two men than on any previous passage at sea. Every one on board was fretful, ill in mind and body, and dissatisfied; for all knew that we were encountering this unnecessary tossing about, and buffeting against bad winds and a heavy sea, solely on account of the two individuals for whom I was still held responsible. At length we got round, and anchored in Keppel Bay on the afternoon of the 26th.

I perceived no signs of any one on shore; and for a a short time I felt most painfully; but on landing, I found them well and hearty. Vain, however, was my endeavour to accomplish anything the Committee had asked me to do. The knowledge they had long ago obtained of the "Missionary" coming out, and now shortly to arrive, made them determine not to abate one jot. I failed in getting them to allow a single thing to be done on shore; nor would they agree to any plan I proposed for putting the Mission-house in readiness for the new party. Poor fellows! as I now write, I cannot help saying that I often deeply regretted their obstinacy, even more for themselves than—bad as it was—for me.

Four days I spent at Keppel Island, during which I sent on shore a few more things for their use; and also procured some geese for ourselves, one day shooting in two hours twenty-nine of the best quality; and then, having done all in my power at the station, I once more took my departure, leaving behind me two human beings, who, for unceasing kindness on our parts, as acknowledged by their letters, had tried, during the past few months, to make my life as wretched as ever man's could be.

On the 1st of August we again anchored at Stanley, but no vessel had yet arrived for us; and day after day passed on without that vessel making her appearance; and there were we, all but absolutely idle, thus waiting and

attending upon a missionary, who was ever coming, but never came. What I felt while thus compelled to be inactive, only those similarly situated can tell. Suffice it, that there we were, until the end of August, unable to do a single thing, but keep in readiness for the expected arrivals; and yet all this while the ship at great expense in wages of crew, provisions becoming very scarce in the colony, and only a short time longer before the men's time would again expire, and they would have to be paid, though I had no money to do it with.

During this time a Hamburg brig arrived in distress. She was called the "Maine," and was from Pernambuco, bound with sugar to Valparaiso. Seventy-four days had she been in coming from Pernambuco! and from July 5th to the end of that month she had been driven about between Staten Land and Cape Horn, vainly endeavouring to get round that tempestuous promontory. Her yards were sprung, and her bulwarks damaged; and just before entering Stanley she had lost her jibboom. Now, had she known the anchorages about the Horn, all this might have been saved; and so Capt. Schmidt, a most intelligent German, told me; adding that, in future, he would not hesitate to take shelter in some of the places I described to him.

In reference to this vessel and her repairs at Stanley, I must remark that, owing to the difficulties I have named, she was detained here until October 26th, and her expenses were 680*l.*! to pay part of which she had to sell some of her cargo.

About the same time, another Hamburg vessel, a barque, arrived, also in distress, and the crew ill. She was bound round the Horn, and had suffered terribly; having been driven far to the southward, got amongst ice, where the ship was all but frozen up, and only with great difficulty at length succeeded in reaching Stanley.

On the 19th, finding that the "Hydaspes"— the name of the vessel which was to bring out the Missionary and his

party — did not arrive, I determined to run out to sea and look along the coast about Cape Carysfort for her, lest it might have happened to her as it had happened to others, and she should be on the rocks. Moreover, it gave my men something to do; and accordingly I got under way, and went along the land, carefully looking about for any signs of a wreck. Nothing more than usual greeted us, and we therefore returned to an anchorage; but, this time, I remained in Port William instead of Stanley Harbour; and for the following reasons, in addition to others I need not name.

It struck me that as the "Hydaspes" was now considerably beyond the time named to me for her arrival, it might happen that she would be short of provisions and water; and the wind that carried her to the entrance of Port William would prevent me, if in Stanley Harbour, from getting out to her assistance so quickly as I could here. Moreover, it was important, from what had been said on shore, that, as soon as I possibly could, I should see the reverend gentleman who was expected, as some not very friendly expressions had been made respecting him on account of his abuse of Stanley.

From the 20th to the 29th I remained in Port William at anchor, just in the fairway, and ready to make sail and go to sea, if need be, immediately; but nothing arrived; and, therefore, on the latter date, I again ran into Stanley Harbour to replenish meat, fuel, and water. Strange to say, I had not been there one whole day before the "Hydaspes" at last came in sight off the port; and this, too, while I was in the greatest confusion, owing to my decks being lumbered with water casks and other sundry things out of the hold. However, this did not prevent my getting under way; but, as the events of the next few days were very important to me, and necessarily bear most materially upon this part of my narrative, I here give them almost verbatim from my daily journal.

Saturday, August 30th, was a fine day throughout, until the evening, when it became rather squally, though with mostly a clear sky.

Early in the morning we began to break out the hold, and clear for fuel and water. The loan of a large boat, to bring off the water, was obtained from His Excellency the Governor; and during the morning we got off a few casks, and began filling the tanks.

I had gone on shore after breakfast, and arranged for coals and the water; and upon my return changed my dress and went to work in the hold. At dinner time the deck was of course in great confusion, hampered up with a variety of casks, ropes, &c., and the hawsers coiled across the bows; when, singularly enough, a signal was hoisted for a ship to the northward. The Government yacht was getting under way for a trip; but we soon made short work of it—myself with no dinner, the men finished theirs hastily—empty casks were sent on shore to remain awhile—other things bundled below, and in less than an hour decks were cleared, and we got under way. Soon afterwards, on passing the narrows, the signal was made, "Ship wants pilot," thereupon we ran out to sea,—passed the yacht and some small boats,—picked up the pilot, who had gone on in his little boat,—hoisted the Mission flag,—then the signal "What ship is that,"—saw another ship passing close to, and as we neared, found the first one was the "Hydaspes," and the other one passing, the "Challenger."

We ran down to the "Hydaspes," and, when near enough, I got into a boat with the pilot, and three of my crew to pull, and went on board.

In a few moments more I was shaking hands with the Reverend Missionary and the Mission party,—eighteen in number!—All well; 87 days from England.

I stopped with them about an hour or more, during which time nothing was said concerning his position or

mine. He asked me if a house had been got ready for him and his family; and I replied that, according to his written request, the Governor had been so kind as to see to it. He said he had on board about eighty tons of goods; but I was speedily informed by many persons, that there was not a cwt. of provisions for the Mission! I was astounded! I could hardly conceive it possible that, after one party had been starved to death from want of proper precautions, another and a much larger party should again be sent out without being properly provided. However, I did not then express much, except by an exclamation of astonishment; and, after some friendly conversation, I returned to the schooner, as it was now dark,—the "Hydaspes" being in charge of the pilot.

The next day was Sunday. I communicated with His Excellency the Governor, and informed him of what had been done; and also inquired about the Missionary's house.

The following morning it was blowing very heavy, and as the "Hydaspes" had not been able to get up to the harbour, I, thinking much could be done by a talk with the Missionary, and also being desirous to give them some fresh provisions, weighed anchor and ran down to them.

It was blowing so hard, and with hail squalls, that we had to put two reefs in before starting; but the wind was fair for running out, consequently we were not long going down. The "Hydaspes" was anchored in deep water off the William Islets; and as we neared her I could not help showing the party on board how we managed to handle our little vessel, especially as I wanted to hail them. Standing in the starboard boat, hoisted to the davits in the waist, the schooner was conned in such a way as to make it appear she was going stem on to the large ship; and when we neared to within a distance of our own length, we flew past her in the strong breeze,—exchanged a few words to say I would presently endeavour to get on board,—

shaved her quarter as close as possible to keep a weatherly position,—braced sharp up,—luffed round her stern, and in another moment shot ahead on the other side of her, then dropped anchor at a convenient distance, and rather more within shelter of the islets.

It was, however, now blowing very hard; so much so, that the pilot would not venture to take the "Hydaspes" up, although she was not in the safest quarters where she lay. Nevertheless, I felt it important that I should get on board of her and see Mr. Missionary, that, while comparatively idle, our plans could be discussed, and the state of things properly understood. Accordingly, I ordered the boat's crew to put on their waterproofs, and myself doing the same, the cutter was lowered; and, loaded with fresh meat, vegetables, and some delicacies, from Mrs. Snow for the Missionary's wife and children, away we went. Experience had by this time taught us how to manage in this constantly heavy weather; and therefore we soon got on board with no damage, though soused over head and ears by the spray and sea. The boat was then passed astern of the big ship, where under such a lee she lay comparatively calm, while I had a talk with the Missionary.

To my surprise, I found a reluctance on his part to enter upon any particulars; and I was still more surprised on hearing from others that there was a sad division and much unpleasantness existing between the Missionary and those with him. To explain all this, even as briefly as I could, would take up many pages. I must therefore content myself with simply stating a few facts, and leaving all detail to another work which I hope to bring before the public on the subject of this Patagonian Mission. Let me, however, remind the reader of what I have before said, viz., that if I do not here enter more minutely on the subject, it is only from a desire not to encroach upon the limits of a narrative such as this is, and not be-

cause I could not do so, or have not ample proof of what I might advance.

It may be remembered that, upon the first intimation I received of the Rev. Mr. Despard coming out as general head over the Mission, I wrote home to the Committee; telling them, most distinctly, that I should recognise no head over me *abroad*, for such was not in accordance with my agreement. Upon the arrival of the "Hydaspes" with the Mission party, I was surprised at finding that no letter from the Committee had been brought to me by Mr. Despard. Besides this, I need hardly express how astonished I was to find that neither money nor means to enable me to defray the ship's expenses had been brought out; and that a party of nineteen souls had come to the Falkland Islands, where farinaceous food could not at the time be obtained, and where everything else was scarce and dear, without bringing a single cwt. of provisions with them (except what the Missionary had liberally supplied *himself* with), nor more than twenty-two sovereigns in cash, to purchase anything! But the astonishment was not on my side alone. I was met by the poor people — the farmer whose wife was just confined, and also the servant, with earnest inquiries about the provisions, they having been led to suppose there was plenty in the colony, though a letter from Mr. Despard to me, and dated before his departure from England, admitted his knowledge to the contrary. But it is necessary for me to mention what this party, now come out as missionaries, really was; and, in doing so, I will as much as possible keep to their own statements as given in the Society's publications, and through the press.

It appears, then, that in December, 1855, the Rev. G. P. Despard *offered* * his services to the Committee, and

* Offering his services meant, it appears, the getting a salary of, as I am informed, 600*l.* per annum!

urgently requested to be sent out as their first missionary to South America. This *noble offer* the Committee accepted, and then said:—"He is in the entire possession of the Committee's confidence, and the Committee think they may add, of the confidence of the friends of the Society in general; and there is no person who has a greater claim to the confidence of those who compose the Mission Colony. He purposes, God willing, to sail in the latter end of January, or early in February; and the moment he arrives at the Falklands, will take the superintendence of the whole Mission party into his hands, and put himself into immediate communication with the mainland of South America. Mr. Schmid, who has been an inmate of Mr. Despard's family for the last year, and whose capabilities he has thus had an opportunity of testing, goes out also immediately as the Society's *linguist*, for the purpose of learning and systematising the varied dialects of the South American aborigines.

"The Committee, in availing themselves of Mr. Despard's offer to undertake the Society's work abroad, have not been forgetful of its work at home, which now assumes even more importance than it has done hitherto. They have accordingly appointed the Rev. George Despard, B.A., curate of Lenton, Nottinghamshire, to the office of General Secretary to the Society."

In the provincial press it was stated, and so allowed, that the Reverend Missionary was going out with his wife and family to Patagonia; and everywhere his *devotion*, his *self-sacrifice*, &c., were eulogised; and subscriptions freely flowed in, not only to the general funds, but also to the Missionary himself. The offer of this volunteer being accepted, he went about everywhere gathering money, his expenses, of course, being paid. England, Ireland, and Scotland (pleasant tours these) saw him eloquently pleading for the Fuegians, who were represented in a picture he carried about as most odious, &c. At one place the excitement

he got up was such, that a young man, as he himself has since told me, led away by what was said, offered himself, and of course was soon accepted as a catechist. Poor fellow! He did not appear to much relish his bargain when at Stanley. But, let me give their own words:—

"Your Committee have reason to think that his example was the means of drawing other labourers, also, to the South American mission-field. The Rev. J. F. O., whose munificent donation* had already attested the deep interest he felt in the Society's objects, when he had ascertained Mr. Despard's purpose, requested permission from your Committee—which was gratefully given—to accompany him as an honorary assistant. Neither must it be omitted, that a desire to enjoy the advantage of being associated with an experienced fellow-labourer, was, as your Committee believe, not the least of the immediate causes which conspired to direct the footsteps of one who bears the honoured name of Allen Gardiner, to that missionary field where his father laboured and perished. These missionary labourers, together with Mr. Charles Turpin—who also offered his services as a catechist, and was appointed by your Committee—accompanied by Mrs. Despard and children, a herdsman and his wife, and a carpenter—in all seventeen persons—sailed from Plymouth Sound on the 4th of June last," and, as has been seen, arrived at the Falklands on the last day of August. But the party as above mentioned is not correctly given. I must make it more plain. There was a *governess* amongst them! besides a female servant, and two boys said to be adopted by the Missionary. I should add moreover that Mrs. D. was his *second* wife; and that the total number of persons was nineteen on their arrival at Stanley, one having been born just prior to reaching the Falklands.

* This gentleman had been induced to give 500*l.*! to the Society's funds.

This, then, was the party I met on board of the "Hydaspes." And now a word as to what they had with them.

They told me about eighty tons of goods; but, of all that, there was not an article for myself or wife, though we had written to the Committee on the subject. There was, as I have already said, not a cwt. of provisions for the Mission, nor anything for general use. There was, however, abundance of everything for the Missionary, pianoforte, furniture, books, etc., — and, amongst other things, a cow, obtained as follows: —

"It has been suggested," said a speaker at one of their meetings, "that as our friends are in want of a cow to bring with them, a special fund should be opened for the purpose of buying one, to be called not 'Plymouth,' but by some name which will commemorate the fact of her having been given by Plymouth friends. For this purpose the following sums have been received: — . . .

"But this is not enough to buy the *whole cow;* it is thought that a suitable one cannot be had for less than 16*l.*; and as I am sure our friends would not like to send out *part of a cow*, I shall be glad to receive any contributions that may be given for the purpose. You are aware, also, that no collection has been announced for this evening. Now I understand that no collection was announced for the Clifton farewell meeting either, and that, yet some friends, not wishing to lose the opportunity, held a plate at the doors and received 36*l.*; perhaps, therefore, some kind friend would hold his hat at the door this evening and see what may be got." (Laughter.)

Need I say that a sum was got, not only for the *whole* of a cow, but for the food also! But alas!—for the upshot of so much pious solicitation,—the cow died, just as the ship arrived at Stanley: died from inattention and want of proper food, though special money had been given for the purpose.

There is one circumstance I must now mention, to show the state of things in this Mission party. It appears that though a very long time had been devoted to preparing for the vessel that was to take them out, everything was, as usual, so badly arranged that, when the "Hydaspes" did call at Plymouth for them, the greatest confusion existed. A steamer had to be hired to convey the Missionary, his party and effects, on board; and the goods were all but thrown into the hold, and that without its being possible to prevent it. Amongst other things, a box belonging to the carpenter, who had gone home from the station, and which was, as promised, to have been forwarded to New York, where he then resided, was recklessly brought away to Stanley, where I saw it when the goods were landed. What caused this sudden exit—sudden, because left purposely to the last moment—I don't know.

At the table they all lived luxuriously, except poor Mr. O——, who had given the 500*l.* donation, and equipped himself for the passage.

Such, then, was the party I found on board of the "Hydaspes," on her arrival at the Falklands; and such was the state of things that existed among those missionaries whose arrival I had so long been expecting. A rupture between the two principal among them, dissatisfaction and confusion with all: and yet, without a single letter of authority from the Committee or the owners of the ship to me, the Missionary required acknowledgment of his supreme authority and control over the Mission schooner, and all the Mission property on board of her!

The conversation I had with the Reverend Missionary resulted in nothing definite, except a request that I would take some of the party on board of the schooner and convey them to the town. This I agreed to do, and accordingly the Rev. Mr. O—— and the two catechists got into my boat, and were with me soon afterwards on board of the schooner. It was still blowing very heavy, in fact, quite

a gale, and dead against us; but, for several reasons, I determined to get back to Stanley, and there calmly consider my position, which was one, I clearly saw, requiring a great deal of firmness on my part to do what was right. Meanwhile, let me speak of our return up the port to Stanley. Little did I then think it was to be the last time I should have the schooner under sail in my own hands, after so many months commanding her: little did I imagine it was possible in any place where the British flag was flying, for a lawfully appointed master of a British ship to be summarily ejected without even the shadow of an official investigation. But they do strange things abroad, and, particularly, many strange things at Stanley.

At 3 P.M. we got under way, and as it was deep water, thirteen fathoms, and blowing so heavy, we had to effect some nice manœuvring to do it. But, in the face of the big ship that could not try it, we felt an excusable pride in thus handling our little craft. Indeed, it was one of the wild scenes I delighted in, and in which I could always be more myself than in one completely calm.

No sooner was the anchor up and down, than the vessel began to drag; but, instantly throwing the unhoisted topsail aback, we gave her a stern board to clear the "Hydaspes,"—went round upon her heel,—run the anchor up to the bows, — hoisted the reefed fore and aft canvas, and was speedily sharp on a wind stretching across Port William. But hardly had we got sail set, when it was time to tack again. This was done beautifully, the vessel turning round, in a strong gale, like a top; and the next tack brought us close on the other side of the ship. Here we tacked quite near to her; and in this manner dashing along, across the port angularly from one side to the other,—now making more sail to help her between the squalls, —now reducing it as something heavier came on,—we beat up towards the narrows.

As we neared the narrows, I found that the wind was from a point that would hardly let us get through; and for a moment I hesitated in my mind as to attempting it; but, it was to be. I was for this, the last time, to do the thing after my own heart; and to carry the little vessel up as we had often done before in a gale of wind, and without mishap or damage. I therefore first took her well to windward, and then dashed through the passage by shaving the kelp on the weather point, and only just clearing the rocks to leeward as we swiftly passed. It was touch and go; and all hands were at their stations ready to tack in the narrows if needed. Once I had it on my tongue to give the order; but, instead of it, and perceiving that there was good way on the ship, I sung out to "shake her up a little," and this answered. We got through well; and, after a few more tacks, finally anchored abreast of the dockyard at 6 P. M.

It must not be supposed, because I mention these doings of my own, that they are peculiar to myself. On the contrary, there are men at Stanley who can handle a craft in a gale of wind, and in that part—and, if in that part, I may say in any part—of the world, as well as any one. I have seen the two pilots, Melville and Rutter, turning their vessels round, and some of them large ships, too, as neatly and as gracefully as ladies dancing in a ball-room. For daring hardihood, skilful and delicate manœuvring of their craft, large and small, I can back the Falkland Island rovers of Stanley against any sailors in the world. Like our noble boatmen at home, they are all but amphibious; and, as such, are perfect masters whenever they are upon the water.

After we had anchored, I received the usual kind and friendly invitation from His Excellency to spend the evening with himself and family, and to bring my new friends. Accordingly, after changing my dress, I went on shore, and there had the pleasure of introducing

to the Governor those of the missionaries I had brought up from the "Hydaspes." An agreeable and a pleasant evening we all enjoyed; but when did we not at that friendly and hospitable table, which to myself and wife was almost like a home? Its recollection, and also that of others, comes over me like a pleasant dream suddenly broken by the hideous fangs of some dark-looking monster, envious alike of the little pleasures and comforts afforded us, as well as of what we contrived to do in the work of the Mission.

On the following day, the "Hydaspes" was brought up to Stanley, and anchored off the dockyard, not far from us. I had previously solicited, and the Governor had most kindly granted, the use of a spare store-room and shed in the dockyard to place therein all the effects brought out by the party; and as the "Hydaspes" was limited in her stay here to two clear days, there was no time to be lost in getting her discharged. But now came the difficulty; who was to see to all this? Private property, and barely any Mission effects, it should have fallen upon Mr. Superintendent, as he speedily called himself; but not so. He gave his orders, and the *catechists* were directed to do the work on board the "Hydaspes;" and I was asked "if I would be so good as to employ my crew in landing the goods." This was done; and never have I seen such a quantity of goods so shamefully put into a vessel and out again as those were. Many of them were unpacked, and, except the personal property of the reverend gentleman and his family, everything was in the most lamentable confusion. The catechists were employed as labourers in taking the things to his house in Stanley; and, on one occasion, when the pigs that Mr. Gardiner, Captain Gardiner's son, was carrying, got adrift, he had a rare and ridiculous chase to recover them.

CHAP. XLII.

A Missionary's Mode of treating a Donor of 500*l*.—A true Christian.—Remarkable Explanation given by the Committee's Secretary.—Attempt of the Missionary to obtain Control over the Vessel.—Various Plans adopted by him to place the Author in a false Position.—A Schooner chartered at a high Price.—The Author seeks official Advice, and acts thereon.—He prepares for Sea.—Has much difficulty in getting Men to work for the Mission.—Finally obtains a temporary Crew, and receives official Authority for his Departure.—Is *requested* by the Magistrate to delay his Departure.—Extraordinary Proceedings consequent thereon.—Seizure of the Vessel by the Civil Power.—All hearing in Court, on Investigation refused.

THE second morning after the "Hydaspes" had arrived in Stanley Harbour, I was unexpectedly visited at an early hour by the Rev. Mr. O——, who with the others had returned to the "Hydaspes" until finally leaving her. He was much agitated, and upon my making inquiries as to the cause, he bitterly complained of the treatment he met with at the hands of Mr. Despard. "A shoe-black would be better than he." "He was not fit to preach to pigs," and many other similar expressions did the "Missionary Superintendent" apply to him. But words were not all. He made Mr. O——'s life miserable; took away (as if by mistake) part of the wood-house he had brought out with him; and, finally, compelled him to separate himself from the party and remain at Stanley, at a time of great

scarcity and high prices, without means, and with no funds to help him! Mr. O—— showed *his* really Christian heart (*I* could never equal him in this) by gradually falling in to his circumstances, and bearing his lot with meekness and resignation. It is well, however, that all in the world are not so, else nothing would ever come to light. Suffice it, that even what I am now doing is against his wish; for he asked of me, "on account of the ill it would be to the cause of religion," not to speak of him unless obliged. *I am obliged.* I should be less than man were I not to bring this gentleman's treatment before the public, and especially before those patrons and subscribers who have so freely given money to this Mission. Yet the Committee do not hesitate to put forth the following statement:—

"As regards Mr. O., our readers will agree with us in saying, that he can scarcely be said to have gone out in the service of the Society. He volunteered to accompany our Missionary, paying all his own expenses, after having contributed very largely to the funds of the Society. Of course, then, the Committee never considered themselves responsible for his selection as one of their agents, although, judging of his zeal in the cause from his sacrifices of money, home, domestic ties, &c., they could not but indulge a sanguine hope that he would prove a valuable auxiliary. They regret to say that in that hope they have not been sustained by subsequent events. Mr. O., perhaps, from the peculiarity of his position, has claimed an independence of action, which of course was quite inadmissible if he was to be recognised as one of our Missionaries. Indeed, some strange hallucination of mind seems to have seized him, almost from the moment of the arrival of the Mission party at Stanley, to be accounted for only on the ground of ill health, or some sinister representations made to him by certain parties there. Very shortly after landing, he resigned his connection with the Mission, and thenceforth

spoke and acted as one who had reason to feel aggrieved. In proof that Mr. O. was the victim of some unaccountable delusion, Mr. Despard has transmitted home the following curious document in the shape of a letter written to him by Mr. Havers, a Roman Catholic gentleman at Stanley, and Manager of the Falkland Islands Company."

That letter was an offer to charter the "Allen Gardiner" for the Rev. Mr. O——, who had spoken to me about it, and to employ her at the real work of the Mission amongst the natives, and not to let her go trading, as was intended by the Missionary, and was actually done.

Some days passed on, and many more strange things came to light, that astonished me; and as a reason for the course I pursued in this matter, let me briefly mention what was the view I now took of the whole affair. With regard to my own affairs, I soon put matters before Mr. Superintendent in a business manner. Had he brought me money to pay myself and ship? "No, he had not;" nor did he choose to tell me how it was to be got, except I went as before, and tried to get it by bill on the owners. "Had he"—as he thought fit to claim authority over me, over the vessel and her contents—"had he brought out any legal document, power of attorney, or even a letter from the Committee or Owners of the ship to me?" Again, "No, he had not;" but "he had his instructions, and those he intended to act upon." "Are those instructions addressed to me?" I asked. "They were simply addressed to him." "Then I cannot—I dare not as a British shipmaster, responsible to the law for the faithful discharge of my duty to the owners of this vessel (the Society at large), give you right and control over her." And thus the matter stood, he not even showing me his instructions, nor producing one single proof that he was so much as authorised by the Committee to act in this way, until one day, about a week or more afterwards, in walking along the road, he hastily held out to me a folded printed paper, and showed me a

paragraph which, as far as I could see, gave him power over the schooner, but it was signed by his cousin,—was not addressed to me, and, moreover, was against my own agreement and instructions. However, I told him then, that, while I would not, and in fact dare not, acknowledge his authority over me and the vessel, yet I would endeavour to do all he wished as a friend, provided such was in accordance with my own instructions. What rendered the matter more doubtful to me was, that instead of his bringing me a letter from the Committee, which could have been done in three lines, directing me, if they wished it, to give the vessel to him, he on the contrary brought and presented to me a letter of introduction, which he had gone to a kind and influential friend of mine and obtained as a sort of passport to my favour. Moreover, at this very time a mail arrived, and brought me by post a letter from the Committee, where not a single word of my being placed under this man was mentioned. Indeed, I was written to as if I were the chief; and was desired to kindly remember the Committee to the whole party. And so the next mail, and again the following one, did I receive letters, without a sentence on the point, though they were replies to my communications expressly stating that I should acknowledge no head over me against my especial agreement.

Such, then, was the case on the 9th of September, when I told him that on the morrow I should be compelled to discharge my crew according to their agreement; and not one of them would stop to do any more "Missionary" work out there. Only on certain conditions would any of them re-ship, and those conditions were that they should be finally discharged in England. To all this he then made no reply.

On the morrow, and in the presence of two of the Mission party, I tried to persuade the men to stop, but failed, and having drawn the necessary funds from the same party as I had done before,—doing it as Captain of the ship, and with the advice and concurrence of the new

Missionary Superintendent,—I paid the crew and discharged them. Immediately *afterwards* Mr. Missionary sent me a *written* request—the first of any kind in writing—to convey him and his party to Keppel Island!

Now any one will easily understand the subtlety of the scheme. While I had a crew no request was sent to me: but the moment they had left me, and I was unable to get men, then this Reverend Missionary (though himself vainly asking the men to stop, and thus knowing that I was without help) sent me a letter which he knew I could not comply with. But he had not caught me as he supposed. I immediately wrote to the Governor, and enclosed a copy of that letter, and also of my reply. On the next day I again wrote to the Governor, calling his attention to the fact that two persons belonging to the Patagonian Mission were on Keppel Island; and inquiring whether, as a Mission Superintendent was in Stanley, I would now be free from all farther responsibility. A vague reply came back, which, however, so far eased my mind as to make me clear of any moral responsibility that could now attach to any one if these two men perished or wanted food.

On the 12th I received another letter from the Missionary, which was evidently intended to put me in a false position. Thereupon I called in my chief mate, who with one or two of the men remained on board on day pay to look after the vessel, and, in presence of three of the Mission party, put questions to him as to the possibility of my being able to comply with the contents of that letter. He replied strongly in the negative, and added much more of an impressive character about the Missionary's doings that I need not repeat.

The same evening I was informed by the Colonial Manager, who came purposely to ask me about it, that the Missionary had been to him to charter one of their vessels. "Had I a knowledge of it? Was it right?" I replied that "I had no knowledge of it, and that in my opinion

it was anything but right." However, the charter was effected at a heavy sum; and, seeing the madness, or something worse, that was at work, I tried every means to get men, that I might, if able to do nothing else, yet go round to Keppel Island with the chartered schooner, which, I was informed, was to take the houses and personal effects of the missionaries thither. I told Mr. Despard this, and promised to do what I could, even if I went short-handed, always with the understanding that I did it without acknowledging his authority; for that once acknowledged, I could not recall it, and my position as Master of the ship would be a nullity. All this was nominally agreed to: in reality, however, he made the case different, as will presently be seen.

Meanwhile I tried all I could to get new men, but in vain. None would join the vessel to do any more of the Mission work in the Falklands. At last I got two for three months, and one for one month, on certain conditions; and, to complete my crew, I wrote to the Captain of H. M. S. "Siren," which happened to be in Stanley Harbour, and asked for the loan of two men for a short period, promising to pay all their expenses back to their ship, if in Monte Video or Rio Janeiro, whither the "Siren" was bound. I received a courteous reply regretting that not a man could be spared, as there happened to be many on the sick list. In this dilemma I sought the Governor's advice, and it will be sufficient for me here to state that in all I afterwards did I acted with this advice greatly influencing me. On the 17th I received another dictatorial letter from Mr. Despard; to which, however, I did not choose to reply, having previously told him that our correspondence as well as intercourse, if he persisted in such extreme measures, must cease. The extreme measures were these. He wanted me to take all his party round to Keppel Island as they were; though, as I have already mentioned, he had brought no provisions for them; I had none

in the ship to spare, and none could be obtained except at a high price, and flour* and bread not at all in the colony. I refused, and I shall ever be glad that I did so. He, however, took them round in the chartered schooner, without fuel or any farinaceous food except a very small quantity, even if they had that; for he said they could live upon Indian corn and beef, and did not even want fire.

That evening my wife and I were again invited to dine at Government House, where we had the pleasure of meeting Captain Otway, of the "Siren." I allude to it merely to say that if there was any doubt as to the propriety of the course I was pursuing, or had I, as has been urged, been engaged improperly with the vessel, such invitations would not have been so often and so kindly extended to us. Moreover, what was said that evening by his Excellency ought to be well remembered by Captain Otway, and those to whom he addressed the complimentary remarks concerning me.

On the following morning at an early hour the missionary and his party sailed from Stanley in the schooner he had chartered, and without a word of explanation to me. I now determined to go round, shorthanded as I was, fearing some disaster would occur to them. I therefore went to Government Office to ship the two or three men I had got, on the terms they themselves named; but, to my surprise, I was informed that a protest had been made against my going to sea, and that this protest was signed by the store-keeper, Dean, who had, as he said, been appointed by Despard as his agent; thus actually nullifying his own

* They were without flour at the Mission station until one of Her Majesty's vessels was employed to take it from England, and delivered it in March. This fact is easily explained; for the captain of that steam sloop of war is, as I believe, a most excellent man, but a committee-man, as is also another captain, holding a high government appointment, and is or was pecuniarily interested in the cattle at the Falklands.

powers, for in law no agent can appoint an agent,—except I ought to say in Stanley, where *anything* can be done by those who hold office or have money, even in spite of the Governor. Now here the reader will see another stroke of the cunning and duplicity working against me. On the day before I had received from Despard a letter *directing me to go round to Keppel Island;* this morning he leaves word to stop me *by any means*, if I attempt to go to sea. Thus then I was told one moment to do a something, which, if I attempted to do, I was to be stopped in at any hazard. But I believe if there is justice anywhere under the British flag, what now occurred will be found to have been a rather hazardous stroke on the part of those concerned in it. However, to my tale. Seeing the state I was likely to be placed in, I again asked the Governor whether now, having read Despard's instructions, which I had not, and heard all he had to say, I should be acting wrong in what I was doing. His emphatic reply was, "Captain Snow, you are your own master. No one dare molest you. If Mr. Despard went down upon his knees and begged and prayed of me to stop you going where you chose, I could not." Upon this I set at nought everything but my simple line of duty according to my instructions. Had the Committee wished me to have done otherwise, they could by a letter have told me so. On the contrary, they had not made a single intimation thereof; but had actually underlined the following words, "Remember *you are our captain.*"

On the 19th, an important day for me, I once more made an attempt to get men; and finally succeeded in persuading those I have previously mentioned to join on certain express terms. I got permission from his Excellency, as Chief Commissioner of Customs, to ship these men for a cruise, which was to include the calling at Keppel Island, and visits to Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia. Everything was in due order and perfectly clear;

even though a protest against my going to sea had been made by Dean; but, to my surprise, a stop to all my labours was made that afternoon. And thus it occurred:—

It appears that Despard, having brought no money out with him, found it necessary to draw upon the Society at home, to the amount of 250*l.*, in the character of "superintendent," and, consequently, endangering the vessel for the purpose. Now the money which I, as captain, had to draw, to the same amount, I had taken care should be by bill on the owners, and not in any shape or form as a lien on the ship*; and when I paid the crew, I did it in presence of others belonging to the Mission, so that no shadow of wrong in this money matter could be justly imputed to me. Of this sum the balance that remained in my hands I handed over to Despard, and received from him his receipt for it. But on no account whatever would I allow Dean to get a hold upon the ship by having the amounts put upon the register. It would seem to have been the main object which he and Despard had in view; but I would not consent to it. If Despard chose to borrow money, and only just out from England, where it was said the Society had abundance in the bank, I, at all events, would not agree to the ship being pledged for it; and as for the sum I had got for the use of the ship, it would be met in the usual way; if not paid at home, then it would have to be by the ship. In consequence of this determination, Dean, on finding that I was going to sea, went personally to the Governor, complaining about his 500*l.* The Governor, however, told him that he could not interfere; if he had advanced that sum, or any portion of it, to Despard, then to Despard he must look. Upon this, Mr. Dean went to the Magistrate, and made

* The advance of this money was no *favour to me* personally. If I could not have got it the ship must have suffered, or rather the Society.

oath that I was going to sea improperly; though at that very moment I had my clearance papers, register, and every official document duly signed, and legally handed over to me to go to sea.

It was in the afternoon of this day, the 19th, that, having purchased what things were necessary, and bade farewell to friends on shore, I prepared to get under way for Keppel Island. At this time Mrs. Moore, the Governor's lady, was on board, having kindly come off for an hour or two to see my wife and say good bye. Of course I could do no less than myself take her on shore in the gig, and while doing this I left the mate orders to heave in the chain, and be ready for getting up the anchor.

On our way to Government House I saw a man-of-war's boat leaving the jetty having in it His Excellency and the stipendiary Magistrate, on their way to dine on board of the "Siren," anchored halfway towards the Narrows. As we neared, I was hailed; and, upon closing each other, the magistrate stepped into my boat, saying he had something to privately communicate to me. To my amazement, he then asked me to give him my word not to go to sea that evening, as he had sufficient reasons to show me on the morrow against my going away. Of course I demurred, stating that it was an extraordinary proceeding; one not even in the usual order of legal measures; and as I, a British ship master, had been properly and officially cleared out for sea, and had got all my papers on board, to sea I would go. Whereupon he urged and entreated of me to consent; "for," said he, "one night can make no difference to you (I begged his pardon, however, for it was a fair wind), and I pledge my word I will show you good and sufficient cause to-morrow morning at ten for my having thus requested you." Seeing his earnestness, and suspecting nothing of what afterwards occurred, I was induced to give my word;—landed Mrs. Moore, who seemed rather alarmed, and then returned to my own vessel. Had

I not given my word, some definite act on their part would have been needed at that moment; but I am reminded of what was really true, that the very act of the magistrate was a public acknowledgment of my honesty of intention and integrity, otherwise my bare word would have been considered valueless. As it was, the mere asking for it, and then being satisfied when I had pledged it, was and is strong proof in my favour. . . .

Upon my return to the ship I stopped getting under way, and then immediately despatched a note to the Colonial Manager,—he being not personally interested in this matter,—and asked him as a merchant, and cognisant of the affairs of shipping, to advise me. The result was that he promised to act for me, if need be, on the morrow, and himself, as agent for me (there being no lawyer in the colony), demand why such a strange procedure had been adopted.

The next morning, at the hour named, I went on shore, and, accompanied by my friend, who waited outside to be in readiness, I was shown into the *private* office, and there found the Magistrate and Dean. What passed does not surprise me *now*, though it did then, because I believed that British justice was universal wherever British dominion had sway. Before the magistrate, who once made an effort to check him, Mr. Dean told me that I was nothing but a common hired servant—Despard was my master—*he* also was my master now, as agent for Despard—and *he* would forbid my going to sea no matter what Despard had written to the contrary about my going round to Keppel; and if I went anywhere he would accuse me of Barratry! I had some sort of explanation afforded me to the effect that Despard wished Dean to keep me and the vessel at Stanley until the return of the former, though I actually held in my hand that person's letter requesting me to follow him to the Mission station. I saw, therefore, that the plot was fast thickening, and

that in Stanley it would be useless for me to hope to stand against it single-handed.* Nevertheless, I remained firm, determined, even apart from my personal feelings and everything relating to the Mission, to see what could be done in retaining my position as a British ship-master, guilty of no illegal or improper act, and with all my papers clear and full. I therefore demurred to the whole affair, as in my opinion not being a legal proceeding; and the magistrate accordingly decided on consulting his brother magistrates (rather J.P.'s, one of whom was Dean, and the other two Dean's personal and intimate friends), and promised to give me in an hour or two the answer with a copy of the affidavit said to be sworn to by Dean. I consented to wait until the end of that time, but no longer, as I admitted no one abroad to have right or control over a British registered vessel except the captain appearing on that register, unless the law officers chose to order the contrary. If so, then some overt act proving this should be done, so that the responsibility of taking a vessel from her captain might fall on the right shoulders. That overt act I now desired might be shown, and an open investigation made; but this was refused me, on the plea that it would be "too long to get a Court formed."

I should mention that it was now I heard for the first time of the large sums drawn from Dean by Despard †; and I must say that, had I known it before, it would have induced me to have put myself in communication with him about it; for I regretted he had lent it, though as it afterwards appeared he wanted to get the ship, and thus lent the money to him who he considered was the acting owner of her.

* I should mention that the wife and governess, with his family, remained behind at Stanley.

† How is it that such was necessary if the funds of the Society are as represented by the Committee?

In addition to what I have mentioned as a plan resorted to for detaining me, another trick was adopted. Nearly a twelvemonth previous, I had, at Dean's request, bought a quarter of beef from a man named Bowden, a friend of Dean, buying for him at auctions, &c. Now, according to my invariable custom in all things relating to the ship, I had settled for this beef almost immediately after it had been sent on board, paying for it through Dean, and receiving a receipt in due form. Yet a claim was now put in for this amount, no doubt in the idea that, like many sailors, I might be careless of my receipts, or that, in the hurry of getting under way, I should be unable to put my hand upon that particular one. But, pressed and driven as I was, they found themselves mistaken. I searched for the receipt,—took it on shore, and asked Bowden how he could dare send me a claim for what had been paid months back? He pretended a mistake, and so forth; but it was strange that such a mistake was made at just such a moment. The idea, no doubt, was to arrest me upon that claim, and so cause detention; and, as several persons in the colony said to me, I ought to have let them do so; and then—if it had been anywhere but Stanley—have made them suffer heavily for it.

At the expiration of the time named, I again saw the Magistrate, who said that it was his conviction and that of his brother magistrates that "Mr. Despard was fully authorised to take control over me and the vessel."

"Very well, Sir," I replied; "I am bound to obey your decision. Such will be enough for me as a British ship-master in a British colony; but a mere *verbal* intimation is of course nothing. I require, if you please, some written proof, or some overt act that you, as the representative of the law, have so decided. It appears that I am wrong in the construction I have put upon my lawful position as master on the register. Therefore I shall be happy to bend to your decision, on some direct proof being furnished

to me, whereby I may hereafter hold myself blameless for what may follow in thus being compelled to give up the control of that ship placed in my hands for three years by the owners and the authorities in England." At first the Magistrate demurred: but he finally promised that an official warrant of detention should be sent to me in an hour. This hour, however, was, I fancied, likely to be another prelude to more delays; consequently I ventured to remind the Magistrate that I had already waited nearly a whole day; that the wind was fair, my papers on board; my men and my ship ready; and therefore I could wait no longer. If there was aught on my part that required the cognisance of the law, then the law must at once act; and by an open court take the usual proceedings. I left him with the clear understanding that I should wait no longer than the hour; and as there was a fair breeze and a strong one, if something was not then done, off to sea for Keppel Island, I would go.

I was not aware, however, that the two guns of the fort were trailed out and pointed at me; and that H.M.S. "Siren" had received orders to fire if I attempted to pass her in the harbour, as though I were some notorious pirate or smuggler, instead of a too faithful servant of the Society, and one on friendly terms with and respected by the Governor and the Naval Officers visiting the port.

Upon returning on board, I sent my men to their dinner preparatory to any measures I might think fit to adopt afterwards; and during the period they were below I well considered as to what I had better do. The course I was now pursuing was, as near as possible, one that would keep me clear of all personal liability, inasmuch as if Despard was really the acting owner of the vessel, I was after all only about to obey his directions in going to Keppel Island as soon as I could get a crew. The plea, therefore, of "disobedience of orders," was but another

subterfuge to try and get rid of me. However, at the expiration of the hour, I called the men up, and gave orders for taking the ship to sea. The mainsail was loosed, and, if I remember rightly, the Blue Peter—as a signal for departure—was hoisted.

At this time we were lying at about a stone's-cast from the Government dockyard; and, knowing that the constables were ordered to watch my movements, I directed that all noise should be made in heaving in the chain cable, so that they might be fully cognisant of my proceedings. It had the desired effect. As soon as these symptoms were presented on board the vessel of a determination on my part to go to sea, a boat hastily put off from the Dockyard jetty, and pulled towards us. Expecting something of the kind, I was quite prepared what to do when it came alongside; and, telling the men to go on heaving up the anchor, I called my officers aft to witness, and record in their log, what took place. And now let me briefly ask the reader to remember this simple fact:—The schooner under my command was a British vessel, duly registered, owned by a certain Society, myself, her appointed captain for three years, and my instructions and agreement fulfilled by me to the letter. I had been eulogised, and "my conduct highly approved of" by the Society owning the vessel; and now, with a legal and formal "clearance out for sea," and every right and proper paper on board given by the highest authority—the Governor himself—a naval captain telling me I was doing what was right,—yet that vessel, in those Falkland Islands, a British colonial possession, was taken from me, her lawful master, and that upon the mere *ipse dixit* of another man coming out with no legal document to back him, and without any investigation or inquiry being allowed in public court. Such is the fact; and such is Stanley, Falkland Islands.

As soon as the boat came within hail, and knowing how

important it was for the mercantile interests generally that if this strange affair really became serious, the whole of it should be clearly understood, I spoke as if I were a perfect stranger to the place and its inhabitants. I remembered only this,—that I was a British shipmaster, with no crime even imputed to me, and with everything clear and correct on board; and moreover I considered that, had it been supposed I was likely to do what was wrong, my ship's papers could easily have been demanded back by the Governor who had given them to me. I was therefore to consider, that — not as a mere individual, but as a shipmaster calling at a colonial port, and now cleared out and ready for sea — I was to act; and act I did, as firmly as I could under the circumstances. As the boat approached, the following colloquy took place:—

"Boat ahoy! Are you coming to my ship?"

"Yes."

"What boat is it?"

"Government boat."

"Government boat,—you may come alongside. Mr. May, order the ladder to be lowered for some one from Government boat."

As the boat touched the vessel I said, "What, pray, is your business here?"

"To see you, Captain Snow," was the reply.

"You must address me simply as captain of a British vessel in a British port, and not as knowing me personally," I remarked; "therefore, who and what are you in Government boat, now coming alongside this ship when about going to sea?"

At this question the men—three in number—looked astonished, inasmuch as, of course, I knew them well, one being Melville the pilot, another his man, and the third Parry the constable; and with a laugh they said so. But, with no laugh on my features, I again quietly but firmly put the question, the men still heaving away, as I had

ordered them, at the anchor. This time the reply was—"The Chief Constable of Stanley!"

"Chief Constable of Stanley," then, said I, "what is your business here?"

"To deliver a warrant for the detention of this vessel!"

"Very well: you may come aboard.—Mr. May, allow the Chief Constable of Stanley to come on board. But, don't you stop, men;—heave away; there's a great deal of chain out,—and, as yet, you obey my orders. So, heave away!"

The Constable having now come on board, I again demanded his business; whereupon he began to read, as well as he could,—for he was in this respect very imperfect,—a warrant addressed to some one with a different Christian name to myself, and moreover in other respects informal, as my two mates and myself easily saw. I therefore at once objected, and said, "Chief Constable of Stanley, Her Majesty's Government here having cleared me for sea, I must request that, unless you want to take a passage with me, you will vacate this vessel, the paper in your hands not being addressed to any one on board of the name there mentioned; and moreover it is informal. Have you any other document or authority to give you power for remaining another moment against my wish on the deck of a vessel I command?"

"You don't choose to admit this, then?" said he. "You know it is to you; and I tell you I am here to stop the vessel from going to sea."

"No doubt, quite right, Chief Constable," I replied; "but I must see and have in my possession some better proof of your authority than what you have been reading to me,—as far as I could understand your reading it,—therefore, I must decline to lose this fair wind by longer attention to you. Good-day,"—and then walking forward I cheered the men, who were working lustily at the windlass.

Poor Parry, the Constable, was evidently much flustered, and as it was blowing and sprinkling with rain at the time, there would have been little difficulty, had I been so inclined, in slipping the cable, and being off to sea in comparatively a moment, especially as I really believe I should have been justified in doing so, having my papers on board and no legal deed yet put in force to stop me; but such was not my intention. I was, as I trust I shall always be found, ever a supporter of the authorities — especially in distant lands—rather than otherwise, even though, as in the present case, I considered an act to be unjust. But before I could admit or acknowledge Parry's right to be on board, I wanted some direct legal act to show to the authorities and public at home that a British vessel on her lawful voyage was seized out of the hands of her lawful captain. Accordingly I proceeded with the work of getting ready for sea; whereupon Parry came forward in a very flustered manner, and sang out, "I command you, in her Majesty's name, to stop heaving in the anchor!" At the sound of Her Majesty's name, I, expecting this, quietly said to the men who still worked on, looking at me for orders, "You hear this, men! In Her Majesty's name you are ordered by an officer of the Crown to desist. If you take my advice you will instantly do so. It is not my order, for I have nothing legally placed in my hands that would enable me to issue such an order. But it will be at your peril if you resist Her Majesty's official servant." It was done! hardly a second elapsed before the men had left off, as ordered by the Constable, and from that moment the ship was in the hands of the civil power!

I now turned to my two officers, and in presence of the Constable and my crew protested against the seizure of the vessel from my hands; and then, addressing the first and second mates, said,—"Mr. De May, Mr. Stockdale,—You will each of you go and officially record this transaction in the ship's log, in your own words, accord-

ing to your own ideas, and as you have witnessed and can hereafter swear to. You will also attend me in the cabin, to see, and be able to record that you have seen, the ship's papers, clearance, and register perfectly correct and in my possession. After that, you will carefully and hourly note down the events that may occur on board this vessel, now seized by force from my hands."

All this was done, and then I went on shore to officially inquire of the Magistrate why such an extraordinary proceeding had occurred in a British port, where, at all events, a *hearing* in open court would have been expected, and allowed, before such an extreme measure was adopted as that of seizing a vessel from her lawful Captain, and that, too, in the face of the Governor's authority granted to the captain for going to sea.

It was now not 3 P.M., and of course I went to the Magistrate, whom I found smoking his pipe at *Dean's* instead of being at the office. But an open investigation was refused me; and when, an hour afterwards, the colonial manager, as temporary agent and adviser for me, personally applied to the Magistrate, and submitted that the affidavit of Dean, upon which the seizure had been made, "did not disclose any good and sufficient reasons for so important a step as the detention of a British vessel already cleared out for Keppel Island, and about to proceed to sea upon the lawful service required of the master by his owners, and that said affidavit might be satisfactorily answered upon a hearing," he was told by the Magistrate that "having considered the facts that had come before him, he could not arrive at any decision that appeared to him more likely to meet the justice of the case than that which he had already announced and acted upon. *Therefore it would be a needless waste of time to bring the matter into Public Court, wherein Captain Snow could only reiterate the arguments already advanced on his behalf; and he, the Magistrate, could only repeat his decision.*" Consequently, I

had nothing to do but remain, as I have said in my appeal to the Home Government, passive in the hands of the law, merely drawing up a formal Protest against the whole proceedings. I then returned on board; and at 5 P. M. the magistrate, with some difficulty and much wetting, for it was blowing a gale of wind, came off to the vessel, and remodelled and altered the warrant for the detention of the schooner. Personally I was at liberty to go where I pleased, there being no charge against me, or even an act of implied wrong imputed. I attended to the vessel's safety, and even put her in renewed good order by employing the men upon the rigging and hull; and thus ten days more passed away.

What I felt and suffered in one sense, and what my wife endured is not to be spoken of here. Enough to say, that had we fallen into the hands of the Spaniards in the days of Cortes, we could not have been subjected to more refined cruelty and injustice than we had to experience at the hands of this "Patagonian Missionary Society" and its agents.

The first opportunity afforded me I wrote home to the Society an account of all this, naturally—in the absence of positive orders to the contrary—thinking that I should receive redress; more particularly when I afterwards received letter after letter up to the date of September 8th, from Bristol, all expressed in the same terms as usual, and without a word as to my giving up the power and authority to Mr. Despard, though they had a full knowledge of my intention not to admit any one over me against my agreement. The result, however, has been very different from what I had imagined; and to support their "missionary" and the Secretary they, in their own words, "sacrifice" me.

At the end of about ten days the missionary returned to Stanley, and sent on board a letter ordering me to give up the vessel and leave her at "three hours'" notice. Not a

word of wrong was imputed to me, except that I was opposed to the plans*; but after making one more effort with the magistrate to get a hearing without effect, and upon being ordered by him to obey this summary ejectment from what was indeed our home, I immediately did so. Inwardly, I was rejoiced at this, as the world would now know what a "missionary" work really was. I was, moreover, heartily glad to be out of such an illconducted and—as I considered it — inconsistent work: but, nevertheless, *three hours* was short notice; and after all the planning, and fitting, and arrangements, with the attendant expense that I had gone through for an engagement of three years, I think it was rather a strange way of illustrating Christian conduct in missionary life. However, as it was almost impossible to vacate the vessel in *three hours* (for as the reader may remember I had a large quantity of effects on board), and also on account of my wife, I requested *permission* to remain three days instead of hours. A reply was given me *graciously* extending the indulgence; but before that time I had packed up my things and sent them on shore, ready myself to go also. The vessel, her stores, material, and the balance of money in my hands and belonging to the Society, were all handed over to him whom the Magistrate chose to call "owner of the ship;" though the vessel was built by public subscription: but I asked for money to defray the expenses of myself and wife home to England, and also to support us on shore until we could get home. All and everything was, however, refused, the object apparently being to prevent our returning to any place where our voice could be heard in a manner likely to

* I here again repeat my perfect satisfaction at having been so. The Society, — or rather the man and his friends who are the Society, — may employ all the subscriptions they get for "*missionary*" purposes to try and ruin me, as they have tried; but my pride and my glory is that I acted as I did, and that my vow, registered in Spaniard's Harbour, has not been broken.

elicit truth. Food we had none, nor a bed to lie upon, until, from my small amount of ready cash, I bought of Mr. Missionary, and paid him for a little common ship's biscuit and pork*, and the second-hand bedding we had been using. Thus, then, after two years' hard and faithful service, the man who had "placed the Society in the favourable position it now occupies," and was ever applauded and spoken well of by that Society, was, with his wife, thanked in deeds by suddenly at one blow reducing them next to beggary, and turning them on shore 8000 miles from England, without food or means to get any, or to reach their native home! Such is a Patagonian *missionary* work!—yet, if the "*missionary*" from that sentence could be expunged, I am certain that the Patagonian himself would have shown more mercy than this *Christian* Society did.

* I had to pay sixpence per pound for ten pounds of pork, and fourpence halfpenny per pound for the hardest kind of biscuit; besides two pounds sterling for the old mattress, &c. The receipts for these I cherish as *missionary* documents.

CHAP. XLIII.

Paralysing Effect of the sudden Change. — Occupy an empty stone Building. — Contrivances to make it suitable as a Home. — General Sympathy displayed by the Colonists.—Departure of the "Allen Gardiner," with the Missionary, on a trading Trip.—Generous Kindness of a Frenchman, and also of the Ship's Cook.—Daily Visits to a look-out Hill.—Arrival of an homeward-bound Vessel.—A Passage secured in her.—Sale of the Author's Effects, to enable him to get Home.—Bid Adieu to Stanley.—Once more free.—A quick Voyage Home.—The Azores passed.—A heavy Gale encountered on Christmas Day.—A splendid first Sight of Old England.—Beautiful Weather and favourable Breezes.—A speedy Run up Channel.—The Pilot taken on Board.—Land at Ramsgate, and close the Old Year, as well as the Voyage, by arriving in London that Evening.

A NEW, and, to me, an all but paralysing change in my life, was now about to commence. For the past two years and a half, I had been living on board ship with all wants supplied, and a system of regularity and order in our mode of living and in our habits. But now, suddenly, at one blow, the whole was reversed, and everything was to be a laborious up-hill attempt to get even common food for ourselves. At this time the colony was in a state next to starvation. Flour and farinaceous food could not be got; and, except beef, there was hardly anything eatable to be obtained. Moreover, there are no cheap lodging-houses or small furnished cottages to go into, and consequently we were much in the same position as if actually cast upon some uninhabited island; for it was not only very little ready money we had, but also it was not

often a vessel called in which any one could get away unless at an exceedingly high price. Then the shock to my wife, on being suddenly, at three hours' notice, ordered out of her snugly-made home on board of the vessel, was such as to call for my constant attention to her. Altogether, I had quite enough to do; and perhaps it was fortunate that I had, as it helped to keep me from too much thought of a painful and exciting nature.

My first act had been to secure any empty house that could shelter us; and, fortunately, I found one vacant belonging to the Falkland Company. It was a stone building of six rooms, and without any hesitation I engaged it for a month at the rate of 30*l.* per annum, with no taxes to pay, there being none except for dogs, &c. in the colony. I then engaged boats and labour, and watching a favourable opportunity in the weather, thus contrived to get my things on shore with only a trifling damage. The expense of doing this was necessarily very great, and made me anxiously look to the small sum that fortunately I had belonging to myself. The trouble in getting everything into the house would have been much greater, even great as it always is in a colony with so little labour at command, had it not been for the ready assistance and sympathy shown by the people generally. But when the first excitement was over, and at the end of forty-eight hours after the order to quit had been given, we were housed on shore with some fifty hastily packed cases, trunks, and bundles around us, a reaction took place that was terrible.

That night on shore was passed as best we could on the bare floor; nevertheless, we were soon able to get tolerably comfortable, and even the first twenty-four hours saw something like an appearance of a home. I knew that we might have to stay on the islands months before we could get away, and therefore my principal endeavour was to give my wife a place to live in, no matter how humble or

how much of a makeshift it really was. Accordingly, I at once bought some planking (exceedingly high-priced in the colony), and made a sort of four-post bedstead by nailing pieces to the joists, and covering them with calico, and putting hangings round it of the same material. I then made washstand, tables, seats, &c. in a similar way, covering everything with chintz or suitable stuff. Paper was bought and tacked upon the bare walls; book-shelves put up, and decorated with red cloth to look like something better; curtains to windows; horse-cloths bought at the store—for carpets; emptied cases covered and turned into chairs; and a sofa made from a long broad plank resting on two wine-boxes, and with chintz covering over a sacking stuffed with straw. Fire-irons were lent us by some of the working class, vegetables and milk sent us by others, and sympathy evinced everywhere, except among the half dozen people that were compelled to keep in with Dean the banker.

Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Sibbald called on the first day to express the sympathy I am sure they felt; and his Excellency, as a private gentleman, most kindly strove to cheer us up. Captain Sibbald called several times; and Mr. Havers, besides personal sympathy on the part of himself and wife, gave me his valuable services in reference to my protest and such matters as required that legal advice which the colony did not possess. When, after a day or two, we passed any of the cottages, kindly greetings met us; and—barren, miserable rock as Stanley is—when I think of those greetings and kindly acts, it has before me for the moment an aspect bright and winning, green and beautiful.

One day, my wife and I were passing the pensioners' cottages, when a female rushed out, and seizing my wife's hand begged to be allowed to express what she felt. We did not know her, but it appeared she knew us; and her rough but honest remarks, so kindly uttered, are not for-

gotten. Several others might be mentioned; but enough has been said to show that every place and every spot where man is made to dwell contains some good as well as evil; and many there are in Stanley who are worthy a better fate than the state of exile on such a rock as they are compelled to dwell in.

On the third day of our being on shore, I had completed my arrangements for making our new home comfortable. But now came a serious question. What was I to do for means to exist and to get to England? We were not in a frequented port, or a place where such services as I could bring into use were required; and if Mr. O——, who had been able to give 500*l.* to the Mission, and who was now also left penniless at Stanley, could not tell what to do for money, how was it likely I could? I saw only one alternative, and that was, to sell my books, instruments, and extra apparel; and this, after more pain than could be supposed by any one not so wedded to books and instruments as I am, I determined to do. I held on, however, for two or three weeks, hoping something would turn up to prevent it; but time passed on, and my wife's health becoming worse, I began to earnestly long for a vessel arriving, that I might try and make some arrangement for getting to England.

In the meantime, the schooner — now under the nominal charge of Dean's labouring man, but in reality controlled by Despard — left Stanley for Monte Video to fetch and carry a cargo, and to trade. As she left the harbour, I could not help casting an eye upon her; but the sufferings my wife and I had endured for so long in connection with that vessel and the Mission, made me, to my surprise, feel no regret on seeing her thus for the last time.

One or two vessels came into the harbour, but, as they happened to be going round the Horn, I could not avail myself of the kind sympathy expressed by their captains. There is, however, a circumstance that so redounds to the

credit of the persons concerned, that I must be pardoned for mentioning it as an instance of a sailor's feeling.

I should have stated that all the crew, when they found I was no longer captain of the ship, claimed and had their discharge just before I left the vessel; and the crew that Despard obtained was made up merely for Monte Video. When they were paid, my chief mate, a Frenchman, Mons. de May came to me, and in a most gentlemanly and considerate manner, offered to place the whole of his wages in my hands, to be returned to him at my convenience, as he himself was going in another vessel round the Horn. Of course I thanked him and declined, for I could not tell when or how I might be able to repay him. He had shipped with me at Monte Video, when, in the previous June, I had found some difficulty in obtaining a new crew in lieu of the old one discharged. I think it but due to him to thus publicly mention his generous disinterestedness. A gentleman by birth, and possessing many high certificates from his own service, naval and mercantile, he freely expressed his indignation and amazement at "la mission Anglaise," and he in common with a German, Captain S——, and many more, have long ere this told their honest opinions about the mission in South America and elsewhere.

The other party was my cook, George Peck, also shipped in Monte Video. He likewise offered me the whole of his wages; and the more disinterested was it on account of my once having had him punished for a week upon a complaint made to me and strongly urged by the second mate about his cooking. His feeling towards me, therefore, did him infinite credit; for though, according to my usual custom, when a man had suffered for a fault, I had afterwards largely made room for a return to his original good standing, yet it is not often we find a man ready to be so generous in this way.

It was my habit to go every morning up to the top of a

hill that had a good view southward, and look out for a vessel that might perhaps be coming in; and this hill and a little beyond it, owing to being away from the town, and the quiet to be met thus far out, was our favourite walk now that circumstances compelled me to be most particular with the state of my wife's health.

At length, one morning, about four weeks after our being on shore, I espied a vessel from the southward, endeavouring to make for the harbour, and in a few hours afterwards she came in. I soon found that she was from Guatemala, in Central America, and bound to London. Without delay I sought out the Captain, and it will be enough to say that I eventually secured a passage for myself and wife, paying the sum of 47*l.* down in hard cash before sailing, and, moreover, to furnish ourselves with all extras beyond the common ship's food at the cabin table. However, apart from the hardness of the arrangement, I found the Captain a very friendly and civil man, but subject to severe attacks of illness, brought on, as I suppose, by the place he had been visiting. His vessel was small for what is called a barque, and her accommodation scant; still I was only too glad to be able to get away. To do all this, however, the sale of my effects, that I had put off from time to time, had now to take place; but I had not the courage to face it. I therefore procured an advance upon my effects to an amount sufficient, and the sale took place by my request three days after my departure, the proceeds being remitted home to me by Mr. Havers.

Some of the things went tolerably well, as far as their intrinsic value, not their real worth to me, was concerned; others at a great loss. One instrument I lost 18*l.* upon, and another 5*l.*

Two days sufficed to see us ready for our departure. The remnant of our effects was packed, taken on board, and such as we required for the voyage arranged in the cabin, the rest put below in the hold; and amongst these latter,

two casks of specimens that I had managed to save.* On the 4th of November we prepared to embark; and having gone round and bade farewell to those who had shown us any kindness, I called upon his Excellency at the office, and parted from him, and afterwards from Captain Sibbald, with those friendly feelings that on my part were most sincere. We then went to Government House, and spent an hour with Mrs. Moore. While there, however, we heard that the "John Lawson" was about to sail a few hours sooner than previously intended; we therefore took our final leave, and hastened to the wharf. There I met the Governor, and again said good-bye. Others also came to bid us adieu; Mrs. Sibbald and her daughter in particular being with us, and tendering every kindly assistance to the last moment.

In another hour I had left the ground of Stanley, and was standing on the deck of the vessel that I hoped would soon take me away.

At 5 P.M. the Captain came on board and got under way; and then, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I soon saw the town fast falling behind me. In another half-hour we were clear of the harbour, and all belonging to it; and by dusk we were fairly in blue water.

I was free! God be thanked, I was free once more! Free from that wretched place where it would be better that a man made up his mind to endure any punishment elsewhere, than to submit to its so-termed justice.

Our voyage home had nothing remarkable in it, except its being a quick one. A few vessels were spoken, and once we were nearly in a mess by a stranger coming suddenly upon us at night. No damage, however, occurred, and we passed the Equator, got through the Trades, and ran close round by the Western Azores with tolerable weather so far. My meteorological journal mentions our

* These, with some living botanical specimens, I contrived to bring safely home.

experience of this weather, but I cannot dwell upon it here, except to say that about this time we met vessels under reduced canvas, as if lately suffering worse winds than any we had encountered.

The Peak of Pico displayed its bald summit most magnificently at some sixty miles off; and as we neared it, passing close round its base, and then by the Island of Flores, the scene was peculiarly beautiful. At night a delicious fragrance came from the land, and numerous birds played around us in the day.

As we approached old England, we prepared for, and had to battle with, some of the winter gales. One on Christmas day was heavy enough,—so heavy as to prevent all chance of even an ordinary dinner being properly cooked and served up for us. I have alluded to it in an early page of this work, and therefore need not say more now, except to mention this. Judging from certain facts that struck me, I concluded that this gale was a cyclone, and I even calculated our distance from the centre and its diameter. I suggested that it would be well to let it pass ahead or steer round it; but my position now, as a passenger, naturally made me hesitate about thrusting forward my advice. However, it was at length offered, and the Captain, upon my explaining the reasons which influenced me in forming such an opinion, yielded his own judgment, or perhaps fell in with mine, and hove to. We thus escaped all harm, though, as the shipping reports tell, many other vessels suffered at that time very heavily. One thing I remember stating as an after proof of my ideas being correct. If, said I, this is a cyclone; and, as I suppose, the wind will be so and so at such and such places, and contrary to what we have it here, and as we are now going to some of those places, it can easily be determined. Afterwards on arriving in the Channel, the wind, upon inquiry, was found to have been exactly as I had predicted; so true are the scientific principles connected with

the law of storms; and it has been owing to increasing attention to this and to atmospheric changes that, under God, the little schooner I commanded for more than two years in some of the wildest and heaviest seas in the world, was preserved without the smallest loss or damage.

On the 29th we got on soundings, and on the evening of the next day began to fall in with many vessels, steamers and sailing craft. Lights were constantly shown, and the natural excitement on approaching one's native land began to display itself. The wind was beautifully fair, though occasionally dodging us, as if inclined to go ahead: but it remained true, and on the following morning at daybreak I had the pleasure of seeing one of the most charming sights that man could witness. The Lizard Lights, like two glorious suns in the gray of the morn, were blazing away right ahead of us, while the Scilly Isles were being passed on our left, and the Land's End of dear old England prominently appeared on our larboard bow.

On we went at a swift and steady pace, the water smooth with an offshore wind, and the day opening out in tolerably clear weather. We went up close to the cliffs; passed by where the "John" was wrecked; and stood in towards Falmouth, where a boat boarded us to get our custom.

Strange to say, this boat (and a fine dashing boat it looked) was owned and manned by tailors, who had chosen this novel method of going to sea for orders in the hope of being first in the market with any ship calling at the port.

Our letters were sent on shore; and we then stood away up channel, rapidly passing well known points, and feasting our eyes upon all the many familiar sights it falls to the lot of absentees from home to fully enjoy on their return. Indeed it is worth a two or three years' absence, if only to come back and experience all that one feels upon again viewing one's native land and its beloved scenes. The

fishing boats,—the coasting craft,—the clipper ships,—steamers,—lighthouses,—capes,—bays,—cliffs,—towns, and above all the rich green fields, as they become displayed to the eye on passing near the shore, fill the mind with exquisite thoughts and emotions.

We carried our fair wind all the way up channel; and on the night of the 30th took our pilot on board off Dungeness. At five in the morning we were passing through the Downs, and at seven o'clock I took advantage of a Deal boat, and putting into her some of my baggage, and our live pets, we landed at Ramsgate; thus once more treading on our native soil. Our effects were speedily and civilly examined, and then proceeding to an inn close to the railway, we enjoyed a good breakfast on this the last day of the old year.

The train to London took us rapidly through the well known Kentish scenery, and at 6 P.M. the mighty capital was entered. A cab carried us quickly to the West end; and before eight o'clock, we were once more amongst friends at home; and the New-year's-eve was spent in joyousness and forgetfulness of all, but thanks to Him who had thus permitted us to return in health and safety from our two years' cruise in the wild scenes and regions we had visited.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

REMARKS ON THE FALKLAND ISLANDS AS A PENAL SETTLEMENT.

In the "Times" of January the 21st, 1857, are the following remarks:—"This day Mr. Eddy, whom we have already quoted, comes forward as the advocate of the Falkland Islands as the aptest spot within the domains of the British Crown which could be selected as a place of penal settlement. Unless his statements can be set aside, the suggestion is worthy of all attention. The selection of the Falkland Islands as a place of deportation for our convicts would not embroil us with any foreign Government or colony. The islands could be easily guarded, so that escape would be impossible, or nearly so. The climate is reasonably good, at any rate not detrimental to the health of Europeans. A sufficiency of produce for the support of the penal colony could, as it appears, be raised upon the islands. Finally, the cost of transporting the convicts to that spot would be far short of the old Sydney or Tasmanian calculations. We invite especial attention to Mr. Eddy's letter."

Now, with reference to this important subject, I purpose laying before the public — first, the greater part of Mr. Eddy's letter, and what has been said thereon; — secondly, general remarks of my own; — and, lastly, particular suggestions as to the proposed settlement. I would that other and abler hands than mine were engaged on the task; but, as the question is one that necessarily came under my notice, I may be pardoned for showing the opinion I had formed during my two years' movements about the Falklands.

Mr. Eddy says in his letter to the "Times:" —

"Sir, — I wish to recall public attention to the Falkland Islands as a penal settlement. My motive for doing so is that I think the public mind is earnestly bent on discovering some place of transportation for our convicts, some method of eliminating the convict element from the atmosphere which it is now so frightfully polluting. My reason for obtruding my own views on public attention is because among all the letters and suggestions which I have seen in the papers on this subject there is not one proposal that has yet found favour with the public, nor one that is not open to fatal objections — Vancouver's Island, on account of the enormous length of the voyage and the proximity to California; Hudson's Bay, from the simple fact that convicts could never maintain themselves there, and must consequently be maintained by us; the northern coast of Australia, from its sterile character and tropical situation; the Hebrides, from their too great proximity to home.

"Western Australia, whither they are at present sent, is also objectionable from its very limited power of permanently absorbing them, the country for many miles back being nothing but a sandy waste, and free settlers sent there being unable to find employment; the consequence will be that the convicts, as they become free, either must continue a burden on the country or will find their way to the gold-fields, and this the gold colonies will not tolerate. Moreover, it has been shown in evidence (1st Report on Transportation, 1856, q. 3911) that each convict sent there has cost this country more than 100*l.*, 3900 having cost upwards of 400,000*l.*, the appetite of that little colony for convicts being so insatiable as to crave for 700 per annum at a cost to us of 70,000*l.*, and yet withal so dainty as utterly to eschew and repudiate women, boys, and Irishmen; that is to say, it is willing to take any number of full-grown Englishmen, whose labour is worth at the least from 30*l.* to 40*l.* per annum per man, if we will pay a premium of 100*l.* and odd with each. Surely this is a hard bargain for us. I hope, Sir, if you will give me space, to show that we have it in our power by a well-framed plan of organisation, to found a purely penal settlement, which shall be calculated to form the germ of a great and valuable colony.

"That it may not be considered a piece of mere presumption in me to have addressed myself to this task, I must premise that I have visited the penal settlements of Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island, the latter while still a penal settlement, for the express purpose of obtaining some insight into the subject; and I have omitted no opportunity of making myself acquainted with the habits and tendencies of the various classes of convicts congregated in those regions.

"My experience has led me to the conviction that they are more susceptible of good influences than is popularly believed; that, under due incentives and with fitting opportunities, a large proportion of them are capable of becoming, and do become, respectable members of society; and that there is no inherent impossibility in a community of convicts growing up into a well-ordered commonwealth. The essentials for this are a due mixture of the sexes, a sufficient space for expansion, and a proper primary organisation.

"The first needs no comment. The second I believe to be abundantly furnished in the Falkland Islands, with the resources which the neighbour-

ing coasts afford. These I will first endeavour to point out, and then proceed to describe the organisation which I propose for the settlement. And here I must remind you that Lord Grey, than whom probably no one is more conversant with the subject, has given his evidence most strongly in favour of these islands as a place of transportation. (1st Report on Transportation, 1856, qq. 1696 to 1749.) And I find that in much that I have to urge I have been anticipated by his Lordship, and yet, singular as it appears to me, public attention seems now to be altogether diverted from this land of promise.

"I will not, however, quote his Lordship, or any favourable witness; I will rather take the evidence of an opponent—

"'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.'

"Mr. Elliott, examined before the committee of last year, says (qq. 521 to 26):—

"'Some military settlers were sent to the Falkland Islands, and though they are able just to live in tolerable comfort, we do not hear of their amassing wealth. An old soldier makes but a poor farmer.' Again,—'I think they could barely raise the means for their subsistence and no more. The Falklands constitute a very poor and languishing settlement. The old soldiers just live there and no more. It is an inhospitable climate, extremely boisterous. Corn to grow there must be carefully sheltered.'

"Let it be granted that it is an inhospitable climate; such a climate is the very one best adapted for convicts. A rude and boisterous climate will stimulate their energies, will compel them to exercise and labour, to keep the life-blood circulating in their veins.

"Are not these all the elements which have for ages supported a dense population in Ireland and the Western Highlands? But these are not their only resources. The neighbouring coasts of Magellan's Straits abound in seals of the largest species, and in whales, and swarm with fish. Nor are these valuable fisheries likely to be soon exhausted, for the vast submarine forests of weed (which grows there to the length of sixty fathoms) afford a shelter and refuge which protect them from wholesale destruction. Another inexhaustible source of wealth and prosperity exists on the neighbouring coasts of Tierra del Fuego, which are clothed with the largest description of timber, down to the water's edge. Here is a resource for shipbuilding and also for maintaining a supply of timber for refitting ships; and this leads me to the great value of these islands in a national point of view.

"Consider how large a part of the commerce of the world is now continually passing within 100 miles of the eastern Falklands. There are all the homeward-bound ships from Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, from the Pacific Islands, and the Great Southern whale fisheries, and all the outward as well as homeward trade both of Europe and America to California, Lima, and Valparaiso, and a very large proportion of these are passenger ships. Now, the want of a port for refitting in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn is most severely felt. The Falkland Islands possess the most splendid and secure harbours that can be desired; and if any facilities for refitting were afforded, many a gallant ship, tempest-tossed off the Horn, or unable to weather, from the eastward, that formidable cape, would doubtless take shelter there. For this purpose it would be necessary, as Lord Grey has pointed out, to form a dock in Berkeley or Choisul Sound; and this single work, I don't hesitate to say, would be of the greatest national

importance, while it would lay the foundation of success and prosperity to the colony. It is estimated that a ship going in there for repairs or refreshment would save from ten days to a fortnight, as compared with the loss of time involved in going into Rio; but this is the least part of it. Imagine a ship dismasted off the Horn; how is she to get to Rio? While the Falkland Islands even a disabled ship could generally reach with the prevailing S. W. winds. We have gone to great expense in carefully surveying the coasts and harbours of these islands. We possess a small establishment there, which at present is a perfectly useless expense, and a trifling additional expenditure would achieve a great national work, and solve the great national problem of the day. Can we hesitate? Ships that touched there would gladly pay highly for fresh supplies. The homeward-bound passenger ships from the Australias are now obliged to take in the whole of their live stock there at a ruinous price. Last year fowls were 15*s.* a couple at Melbourne, and one-half of them frequently die of wet and cold before they double the Horn. These fowls are intended for consumption in passing through the tropics; therefore the vexation and loss may well be conceived; but if these ships could depend on supplies of this kind at the Falklands, no doubt they would call there for this purpose, as would the whaling ships if they could procure fresh and salt meat, pork, and vegetables. I maintain, then, that the Falklands, with their various and abundant resources, are capable of providing for a very large population. They are not of the inconsiderable extent that is generally imagined; their length from E. to W. is 120 miles by 60 from N. to S. According to Mr. Darwin they are more than half the extent of Ireland. Their position on the globe is another most favourable circumstance. They are not in the neighbourhood of any civilised country, and the planting of convicts there could not give rise to angry remonstrances or complaints from any foreign power or colony of our own. The escape of prisoners thence need not be apprehended, for if they landed on Patagonia they must starve. The distance from England also is just what it should be—only half that of Australia, and the cost of transport consequently proportionably less, while it is sufficiently remote both for ourselves and our colonies.

"The plan of colonisation which I propose is a very simple one. I would offer to the ticket-of-leave men, and to the far more formidable class of expirees who are daily being turned loose upon society, a passage to these islands, and a few acres of land upon arriving there, with seed and implements, which should give them no excuse for not cultivating their lots; I would also offer them a fair rate of wages on the docks and the very few public works which would be required; I would at the same time inform them that unless they could show a fair prospect of employment in this country their rejection of such favourable terms would expose them to suspicion, and would recommend them to the particular attention of the police. I would encourage their taking out wives with them in the first instance, and, of course, pay the women's passage; but as soon as proper buildings could be erected and some organisation established, I would send out the whole of our women prisoners; for women are as necessary to our infant colony as they were to the very similarly-constituted one of early Rome; and our present inability to send out the female prisoners is acknowledged to be an evil of the greatest magnitude; nay, great as is the evil of retaining men in the country after the expiration of their sentence, the retention of women is considered by competent authorities to be a still greater evil, both

to themselves and the community. (See Colonel Jebb's evidence, question 1459.) Of course, these women should be subjected to a certain penal servitude, and then allowed to marry. In case these terms should be thought too favourable for ticket-of-leave men and expirees, it must be borne in mind that we want to get rid of these people; we cannot drive them away; therefore we must in a manner bribe them. I propose, in addition to the expirees and ticket-of-leave men, to send out a certain number of those whose penal sentence has yet a year or a year and a half to run, in order that Government might have a certain amount of labour to depend on for the construction of the dock, which should be pushed forward with the utmost rapidity; and such of this class whom Government might not absolutely require, or who might not be strong enough for this kind of work (those, for instance, who would be draughted out from Dartmoor), I would lend to those of the free class whose conduct should justify the belief that they might be entrusted with the charge, in order to assist them in breaking up their land, &c., the prisoners, of course, returning at night to the custody of Government. This assignment system I would extend as opportunity offered, and make it a principal feature of the scheme, for I believe it would have a doubly beneficial effect on the employers and the employés. Give a man ever so little property, and repose confidence in him, and you go a long way towards reforming him; besides, I consider that the competition for this labour would be great, and would operate as a restriction on its abuse. On the other hand, the employé would be learning, in the service of another, the kind of labour which he would look forward soon to exercise for his own benefit. I would by no means exclude the pensioners who are there from the benefit of this assignment system, but by allowing them to share in it enlist their sympathies in the success of the settlement. The inveterate military habits which indispose old soldiers for a life of labour, by no means unfit them for the position of masters, and for the charge of convicts. At the same time, I would let it be distinctly understood from the first, that this is to be for ever a penal colony; and those pensioners who might grumble at the change should be compensated for their improvements and removed elsewhere. I would send out iron barracks for the prisoners, as these involve no waste of time in erecting, and when surrounded with sods would be warm and secure enough. The free people might remain on board the ships until they had erected their own abodes. The getting in of the seed as early as possible would, of course, be of paramount importance, and fortunately it could be soon effected, for the breaking up of an open country is a very different process from the laborious and tedious operation of clearing a primeval forest.

"For the construction of the docks I would depend on an engineer, with a party of Sappers and Miners to direct the works, rather than on a great contractor, who would require time to make the inquiries on which to found his estimates. Time is precious; and I would fit out a great expedition as soon as might be of some of those ships lying in ordinary, which could so well be spared, contemplating the probability of their detention for a considerable time, perhaps altogether, as hulks; and, though I well know that the name of hulks is a bugbear, still the advantages of them for our purpose are so obvious, and the improvements which might be made in their arrangements also, I think, so obvious, that I do not hesitate to mention them. I believe that a single sloop of war, with a party of marines, would

be a sufficient force for the maintenance of order without the presence of troops, whom we can so ill afford.

"It is said that Government have granted some peculiar privileges to a Fuegian mission now established on East Falkland; but I cannot believe that it has thereby precluded itself from making use of this fine island for Imperial purposes. I would rather hope that we might reckon on the aid of the missionaries to assist us in this enterprise.

"These, Sir, are my views of the advantages which the Falklands present over all other places in the world for a penal colony. I believe, in fact, that it is the only possible place that remains for a penal colony, and, as such, that it should be occupied at once. My letter has run to a considerable length, and yet, in order to abridge it, I have suppressed many considerations which I had wished to urge.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"C. W. Eddy,

"Radcliffe Travelling Fellow, Oxford.

"Kegworth, Derby."

To the foregoing letter, the following reply from the late Governor of the Falklands was sent: —

"Sir, — My attention has been called, by one of your leading articles of this day, to a letter by Mr. Eddy, advocating the Falkland Islands as the most eligible situation for a convict settlement.

"Having resided there seven years and a half as Governor, I may be permitted to explain many of the erroneous assumptions of Mr. Eddy, which his imperfect knowledge of their climate, soil, &c., have led him into. First, I admit that, as to the question of economy of transport, the Falkland Islands have the advantage over the Australias and Vancouver's Island — not as compared, however, with Hudson's Bay.

"The pensioners, or military settlers, alluded to by Mr. Eddy, were sent to the Falklands during my administration, in 1849. The expedition consisted of a captain and thirty non-commissioned officers and privates. I was instructed to make over to each man twenty-five acres of land, on which wooden cottages, brought from England with them, were to be erected at the expense of the Colonial Government. Rations, fuel, and a right to employment on public works were also secured to them for the first and part of the second years; and a right of commonage, in addition to their land, of 100 acres was allowed to each man.

"On their arrival great discontent was manifested among them, participated in by their officer, and I had much difficulty in inducing them to suspend their judgments as to the entire impracticability of both soil and climate to grow anything besides the natural grasses of the country; and it was not until they saw, some months afterwards, a crop of very tolerable potatoes dug in the Government garden that I could persuade any of them to commence cultivating plots of their own. Notwithstanding that there were a few of these men indefatigable in their attempts to raise produce of various kinds, not one of them has ever succeeded in maintaining himself or family by agriculture. Vegetables of all the ordinary descriptions succeed pretty well, provided you raise a wall sufficiently high to protect them; turnips will, however, grow without shelter.

"The inability to live by cultivation is not confined to the pensioner class.

Up to the present time no settler in the Falkland Islands has ever maintained himself by agriculture alone, and the numerous experiments I made (most of them at my private expense) convince me that it is impossible to do so. Wherever the soil is not pure peat it is mixed up with heavy stones, and it cost me about 30*l.* to clear and prepare one acre in a selected situation for a crop of turnips, and, although I manured it with guano in one part, and stable manure and blood in another, the crop in no way recompensed the outlay. I repeated the experiment after two years with no better result. In gardens, however, I have seen with extreme care turnips as fine, although not quite so large, as I have ever seen in this country. My trials to raise wheat, barley, oats, &c., were complete failures. In one instance only I obtained a tolerable sample of barley, grown under the shelter of a wall. As Mr. Eddy has introduced Lord Grey's name in his letter, I will merely say that as regards the steps I took for the settlement of the pensioners I met with his Lordship's approval, and having transmitted the samples of grain I attempted to raise, Lord Grey agreed with me in thinking it inexpedient to encourage further experiments. The staple produce of the Falkland Islands hitherto has been the wild cattle; and, although there is no doubt that since the Government disposed of the entire property over them and all other wild animals in the island, including horses and pigs, first, to M. Lafone, of Monte Video, who subsequently sold his contract, with the consent of her Majesty's Government, to the Falkland Islands Company, the present possessors, the numbers of them have largely decreased. There are, and always have been, however, sufficient to supply numerous shipping, both mercantile and naval, touching at the ports with fresh beef, to which the settlers and storekeepers were enabled to add during the last five years of my office vegetables, — occasionally fish, — and provisions of every sort.

"I am therefore surprised that Mr. Eddy should have fallen into the mistake of supposing that Australian ships are unable to procure refreshments at the Falkland Islands. I admit that, occasionally, the stock of poultry was deficient, but the impossibility of raising grain or of importing it at prices to induce large breeding of fowls is an answer to that allegation. Rabbits at one dollar per dozen, and any number of wild geese at 1*s.* each, form, however, some substitute for the scarcity of domestic fowls.

"Mr. Eddy likewise assumes that no facilities for repairs of shipping exist at the Falkland Islands. I have no memoranda of the number of ships refitted, but I recollect in one week seven large vessels coming into port, most of them seriously damaged, and all (except one, which was condemned as unseaworthy) repaired and forwarded on their voyages. Another instance I recollect of an American ship of 800 tons which struck on a rock and tore off all her false keel and part of her kelson. This ship was refitted, and returned to the United States. I feel it due to the exertions I made, in conjunction with the colonists, to render the islands useful to the vast number of shipping passing them to copy a letter I received from Captain Barnard, R N., of Her Majesty's ship 'Vixen,' which entered the harbour in a disabled state:—

"'Stanley Harbour, June 6, 1853.

"'SIR.—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of your Excellency's letter of the 4th inst., offering all the aid in the power of the local Government should I experience any difficulty in procuring supplies of coals, provisions, and stores required for Her Majesty's steamer under

my command. Fortunately, I have been enabled to supply all our wants from the stores of Mr. Dean (Lloyd's agent) at so reasonable a rate that I have taken on board 300 tons of coal and a large quantity of biscuit, flour, and sugar, and shall not have to trench on the Government depôts, excepting for a small quantity of wide plank, specified in the enclosed requisition.

"'On my return to Monte Video I shall consider it my duty to report to the Commander-in-Chief the great facilities that now exist at the Falkland Islands for coaling, watering, and procuring every requisite necessary at the shortest possible notice for a much less price than at any other place between this and England. The arrangements for watering will enable the largest ship to complete in a day.

"'I have, &c.,

"'H. BARNARD,

"'Commanding Her Majesty's ship "Vixen."

"'His Excellency Governor Rennie.'

"Having thus explained the state of the Falkland Islands as they were when I left them about a year since, I shall only offer a very brief reply to Mr. Eddy as to my reasons for thinking them ineligible for the foundation of a large colony of convicts.

"A gaol may be formed on any given site, and prisoners may be coerced to work and to submit to discipline. On these points no difference of opinion exists; but the question undecided is where that site is to be selected. I have already, in your journal of the 5th inst., given, under the signature of "A Practical Man," my views as to the localities most eligible. I will therefore only now discuss the special merits of the Falkland Islands.

"Let us suppose an expedition fitted out on a large scale, with all the needful appliances for forming a settlement. For the first year or more full employment will be found for all the convicts in building prisons, guard-houses, &c. Those works completed, what is to be undertaken with any reasonable prospect of beneficial or remunerative result? In my evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords, last session, June 24, I replied, in answer to a question of the chairman (Lord Harrowby), that, with the exception of a patent slip for the repair of shipping, there are, as far as I can judge, no public works of any great utility required of sufficient importance to employ a large body of convicts; and as the machinery of the slip must be made in England, its erection would not involve great labour. As to the docks, suggested first by Lord Grey, and alluded to by Mr. Eddy, I was of opinion when on the islands, and subsequent consultations with eminent civil engineers since my return convince me, that the nature of the ground and slight rise of the tides (only about six feet) would render their construction, if not impracticable, at all events so costly as to make the attempt highly inexpedient. The facility of water carriage all round the islands is so great that roads, if made, would never be used for heavy goods, and no settler on his unshod horses would ride on them.

"Draining might to a considerable extent be carried on, but to move large parties and to guard them in different localities, to cut drains for land of little or no value, could scarcely be advantageous in any point of view. After the cattle of the Falkland Islands, the fisheries may be reckoned the pursuit next in importance; but surely that is an employment unsuited to

prisoners who, with the necessary boats required, might escape on board of whalers, who are, especially the Americans, not at all particular as to whom they engage. The cattle farmers can never employ any number of prisoners, and nearly the whole of the criminals must be maintained by the Government. The term of punishment expired, is there any reasonable probability of the manumitted settling voluntarily on the islands? My experience convinces me to the contrary. Notwithstanding the high wages procurable by artisans and labourers, the former, if shipwrights, earning sometimes four and five dollars per diem, the latter from 4*s.* to 6*s.*, few of them remain permanently, and the small population is kept up chiefly by fresh arrivals. The hardships endured by the fishermen, although their gains are sometimes considerable, prevent their continuing for any length of time to follow that occupation, and the facilities which now exist for every man who can pull a rope to obtain service on board of the shipping touching at the islands enables the industrious to carry off their earnings to any part of the world, or the idle and vicious to change their residences.

"I, moreover, doubt exceedingly the great safety of the Falkland Islands as a prison. If you make regulations of a very stringent character, you will diminish the attractions of the islands as a touching port for refits and refreshment. No vessels excepting under circumstances of real distress would ever come there, as the freedom and healthy recreations of the crews and passengers would be seriously interfered with for the necessary security of the convicts, and of course if the discipline is less perfect escape would by no means be difficult.

"The convicts, during their sentences, would despair of ever settling permanently in a colony, which, although healthy, offers so few pleasurable or profitable prospects; and, as soon as freed, the able-bodied among them would quit the islands, leaving the helpless or idly disposed a permanent burden on the Government.

"Yours, "GEORGE RENNIE,
"Late Governor Falkland Islands.

"43, Hertford-street, Mayfair."

To Governor Rennie's letter Mr. Eddy returned the following answer, which is, however, here put in a different form, though the same words:—

"I cannot dispute the facts with which Governor Rennie has furnished us, but I have the misfortune to differ from him in drawing from some of these facts conclusions the very opposite of those to which they have led him. And I still hold to the belief that the Falklands offer the most eligible site that we possess for a penal colony,—a belief in which I am confirmed by information which Captain Sulivan has kindly proffered me.

"Captain Sulivan is the officer to whom we are indebted for the admirable survey of the coasts and harbours of those islands, and a residence there of three years with his family renders him a most competent witness; his testimony is very favourable, and I could only wish that he would be induced publicly to advocate this cause himself. The point in Mr. Rennie's letter to which I wish particularly to call attention is the enormous price of labour at the Falklands. He says,—'Notwithstanding the high wages procurable by artisans and labourers, the former, if shipwrights, earning sometimes four or five dollars per diem, the latter from 4*s.* to 6*s.*, few of

them remain permanently, and the small population is kept up chiefly by fresh arrivals.' Now, this is the very measure of the need and of the value of a convict population. A common labourer is worth there from 4*s.* to 6*s.* per diem, and a skilled labourer from 16*s.* to 20*s.*; let it be granted that corn must be imported to support the convicts, that therefore their maintenance would be somewhat more expensive than in this country, yet how vastly greater would be the value of their earnings! Nor is this all. If the Falklands, in spite of these high wages, are so unattractive as not to be able to detain and fix their free population, and are dependent on constant fresh arrivals, is it not to be seriously apprehended that under the present concurrent circumstances of a slacker emigration, and the diversion of such as exists to more inviting regions, the supply of labour there will positively decline, and that in the face of a constantly increasing demand for it? If the maintenance of a refitting yard at the Falklands is of paramount importance, as seems to be on all hands admitted, it surely is the duty of Government not to leave its existence dependent on the fortuitous arrival of emigrants, but to provide systematically for its support. If this were done, it would soon become known throughout the British empire that every facility for refitting and revictualling might be depended on, whereas I confidently assert that when I was at Melbourne last year this fact was not generally known there. Mr. Rennie thinks that the presence of convicts would deter ships from touching, 'except under circumstances of real distress, as the freedom and healthy recreation of the crews and passengers would be seriously interfered with for the necessary security of the convicts.' I have visited several penal colonies, and have never known such restrictions to exist, nor are they required, free intercourse of ships with the shore being found to be perfectly compatible with the safe custody of convicts. Mr. Rennie says that engagement in the fisheries 'is an employment unsuited to prisoners.' In mentioning these fisheries I, of course, only contemplated them as a resource for the emancipated class; if this class chose to leave the islands, as undoubtedly many of them would, it would be be to scatter themselves over the world, some, of course, to return to England. This we cannot avoid, send them where we may; but the same miasma which, when concentrated, as it now is in England, is in the highest degree pestilential and reproductive, dispersed and ventilated, becomes innoxious. But Mr. Rennie writes as if the resources of the Falklands were already developed to the utmost; why, Sir, one half of the territory, and that the most productive, is wholly unoccupied, untenanted by man or beast. The West Falkland, with its islands, is still covered with large patches of the tussock grass, so valuable for winter feed, which has almost disappeared from the east island, having been destroyed by the cattle from want of due protection. A large part of this island is described as a fine valley, well watered by a river which is navigable for eight miles. It is capable, as Captain Sulivan informs me, of running 100,000 head of cattle.

"Here is a magnificent expanse for cattle stations; let them be offered to squatters on easy terms, saddled with the condition of receiving a large proportion of assigned servants, who would be useful in fencing in the patches of tussock grass for winter feed. I find that in my former letter I have greatly underrated the area of the group, which Captain Sulivan estimates at 2,500,000 acres, at least 2,000,000 acres being fit for grazing purposes. But in the 'Gazeteer of the World' I find it given at 6,000 square

miles, which makes 3,840,000 acres; and this large territory is at present occupied by merely a few hundred artisans and labourers. Captain Sulivan is so sanguine as to believe it capable of supporting at least 100,000 persons. Nor is it only in understating their extent that I have done injustice to them; I failed to mention one most important product,—coal is found there, as well as stone and slate fit for building purposes. If poultry cannot be profitably raised, geese, swans, and ducks, abound—no bad substitutes for the supply of shipping. The flock of Cheviots belonging to the Falkland Islands Company are found to do well; and one great advantage of sheep is this, that they rapidly improve a barren soil, and if, as is said, turnips can be grown, this improvement will be so much the more rapid.

"I cannot help thinking that, persevering as were Mr. Rennie's endeavours to wring produce from a stubborn soil, they must necessarily have been confined to one limited district,—the neighbourhood of the settlement; and the site of the settlement being undoubtedly fixed on for its maritime advantages, it by no means follows that it is the best for agricultural purposes; how else are we to account for the fact that the settlers during the last five years of Mr. Rennie's administration 'were enabled to supply ships with vegetables, as well as occasionally fish, and provisions of every sort?' Vegetables, then, they do raise for their own consumption and to spare: There is one great source of manure which I have not seen mentioned, more valuable for a peaty soil than 'guano,' or even 'blood;' it is the kelp with which the coast abounds. Any one who knows the Channel Islands must acknowledge the astonishing effect produced in Guernsey on land reclaimed from the sea by the dried 'vraic' or 'sea wrack.' Lime, where it can be procured, or a vegetable alkali, such as the ashes of this weed afford, are the proper correctives of the sour principle in peat, while such strong stimulants as 'guano and blood,' when introduced into a soil with which they cannot amalgamate, destroy the seed. Fish, too, are 'occasionally supplied.' Fish of a large size absolutely swarm around the coasts. Captain Sulivan caught five tons the first time he sent out the nets. Now, when we consider that South America is filled with a Roman Catholic population, among whom restriction to a fish diet during Lent is one of the most rigidly observed rules of life, can we avoid the conclusion that these fisheries are a most important interest?

"M. Louis Vernet, a thirteen years resident on the islands, one of many writers who, since my letter appeared, have volunteered to give me all the information in their power, assures me that he sent several cargoes thence to Rio, which sold at a great profit. Have then, I ask, the resources of these islands been as yet fairly explored, or are they only in slow process of development? They have been hitherto occupied only by a mere handful of pensioners and a few free settlers, who find such profitable employment about the settlement that they have but little inducement to work the land. Can there be a more signal instance of the want of energy of military pensioners than the fact mentioned by Mr. Rennie, that the party sent to the Falklands could not be induced to put a spade into the ground 'until they saw, some months afterwards, a crop of very tolerable potatoes dug in the Governor's garden?' That is, they lost one entire season, because no assurances would persuade them that potatoes would grow.

"I yield to Mr. Rennie's opinion that 'a population would not succeed in maintaining itself by agriculture;' but where do you find a population supported by agriculture alone? I have mentioned the Channel Islands;

I will again refer to them as offering a close and curious analogy. There you have a population of about 1,500 to the square mile, living in great comfort, on what? Clearly not on the land alone, but on that in conjunction with the various resources of fishing, of ship-building, and the production of articles of domestic manufacture, Guernseys and Jerseys, which they barter for fish on the banks of Newfoundland. Are not precisely similar resources open to the Falklanders?

"But were the advantages presented by these islands less than I believe them to be, were there no prospect of the absorption of convicts there after their emancipation, I should still advocate the sending thither of a sufficient number for the erection of such works as would give additional facilities to shipping, and for insuring an adequate supply of labour. That region has become of late years, in consequence of the discovery of Californian and Australian gold, one of the great highways of commerce; it is girt for many hundred leagues by barren and inhospitable coasts, and is so wild and stormy that no mariner approaches it without misgiving. In this region we possess the most secure harbours of refuge that can be wished for; surely, then, both our own interests and the just expectations of other nations should induce us to form there an establishment adequate to all emergencies.

"That such an establishment does not exist at present, whatever may have been the case in Mr. Rennie's time, I take for granted, from the tenour of Mr. Snow's letter (of the 23d), and from the impossibility under the present arrangements of securing a sufficient supply of labour. That it can be formed with great advantage to ourselves, as well as to the general interests of commerce, I think is also clear. And, lastly, it seems we are invited to this disposal of our prison labour by the unanimous wishes of the colonists, of the present Governor, of the Falkland Island Company, and of persons interested in commerce. Is there any other part of the world that offers so many and such weighty inducements?

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"C. W. Eddy, M. B.,

"Oxford Radcliffe Travelling Fellow.

"Kegworth, Jan. 24."

The next letter is from a gentleman whose remarks I consider most useful, and have therefore inserted them.

"Sir,—I beg to remind your readers of a fact which may throw light on the capabilities of the Falkland Islands to support a convict colony.

"In Norway, between the latitudes of 58 deg. and 64 deg. are raised rye, oats, six-rowed bere or bigg, and potatoes in considerable quantities, besides barley, carraway, hemp, flax and peas; and this result is obtained in spite of every disadvantage. The soil is shallow, poor, silicious, destitute of lime, and encumbered with stones, except in a few favoured spots. The system of agriculture is very defective. The summer is short, and the corn often damaged by frosts. Yet the Norsk men, amid these unpromising circumstances, raise extensive tillage crops, not only in their valleys, but very generally on mountain slopes and ridges 800 or 900 feet above the sea level — nay, I have even seen there ripe fields of corn at elevations from 1,100 to 1,500 feet.

"Making full allowance for isothermal peculiarities, and without stopping

to instance the stony wastes of Galway brought into successful cultivation, or the histories of many unpromising uplands in this and other countries further north made productive by voluntary labour, does it not seem strange, that while the free and honest Norsk men can make a living under such unfavourable conditions, the Falkland Islands should be thought incapable of supporting a convict colony?

"It would rather appear, from the information just given, as if these islands needed nothing but the vigorous application of convict labour for a few years, in draining, fencing, road-making, manuring, and tilling, to make the land productive.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"West Cowes, Jan. 26." "W. E. C. Nourse."

My own remarks at the time were as follows:—

"Sir,—Will you permit me to add a few words to those of your correspondent in this day's paper?

"My experience as a seaman about the Falkland Islands and Tierra del Fuego while in command of the Fuegian Mission schooner during the past two years enables me to confirm what Mr. Eddy has advanced on the subject; and I consider that it would be an immense boon to the commercial and nautical world were the Falkland Islands made a penal settlement.

"That the colonists would not object to it I know to be the case from what I have frequently heard them say; and also from what his Excellency the present Governor has often told me; indeed, I believe that some request has already been made to the Home Government in reference to it.

"Upon the advantages to be derived by all classes who have an interest in our shipping and commerce I will not now dwell, more than to say that I am convinced many vessels that now pass the Falklands owing to circumstances connected with the difficulty of getting repairs speedily executed would, were it a penal settlement with abundant labour at command, call there instead of going to Montevideo.

"I shall be happy to give any public information in my power that may lead to so desirable an object, and such a boon to Cape Horn mariners as the establishment of a penal settlement in the Falkland Islands.

"With regard to the Fuegian Mission, Mr. Eddy is under a slight mistake as to its being located on East Falkland. It is on one of the west islands, and there are circumstances connected with it shortly to be made public that will show that there can be very little fear of any hindrance being evinced on their part to any plan for the deportation of our convicts to the Falkland Islands. The 'peculiar privileges granted to the mission' consist, I believe, only in the permission to choose a small portion of land in the West Falklands, and purchase it at the usual price without having it first submitted to competition by public auction. When I left the Falklands in November last the purchase had not been effected.

"I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

"W. Parker Snow,

"Late Commander of the 'Allen Gardiner.'

"Grosvenor-house, Knightsbridge, Jan. 21."

The preceding letters and what I have advanced in the body of this work will, I imagine, be sufficient to prove that the Falklands

may be made self-supporting. A few other arguments will, however, be presently brought forward; and, meanwhile, let me now turn to the subject itself which has given rise to this question.

It appears that the principal question at issue is, where shall England send her criminals? but to such question another immediately arises as to the intent and end of sending criminals away. If it be simply as a punishment of confinement, that end can be as well answered by keeping them in prisons at home: if it be as a banishment from that society they have outraged, then a place should be found where the punishment is sufficiently adequate for the offence, and yet where, upon sure amendment, an opportunity may be afforded of retrieving the past. In other words, is it vindictively or considerately that transportation is to be carried on? If the former, then the nation must be at the whole expense of maintaining its criminals; for, in such case, the spirit within man, ever leading to resistance when hardly dealt with, will prevent any aid on the part of the criminal towards his own support, except what is compulsory: if, however, the latter be the object, then, so ductile is the heart, that speedily assistance would be rendered by the criminal towards the object in view. I perfectly agree with an American writer in the following remarks. He says:—

"It is right that he who offends against the laws of society should be punished. The protection of society demands it. In this punishment, the offender may be curtailed of his full liberty and put under burdensome restraint, but Heaven has given to each man life, the light, the air, and the free exercise of his limbs, in order that his frame may continue in health according to the laws of nature; and no body of men, even in punishment for social offences, may take away what Heaven has given. For all moral sin, Heaven incites to repentance and reformation by holding up to the view the bright prospect of hope; for social sin man may not deter from repentance and reformation by covering hope with the pall of despair. Such is what man may and may not do in the way of punishing social offenders; and yet, in our penal regulations for the prevention of crime, we daily war against Heaven, are consequently defeated, and crime increases.

"By the scaffold, we take the life which we did not give, and over which no control has been given to us. By the prison, we destroy the health which we cannot restore, we shut out the free light and air, and we crush reformation by not opening to the criminal, beyond the walls of his dungeon, any avenue by which he may return to a life of honesty. In sight of the scaffold a hundred fresh murderers spring to life, and from the portals of the prison, an army of desperate wretches is constantly issuing to begin anew the work of crime in every form and shape. Such a state of things calls loudly for a remedy. We have often suggested the remedy in these columns, and it is comprised in the one word—transportation.

"No scaffold, or prisons except those for holding accused persons until trial, (and, I would say for minor offences,) should darken the face of the land. The very sight of them is contaminating, while it is impossible so to

regulate them in the midst of society, as that justice shall be done both to society and the criminal. Society demands that the criminal should be removed from among the honest men whose laws he has disobeyed, and the criminal demands that a chance should be given to him to become an honest man. Transportation is the best method that can be adopted to accomplish both of these ends. Remove the offender far from the scene of his crime; let some island in the ocean, from which his escape can be rendered impossible, be his prison house. Give him there the light of heaven and the green fields of earth in which to breathe and live, and where the horrors of a dark and solitary confinement will not cause him to destroy his reason by driving him back on secret vices, contrary to the law of nature and of heaven. Place there before him incentives to industry and honesty, and punishments for idleness and vice. Let these incentives be a system of rewards, through which, for labour performed and good behaviour, the term of his imprisonment shall be shortened; and let the punishments be a system of forfeits, through which, for idleness and vicious conduct, the duration of his confinement shall be lengthened.

"In the land where his crime was committed, the criminal has run one race of life and lost it; let the place of his punishment be the starting point where he can commence another and gain it. Shut him not off from intercourse with his fellow man; let him live in fact again in a world and not a dungeon; and while he is made to feel that that world is his prison, let him be spurred to virtue by experiencing its good, and deterred from vice by experiencing its evil.

"It may be objected that transportation of this kind makes imprisonment no punishment, and that the criminal, instead of being punished, may lead, if he pleases, a life of comparative happiness. The answer is, that all the misery of our home prisons deters not from crime; that, as far as the disgrace of a prison prevents men from committing offences, a penal colony is as powerful to accomplish this result as a home prison; and that if the penal colony can produce that reformation which a home prison cannot do, then the former is the one to be preferred, although comparative happiness instead of positive misery is the instrument employed.

"It may also be said that a bad man may, in a penal colony where the system of rewards and punishments is placed before him, behave himself long enough to get away, without really becoming in any degree a reformed man. It may be so, but the probabilities are, that in a majority of cases, even a bad man, in the very effort to conduct himself properly, may learn so to love the path of right that he will be induced always afterwards to follow it. In addition to this, it is a well-known fact, that hundreds of criminals who enter our prisons, have been born and nursed in, and bred to crime. For such, our prisons have no terrors. They look on them but as a stopping place of misery not much greater than that which they often endure in the world, and although feeling that they are always liable to be confined in them, they only look at the time when they shall get out again and revenge themselves on society for putting them there. There are, on the other hand, many who have been brought up in the ways of rectitude: in an hour of temptation they fall, are sent to prison, and when they issue therefrom, are criminals by necessity. It is needless to say that, by the transportation system, such could easily be made to repent their fall and guard their steps better in future.

"Our whole penal system at present is one of revenge. We seek to

revenge ourselves on the offenders against our laws, and as Heaven has said that vengeance belongs to itself alone, man must expect, if he usurps that prerogative, to fail in the end for which he employs it. That he does so fail, the inefficiency of our present modes of preventing crime fully proves.

"There is nothing of this spirit of revenge in the transportation method. It is a system in which mercy for the criminal is blended with the protection of society against him, and this is properly the only true end of all punishment. Transportation does not crush the man, it only removes him from among his fellow men who have reason to fear him, and then seeks, in the place of his removal, to crush alone his crime, teaching him to revive himself the man within him, which he himself by crime has crushed.

"The transportation system may be called Utopian. If all men are fiends beyond the hope of redemption, it is so, and all the prisons which darken our country are healthy excrescences on its face, no matter how much putrefaction of criminality is daily issuing from them. If, however, men are not fiends, and can be led to forsake crime and follow honesty, then transportation is not Utopian, but a plain and perfectly feasible plan to protect society and reform the criminal; two ends which all present methods have failed to accomplish to any great extent."

That a proper system of transportation is wise, just, and yet merciful, I think the foregoing remarks will have shown. At all events, it is the view I here venture to take on the subject; and one that I would fain try and impress upon our legislators. And now to the point at issue, with regard to the most suitable place for a convict settlement.

My own opinion is, as I have already stated, that the Falkland Islands are the most suitable place for such settlement, and more particularly the West Falklands. It has been shown, as I trust, sufficiently clear*, that, with proper care and management, and with incentives to work, with labour to help to do the work, these islands may be made self productive; or, at all events, become sufficiently lucrative with its sea fisheries to make them, in the shape of a penal colony, not very burdensome to the mother country. That they may be made self-supporting, we have the evidence of Captain Sulivan as quoted by Mr. Eddy; and, moreover, there is the fact that a shrewd forethought has already fixed upon the West Falklands as a new cattle colony and ostensible "Mission Station:" for, however much I disapprove the plans of that Mission Society, as being, in my opinion, incompatible with their public professions as a simple missionary undertaking, there is no doubt in my own mind that, with sufficient funds and proper management, many parts of those islands could be brought into good use. I would, therefore, strongly urge this matter; and for the following considerations.

* See Mr. Dale's letter and other parts, Vol. I. pp. 80–82, and 199–201.

I consider it would be an immense boon to the nautical and commercial world, even as I have publicly expressed in my letter to the "Times." For I am convinced that many vessels now passing the Falklands, owing to circumstances connected with the difficulty in getting repairs speedily executed, would, were it a penal settlement, with abundant labour at command, call there instead of going to Monte Video. Many shipmasters, however, are at present perfectly ignorant of the Falklands except as a cluster of dreary islands rather in the way on a homeward-bound voyage. But, were it well known that every means and facility for refitting a disabled ship existed at this place, there is little doubt but all vessels requiring aid would run for it instead of proceeding some eleven hundred miles farther to the northward.

As a proof of the ignorance of many nautical men concerning the Falklands as a place of shelter and for refitting, I may mention what Captain Duval, of His Imperial Majesty's French sloop of war "Beaumanoir," told his Excellency Governor Moore and myself. Captain Duval had been on a cruise of some few weeks in the Patagonian and Falkland seas. He came into Stanley Harbour for refreshment, expecting, as he said, "to find only a few huts, and to be able to get some beef from the settlers." To his surprise he found himself in a place where a representative of our gracious Queen was located as Governor, and where the hospitalities of Government House—always abundantly manifested to every one by his Excellency Captain Moore—made him, as he told me, almost fancy himself again in Europe. He intended to make a most favourable report to the French Government of the advantages of the Falkland Islands, and of the manner in which he had been received.

Again, I was in Monte Video on one occasion, when the American brig of war "Bembridge" arrived there from the Straits of Magellan, bringing to Monte Video the crew of a British wrecked vessel found in those straits. I conversed with the captain of the "Bembridge," and expressed my surprise that he did not take the British seamen to the Falklands, so much nearer, and a British colony; but I have no hesitation in saying that it seemed to me he was perfectly ignorant of the fact that a British colony with a Governor existed there.

I could mention many more facts to prove that the Falkland Islands have been, in my humble opinion, too long neglected, and are too little known, but I find that I have not space. I will therefore merely add that I am not alone in this opinion, and I would refer to the various official reports on this subject in confirmation of my view.

Now, supposing that a penal settlement were formed here, I can easily see what a boon it would be to many who need repairs to their

ships dismasted or damaged off the Horn. Much has been said about docks, and Governor Rennie considers "their construction, if not impracticable, at all events so costly as to make the attempt highly inexpedient;" and because "the nature of the ground and slight rise of the tides" (only six feet, he says) is against it. But here I beg to differ from him. It is true the tides in the *East* Falklands are only about six feet; but at Keppel Island I have found not less than thirteen feet between low-water mark and high water; and therefore the difficulty here mentioned is removed. Consequently, I would suggest that the *West* Falklands be made the principal seat of a penal settlement (the East being left much as it is), and the head quarters fixed at Keppel Island, where I imagine a most excellent dock could be easily made. My plan would be this:—

Supposing, on the main point, Mr. Eddy's suggestions as to the class and number of those to be sent out were adopted, I would locate them in accordance with their respective merits, not on *one* but on *all* the different islands belonging to the western group, making Keppel Island, as I have just said, the head quarters, and *New* Island a principal outpost. The reason for this would be that Keppel Island is easy of access from the North, and New Island from the South; and both much better for disabled ships to fall down upon and steer for than Stanley Harbour is. In explanation of this, I may observe that the wind, being almost always from the western board, makes Stanley Harbour, situated on the extreme east of the islands, a dead-to-windward port to fetch up to when once off the point; and, if a vessel is much disabled, as was the "Blanche," wrecked on Kidney Island, and the brig "Maine," there is, almost, an insurmountable difficulty in getting up the seven miles necessary before anchoring off the town. Now all nautical men will know that it is much better to have an open port under one's lee, into which a vessel having run for it from a distance can easily slip, than to find that port when once neared to be still a few miles to windward of you. Let us take the "Blanche" for instance, as an example. Off the Horn she is greatly disabled, as many ships are. She bears up for Stanley; and, of course, fetches well to windward in making the land; but unfortunately, when the land is made on the South Falklands, she has to keep away and run to the extreme lee of the islands before getting to the entrance of the port; after which she must beat up, though perhaps unable to do so. The consequence is, as was really the case with the "Blanche," a wreck takes place—and this close to a port of shelter; or else the vessel is blown off the land, and unable to recover her position. Now the case is vastly different as regards the other places I have named. Being on the windward side of the

islands, as all harbours of refuge should be, a disabled vessel can easily fall in to them, when once the land has been properly made; and to make it in that manner there would be no more difficulty than to do so in the case of proceeding direct to Stanley. It would but be the steering from Staten Land, a point more to the westward; and the wind that will not allow this will, I am confident, hardly allow the other thing.

That I am justified in speaking of the places named as weatherly and leewardly ports, will I think be clearly seen, upon a little consideration. For, if they do not happen to be so, then neither are they required (that is, speaking generally), as it is only against the heavy westerly gales which make them so that vessels at the Horn meet their mishaps and require to run back. Hence, then, I argue for a port to the westward as more suitable than one to the eastward. The soil, produce, and whole appearance of the land are better than on the east part of the islands; and I feel confident that more could be done there than at the present seat of Government.

Stanley Harbour is in itself an excellent harbour; but, for distressed vessels and with the prevalent winds, it is not a harbour of the most easy access; for independently of having to beat up Port William, a vessel cannot enter the harbour unless the wind is in a different quarter to any point between S.E. and S.W., the points of the compass which give to disabled ships a favourable wind for running from the Horn to the Falklands. Moreover, when once in, if afterwards bound round the Horn, the wind that alone will let you out, is unfavourable for your voyage, and if bound to the northward, you must wait in until a fair wind comes. To remedy this inconvenience I would however propose, and especially if convicts are sent there to give labour sufficient, that a canal be cut through the narrow sandy isthmus, only one-eighth mile wide, and dividing the sea from Whale Sound, which connects with Stanley Harbour. If this were done, a vessel could easily get up to the outer entrance of this canal, and be there speedily hauled in. I am not engineer enough to determine how far this is practicable; but I mention this idea as my own, conceived while at Stanley, and observing the difficulty ships had in getting up Port William and into the harbour. The "Hydaspes" was three days at anchor, with the pilot aboard, before she could get up; and nearly every disabled ship had some trouble to do it.

In reference to Keppel Island the case would be very different. A vessel could run up to the harbour and safely anchor with the wind in any direction (that is, supposing her to have got so far in with the land as we suppose vessels have on making for Stanley); and,

when she wanted to leave, there would be easy egress either the one way or the other.

I will, by way of illustration, suppose my plan to be adopted. Taking up the chart, we see numerous islands abounding in tussack and peat, stone, slate, and other useful material, and now peopled with those who, having been found dangerous to the welfare of society at home, have been sent here to begin anew another and, it would be hoped, a better life. One lot of determined bad doers are on this small island engaged in quarrying; another lot, of better character on that other island, at some useful work; a third party elsewhere; and so on upon the whole group, all more or less overlooked from Keppel Island, where the principal establishment is fixed; and where a fine dock has been made in that inlet which dries at ebbtide, but which forms a fine sheet of water at the top of the flood. Here, then, a vessel bound round the Horn, comes for refreshment.* She need not hardly alter her direct course; but, straight on, enter either Port Egmont, and anchor there, or Keppel Sound, and bring up there. On her way out, a steam-tug is at hand to tow her through the passages to New Island, where the outpost is; and whence, refreshed and invigorated, she takes her departure to do battle with the Horn.

On the other hand, a vessel disabled comes from that same Horn; she makes at once for New Island; the look out perceives her; a steam-tug is sent to help; — and in a short time, she is towed to the dock at Keppel Island. And so convinced am I of the incalculable advantage to shipping all this would be, that I do not think it is saying too much when I assert that seventy-five per cent. of the shipping that now go round the Horn and suffer, would avail themselves of it. Indeed, if it were once known to exist, *and as a Government affair*, the insurances would not only stand good, but I imagine the insurance offices would recommend it.†

In speaking of the various islands being settled by convicts, I have not forgotten some remarks made about their escaping; but I do not see how they could very easily escape, if the boats and material are all kept at the principal quarters on Keppel Island. There are no trees of sufficient size to enable any one to build boats; and there could easily be an interdiction as to sealers from elsewhere coming to any place but the head dépôt. But after all, what, if any

* I have shown what could be done at Saunders Island. See vol. i. p. 242. At Saunders Island these might be the gardens, &c., as formerly.

† I would here suggest that a very small toll should be levied upon all ships bound round the Horn either way, which toll should be applied to the maintenance of an establishment at the Falklands such as I have described.

of them did escape? Where could they go to? What could they do? Even if they eventually got back to England, there is not one chance out of a thousand but that they would be recaptured as escaped felons. And if not, still what harm? Do we want to keep vindictively pent up under our own eye some foul and disgusting thing that has perchance most nauseously soiled us with its filth? Would we chain a skunk? No, we would rather let him go, and be for ever away from us. So with criminals. Punish them, and let their punishment be felt, — make them useful not only to us, but also to themselves, — employ them in every way that free men could not so well be employed in, — try and reform them; — but never let it be said that a free and glorious country chains man's body and soul vindictively to look at. Guard your *prisoners* well: and such might be easily done at the Falklands; but if, after all, any of them do escape, it would be so sorry a chance for them that I rather think it would not be an effort they would consider worth attempting.

In speaking of Keppel Island as the head quarters of a penal settlement in the Falklands, I have not forgotten that it is at present occupied, and I believe a small block of land on it, bought by the Mission party. But, for several reasons, I conceive that to be not the smallest hindrance. For one thing, I do not think the Mission can exist much longer as it now goes on. No clear and right thinking person, when once truly acquainted with all the facts connected with its doings, would, I fancy, care to be a party in supporting it as it now stands. I shall, presently, have occasion to remark upon its plans; but here it will be enough to say, that, if continuing to remain on Keppel Island in the way proposed by its authors, it can no longer lay claim to a mere missionary work, and therefore it had better call itself, truthfully, a cattle speculation scheme. Moreover, as the Society is not incorporated by law, I can hardly understand how its present acts are to be received. Other societies have to be bound by the law, and why not this? Therefore I say that many things concur to warrant my coming to the conclusion, that Keppel Island will not long be under the Mission name. It may be under one man's right and authority, as it is virtually so now, though nominally belonging to the Mission; but, that the Society will long have even a titular claim upon it, I much doubt. And for their own sake, and the real good of the cause they say they are engaged in, I shall be glad when I see them give it up, unless using it simply as a dépôt, and not as a cattle station. If they be really sincere, and with the funds and means at their command, let them go to the natives, and honestly do the work amongst them; not bring natives to work for them, and confine them to a place from which, as the Society unblushingly states, "they cannot get away!"

It would be out of place here to introduce further argument upon the suitability of the Falklands as a penal settlement. I shall therefore merely confine myself to one more topic, and then conclude.

It has been said that the convicts could find no means of supporting themselves; and, that it would be a heavy expense keeping up an establishment there. All this may be true. No man should too rashly say to the contrary. A fearful responsibility would rest upon any one who, too blindly advising in such a matter, should lead to a lamentable failure. Therefore in this, as in other points, I merely venture to offer an opinion, not presume to do more. Where my own personal experience of these islands enables me to speak, I do so with confidence; but, on those points in which political economists alone can best decide, I can only earnestly call attention to the subject. My own impression is, that convicts, under proper management, would get on very well at the Falklands. There might be a sealing station at one place; a cattle station at another, say in the fertile plains spoken of by Mr. Eddy; a whaling station on or about New Island; a dock-yard at Keppel; farm stations at White Rock Bay and elsewhere; and various other things that could be mentioned were it necessary; all of which might be turned to good account.

And now, as I am necessarily compelled in a book of narrative like this, to condense everything relating to extraneous matter, I will conclude my remarks by repeating what I said in my letter to the "Times."

After a few words on the Falklands as too little known to the maritime world, I said:—"Mr. Eddy is correct in what he asserts as to these islands not being developed to the utmost; and that one half, and that the best half, is wholly unoccupied and untenanted by man or beast; for I have gone entirely round the Falklands, and in and out among the various passages, excellent harbours, and secure anchorages; and I have found, especially to the westward, such an abundance of tussack, better pasturage, seals, excellent fish, and appearance of mineral wealth, that I am surprised at that part having been so long neglected. In one of the highest mountain valleys I have gathered the wild raspberry.

"I have by me a living specimen of the beautiful Falkland Island box-tree. I have varieties of the productions of those islands. I have, at Government-house, proved what can be done in those apparently barren islands by partaking of currants, peas, excellent potatoes, delicious green vegetables of all kinds, and, with slight exceptions, almost everything as at home. Beef, mutton, pork, wild-fowl in abundance; whitebait, smelt, and mullet, besides a variety of other fish. Of mullet, at one haul of the government net, in a

short space of time, 1,500 were caught on an occasion when I was at Stanley, and they were so plentiful that it was only the apathy which unfortunately rests upon the colonists, owing to their isolated and all but forgotten existence, that prevents, in my opinion, a good trade being made of the fisheries about the Falklands.

"With regard to the kelp, I have seen it tried for manure, and know it to be excellent; and I have no doubt, from what I have heard Mr. Havers, the active and shrewd manager of the Falkland Island Company, say, that there are abundant means on these islands for the support of any population that might be placed upon it. Governor Rennie may not be familiar with the West Falklands, though I believe he made one brief cruise round them during his governorship; and they are rarely visited except by sealers and American whalers, who have long since found it worth their while to make New Island, West Falkland, a sort of 'place of call.'

"On Saunders Island I have had any number of rabbits, delicious geese, and teal for the mere trouble of shooting as fast as I could, and sometimes with merely knocking the wild fowl down with a stone or stick. Eggs of the best eating, and very large in size, may be collected at the proper season by hundreds, nay, thousands. The climate, though always boisterous, is most healthy; and I am convinced, were a trial given, under proper management, and avoiding some of the defects of past policy in local rule, that the Falkland Islands, but particularly the west islands, would speedily become a thriving and self-productive colony."*

MISSIONARY PLANS.

MANY who read this book will perhaps be either connected with the Mission, or interested in it. For those, as also for others who have no such interest, and yet are friends of all honest and truthful work, I now write these notes.

In the first volume, I have alluded to the Plans of the Society at the time I left Bristol in 1854, though such plans were not well known until after I had left. I shall, therefore, now only refer the reader to them, and make my comments as I proceed.

* Captain Morrell, an American sealer, says, "It is my opinion that something might be made of this country. The soil is good, clear of rocks, and susceptible of easy tillage and high cultivation. Luxuriant meadows, or plains, in the interior, afford excellent grazing for cattle all the year round."

Before doing this, it is necessary that I say a few words on the subject, generally, of Missions abroad, lest in some things I be misunderstood on both sides of the question.

I dislike extremes of any kind. Even philanthropy may be made nauseous by the mistaken, yet probably well meant zeal of ardent votaries in some particular cause. Many persons deem their own course of benevolent action the best; and either rail against, or level quiet sarcasm at that course which deviates from their own. This is conspicuously seen in many of the annual gatherings at certain places; and it is a sad blot upon what under some circumstances would present a fair surface. But the mass of the people are becoming too intelligent not to perceive what is and what is not the true spirit of Christian love and charity. It is a sad and a painful thing to any one who loves what is honest and sincere in any benevolent work to find so much of absurdity connected with it. Excitement is often got up, by some fluent speaker and subtle orator, in order that money may be obtained to support those who have chosen to introduce this new idea. As a writer, now before me, says: — "I would not take away one jot from the respect due to religion, or raise an impious voice against any body of men acting as a society for the good of their fellow men; and we do neither when we say that many of these meetings got up *by new societies* partake more, in their way of doing business, of the claptrap than the simple method adopted by Christ to benefit mankind; and that the money annually raised by this means, so far from producing to any practical extent even the good intended, serves only to support a set of officers in a genteel style, whose sole and pleasant duty appears to be simply to talk and write about that good. * * * * Charity is a lovely, and Religion a holy thing; but there is often too much, in some of these meetings, more of anything else than true charity or religion. They are mere exhibitions, in which the speakers, who are generally clergymen, are the heroes; where contributors of the money are the victims; and where, except in a very few of the societies, no one is the gainer save the officers and agents who absorb most, if not all, of the contributions in the way of their salaries."

Thus far what another says; and I regret to add that painful experience compels me, as regards one Society, to corroborate his remarks. But I would not go the extreme length that some do, in speaking against *all* missionary labour abroad. Much of it is undoubtedly mistaken, or unwisely carried on; but there is also much that is good.

One of my main objects in writing this book has been to draw attention to the subject of missionary enterprise both in its real and ideal good: to divest it of the false halo which surrounds it in the

eyes of numbers of its admirers, who conceive that anything bearing the name must be pure and estimable; and to elevate it, where sincere, in the sight of those who, on account of that false halo by them easily seen through, can only view it as a medium for much hypocrisy, cant, and spiritual pride. True missionary labour is not what generally goes under that denomination in the present day. For proof of this I would take the example of those who, staff in hand, and scrip by side, went forth by two and two at a time from Galilee, at the bidding of their Master, and taught as they were told to do. I would also take up the early apostles, and, above all, that great practical missionary, Paul of Tarsus, he, the once disciple of the Jew Gamaliel, who laboured with his own hands rather than be a burden to the Church. I would even call forward the much-reviled Jesuits, who, whatever might be their error—if error there be (and God, not man, is the fitting Judge),—have gone further and deeper, and more perseveringly than any of their co-religionists, in the work of attempting to humanise their fellow creatures far afield. True missionaries they! With HIM they served alone for their guide and dependence, have they not gone where few others—until lately in Africa—have ventured? Have they not patiently, and well and wisely, endured? Have they not unceasingly, and with firmness, borne perils, and dangers, and sufferings, which very few in the present day encounter? If they plant a creed of error according to our ideas, how know we that it may not be for good amongst those who receive it, and who have heretofore worshipped—if they worshipped anything—but the idols of their own hands, or the hosts of heaven? Unlike the well-paid missionary of some amongst us, these pupils of a creed we so much despise and abuse, go forth, almost penniless, into unknown regions*; and by their own labour, or by the chance help of others, strive to implant among the wild people they visit the knowledge they themselves have gained.

From place to place they wander, teaching, inculcating, and practically illustrating what they preach; and years gone by, did these Jesuit missionaries travel into lands of the West, and East, and North and South, which until lately were never visited by other civilised beings.† I do not say that their acts were always good:

* The brothers Huc in China are an instance.

† I cannot forbear quoting the graphic description of the labours of these men as given by an eminent historian. He says:—

"No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished: none had distributed its operations over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action. There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life, in which Jesuits were not to be found. * * * * They wandered to countries which

I would not hold up their principles and their mode of dealing with their converts as those to be imitated. God forbid! But I do put them forth as an example of true single-mindedness, of perseverance, of unflinching determination, and patient endurance. And like to these are, I believe, others of a denomination considered almost equally as much out of the pale of the Church of England as they, — the Moravians. Here we have men going forth to earn their daily bread in unknown lands, to toil, to struggle, and to bear, even as they would, and perhaps more than they would at home; and yet doing the work of a missionary also. Different from this, however, is the case of one who, with great *éclat*, and moneyed help, goes forth with his various servants under different denominations — as surgeon, catechist, carpenters, interpreters, governess for his family, &c. &c., besides his household goods of every kind, in the shape of hundreds of books, pianoforte, &c. &c. This latter may *say* he is going to do so and so; he may even state that he has done so and so; and by the false glare which surrounds him he may possibly dazzle the eyes of many; but will not the sober-thinking mind ask the question, — What is it he is really going to do? —and what is it *proved* that he has done? If he be the real mis-

neither mercantile avidity, nor liberal curiosity, had ever impelled any stranger to explore. They were to be found in the garb of Mandarins, superintending the observatory at Pekin. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay. Yet, whatever might be their residence, whatever might be their employment, their spirit was the same, entire devotion to the common cause, implicit obedience to the central authority. None of them had chosen his dwelling-place or his vocation for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the arctic circle, or under the equator,—whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collating manuscripts at the Vatican, or in persuading naked barbarians in the southern hemisphere not to eat each other, —were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of others. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through the desert with the next caravan. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf, where it was a crime to harbour him, where the heads and quarters of his brethren, fixed in the public places, showed him what he had to expect, he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is this heroic spirit yet extinct. When, in our own time, a new and terrible pestilence passed round the globe—when, in some cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together – when the secular clergy had deserted their flocks—when medical succour was not to be purchased by gold—when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life—even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother, had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession, and holding up to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the expiring Redeemer."— *Macaulay*, vol. ii. pp. 54, 55.

sionary, why goes he not forth as a mere missionary; not as a proud bishop with his banded retinue of attendants! Why takes he up the world and mammon, while he ostensibly professes to alone preach heaven and self-denial? Yet how many are there who go thus? Rather, how few there are that will go as the missionary, and not as the bishop? And thus, while thousands of excellent and truly pious individuals at home are deluded into a belief that the work of conversion and evangelisation is really being carried on, and freely give their money for the purpose, he, the so-called missionary, is establishing for himself a something else, and doing the reverse of all that is known or stated. There are, I believe, several very bright exceptions to this among a few missionaries who have lately appeared before the public. Such are Dr. Livingstone, the Rev. Mr. Ellis, and some who too often have only their own honest hearts to reward them, and never appear before the public eye; but, taking the mass of missionary labour abroad, there is a general cry among travellers against its selfishness and arrogance. I say this with regret; it has pained me deeply to witness it in several places I have visited; and especially so, inasmuch as I conceive that the true missionary—that earnest, self-denying character who seeks but the real not the ideal benefit of others, even more than his own welfare—is capable of effecting more lasting good in the world than any other human creature. But my idea of such a missionary is perhaps very different to what some of my readers may conceive of him. Indeed, the whole missionary work seems to me to be a strange compound of piety and irreligion, and to be far from what it ought to be. If I understand it rightly, missionary work, as at present carried on, is said to be the converting, or rather *forcing*, to Christianity those who are not Christians,—to teach others your God who have a god of their own. But, is this true religion? Is it not rather something the reverse? What is it we are told to do? — To succour the distressed; to relieve the poor; to assist the widow; to humanise the heart; to diffuse knowledge; to impart instruction; and to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify God; — to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God. This is what we are told to do; not to go abroad amongst wondering savages and — forgetting all this — plant an idol in their hearts — disturb the economy of their nature by sudden change; by an irruption of mystic ideas, which they can only understand as you may choose to make them be understood, and which is done by various methods not always the most straightforward and truthful.

Many pages might be written concerning this; but I must not dwell too long upon the same thing here. Yet let me ask, What in new missionary work is really taught,—that is, the only thing appa-

rently to be taught? Why, a mere abstract idea; — the belief in a Saviour, — in your God instead of theirs. Whether they *feel* this belief, or whether they will ever evince a perfect knowledge of what they believe, or have been made to say they believe, is not for a moment considered. It is sufficient that, to use the words of the missionary who came out to convert the Fuegians, "It is sufficient that they have been taught to repeat after you certain words expressive of their entrance into the fold of Christ." And then a baptizing; a report home of "another convert from heathenism;" a fresh collection of money; a new laudation, &c., of the zealous missionary; and so the work goes on. But again I say, Is not this anything but religion? Did the Founder of our faith do this? Did He not rather bring this very thing as a subject-matter of complaint against the Pharisees, when he said, "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves?"

And so it is. And you teach men to worship *you* and *your* creed instead of the Great Unseen,—of Him who can alone be understood by a right examination of all His created works. You hold up an idol, and say to the poor naked savage, — Here, *this* is what you must bend to; for it is mine! But you do not first instil within him the doctrines which He, whom you thus idolatrously introduce, taught as the fundamental truths of His religion; — love to God and man. No: this is wholly set aside for the one abstract idea of an assumed belief or asserted belief in a Saviour; and while you anathematise every other sort of worship or style of worship different to your own, and strive to strongly implant this upon the yet blank mind, you cry aloud to zealous men at home that you have made a convert to the Christian truth! Again I say, Is this right? Is it honest? Is it anything but an impious mockery of Him who, when he sent forth His missionaries, bade them do the works that he did; and, by deeds of love and mercy*, bring men to know each other better, and to serve their Heavenly Father more.

From what I have said, it may be inferred that I also would decry the present system of missionary labour abroad. To this I might answer,—Yes, as a whole; but not in many of its parts. As a whole, the system seems to me to be based upon a mere desire to get so many proselytes in so many years, and to fill up so many pages of a book with just as many figures as can possibly be crammed in, always keeping to apparent truth, though not always to literal truth. In many of its parts, however, there is much good, if that good were properly worked out. Individuals of the right heart and spirit

* Matt. ch. x.

may effect this good; but never if they care not what means they employ, nor what the course they pursue to obtain it. "Evil shall not be done that good may come." It is evil to deceive; and deceive you must, if you tell an untutored savage aught that, when his mind becomes more enlightened, he perceives to be different from the reality. Nor can you, by taking the youthful savage to your refinement and then sending him back among his fellows, accomplish this aright. The belief in a Saviour is useless if it cannot be understood, and understood clear of all its metaphysical abstractions.

A Saviour teaches us love! He is the personification of love—of everything that is good and pure; and until the savage can be made to understand this by both precept and example, and feel it in himself, it strikes me as vain and absurd to talk of his having embraced the cross and become a Christian. Thus then, I say to the idealist who fancies he can turn the savage at a word, "You wish to convert and make them believe in Him who was nailed on the cross; and yet you cry out against idolatry! Why, what is this but teaching idolatry, unless the mind is previously prepared to understand the spiritual sense of this belief? Therefore, the mere teaching *of a particular creed* is, as it appears to me, the evil in your missionary work. It is insufficient to try and implant peculiar doctrines which form a part of your own mode of thought and action. The soil may be ready, but the fallow ground should be first broken up before the seed is planted; in other words, a gradual introduction of the habits and customs of civilised life should be the primary step taken *amongst* savages, and not the attempting to force a belief in certain statements you may choose to make, or by plausibly dragging them from their homes. As for 'winning souls to Christ,' is not the Fuegian already won to Christ—the good, the loving, the kind, the merciful, the friend of publicans and sinners—if we can get him to do what Christ teaches, even if he does not understand all about the mystery of the incarnation, death, and resurrection of the God-man? Teach him, then, by precept and example, to do those things which Christ has taught you to do; only be careful that your own actions are in accordance with all that you teach:"—and this I would impress most strongly on every missionary.

There are, however, many sound reasoning and most excellent men who say, and say it with good intent, having a benevolent eye to our numerous wants at home,—"Of what use is it to go to wild places and try to convert, or even to civilise the inhabitants? They are well enough as they are; and it is too often proved that civilising them does not always make them better,—nay, sometimes makes them worse!" To this I reply,—Granted—granted in its fullest extent. I acknowledge the truth of all you say or could

say on this point; but,—let me in turn ask you,—what good is there in anything done beyond the ordinary course of daily life? Our present world is large enough for us: why go we forth still to try and discover more of it? Why battle with cold in the North, and heat in the South, to add to our store of geographical knowledge? Why do any of the hundred things that—if we coldly argue about it—might just as well be left undone?—Why, it is *because the spirit of a man prompteth him to do all this;* and therefore, in like manner, it is the spirit of the Church* that prompts her, in obedience to the behests of her Divine Master, to strive and gather within its fold all nations and people. Right or wrong, according as persons may think, nevertheless it is this that leads to missions abroad; and, while I condemn the deplorable nonsense too often mixed up with new societies, I would yet venture to uphold every true and honest association for the spread of the Gospel abroad. But until a society, by all its acts, proves that it is true and honest—and to be so, there should be no secrecy, no guile, no perverting facts, no doing evil that fancied good may come—I cannot conceive that it should have aught but general condemnation. My own impression is, that much of the evil *connected* with various minor missions arises from the want of consistency. Professing to be of the Church, they obtain not the blessing of the Church upon what they do; but, like a self-opinionated son in a family, proceed to do a something not only without the blessing, but also against the expressed opinion of the parent. Therefore I again say, that the Church—if we profess to have one—should be the directing agent for the propagation of Christianity. Religion is calm and gentle—mild and retiring. She frequently sits in quiet, unseen, and often unthought-of places; shooting forth to do good like a beautiful star, or—better far—exactly as our Divine Master did; and also, in a lesser degree, even as those glorious sisters of mercy, with that angel-woman, Florence Nightingale, have appeared in their heavenly deeds of love and good-will. The wild visions of furious minds, leaping over and crushing every one that may oppose them in their absurdities concerning the "heathen," constitute not religion; and as there always will be a doubtful question where men of themselves come forward in a moneyed affair, I again say the Church of every denomination should in its wisdom be alone the guide.

I find that several reasons, which I have no power at present to set aside, will prevent my going so minutely as I believe I ought to do into the plans of the Patagonian Missionary Society. I must choose

* I mean the Church spiritual; not in this confining myself to any one particular church.

another form for so doing. But this let me say. Reader, whoever you are, and particularly if you are a seaman, I conjure you, as you value one grain of happiness, peace, or fair-dealing, and if you have the smallest regard to your own welfare, go rather to the Sioux Indians, — work, slave, ship as a man before the mast in any trawler, rather than go in the confidence of your heart and trust to a self-styled Missionary Society newly started up; or, if you do engage yourself to such, I conjure you to get the most skilful legal advice you can find before entering into any agreement. Be chary of everything; doubt; examine; hesitate; prove; test; try in every possible manner, even as you would, and more so than if you were engaged with those the world is generally most cautious with. In any agreement you may make, have every possible contingency provided for. Think over it; sleep over it; inquire about it; and again and again read every word, and spell every letter, to be sure you are safe; if not, the chances are that, whenever you are found in the way, you will be tossed, like a stale fish, upon the first bare rock in a distant part of the ocean, and left to get off in the best manner you can, — as I was.

A true mission to the Fuegians, however, I warmly advocate; but I must be permitted to say that — from my knowledge of the Society's past doings — I strongly speak against their plans. For, from the very first moment I had a correct knowledge of their real intentions, I felt myself bound honestly to express disapproval; and a determination, as a British shipmaster, personally amenable to the laws, not to have anything to do with such plans. It will be enough to say that the society not being incorporated, and I the only individual attached to it, recognised by law — being the legal master of the ship — their deeds were but the acts of private individuals, while mine were necessarily official. It was therefore solely because of my "opposition to their plans" that I was made to leave the vessel belonging to the Society.

NAUTICAL NOTES.

Before entering upon the main points of this subject, a few general remarks will be necessary, as also some observations upon our Mercantile Marine. And first with regard to the latter.

Since my return home I have seen in the papers some letters in reference to this matter; and it has given me much pleasure to find the subject taken up. My opinion is, that no more time should be wasted; and that those most concerned in it ought at once to begin the task. As regards myself, I am able to speak more freely than many. Though

by birth and profession a mariner, yet I do not so constantly follow the sea, as to make me come into rivalry with any of my brethren who differ from my views on nautical matters; and that I do differ from some, will be presently seen.

In 1830, I first went to sea as a boy, and, whatever my capabilities may have since been, it will be sufficient to say that I have had ample experience to admit of my forming a correct judgment as to my profession. That profession I have not uniformly followed; — and why? — Because it gave me disgust! I loved it *as a profession;* yet there was nothing in it that had inducement enough to make me persevere therein. For, after all, what is a merchant captain according to Act of Parliament? A common carrier on the sea; a being to be severely punished if he does wrong; yet to be without protection if others do wrong to him. He is amenable to the laws; yet the laws appear not to be so to him, in the same way they are to any one on shore. In other words, the law makes him a servant to all; and yet, if he does aught that any one else says is not his particular duty as a master, though he honestly considers it such, he is liable to be ousted from his post at a moment's notice, and that without being able to get any remedy! And I fully believe that there are very many of my brother shipmasters who, if they could, would sooner take up any other occupation than be in one they get so little rewarded for. Subject to the jibes and insolence of every seaman, who, knowing his only punishment will be a fine, often abuses his captain the same as if he were a pickpocket, it is not to be wondered at if, with the responsibility resting on his shoulders, he sometimes forgets himself. My surprise is that we hear of so little complaint against merchant captains. For my own part, and I believe it is the feeling of many others besides myself, I would sooner work as a labourer than, in the present state of the mercantile marine law, be a master of an ordinary merchant ship. For, in that position, one is the butt of everybody — from a boy, who of course will have hundreds of defenders if he is ever corrected, to the veriest blackguard that steps foot on board ship. Not but it is the fault of some shipmasters if they have too much of this on board; for I believe that very much depends upon the manner in which discipline is carried on; yet the knowledge that the sailor is cared for by law more than the captain (and any one who reads the Act may see this to be true), has a tendency to throw a stagnation about all the latter does, while it gives encouragement to the former. Look, for instance, at that extreme and, if it be the law, most extraordinary power vested in the hands of any one calling himself an owner, to summarily dismiss a captain from his ship at a moment's notice in any part of the world! And yet what remedy does the law give him? Why

a remedy by civil action, to enter into which he must have large means, and then stand all uncertainties. The large means very few possess; and particularly when the captain has to find his way home as best he can from perhaps the very Antipodes; and the delay and uncertainties of the law are so proverbial that even the landsman dreads them, let alone the sailor. My own case is in point. Look at it! I worked hard for two years and more as captain of that small vessel engaged on peculiar service in one of the most tempestuous portions of the globe. My nominal owners, a so-called religious Society, approve, applaud, and publicly eulogise me: everything I do, and have done, is praised by them in *words:* at last one of their number goes abroad, and wants me not only to follow his particular plans, wild and visionary as they were, but also do that which, as a shipmaster, I did not dare do. I refer to my agreement and instructions; and what he wants done, I find is not in accordance with such. I therefore decline to go against my own orders, until I have positive news from home, for he brings me none. Yet what is the result? He represents himself to the British authorities as an owner appearing on the ship's register, though a subscription vessel, and not at all his; and the authorities, without even investigating the matter, or giving me a hearing in Court, direct me to obey that owner's order to leave the vessel at *three hours' notice*, though I hold a written agreement for three years. I have to do so; myself, my wife, my effects have to go on shore in a distant land, and without any means being given us to subsist upon or to get home. At last, after much suffering and the disposal of all my instruments and effects, I do get home. I apply to the other owners for redress; and — in my present remarks, charitably supposing that they are in a difficulty which they know not how to otherwise get out of — they refuse to liquidate my claims on the sole plea of my having "disobeyed orders;" and leave me to seek an expensive remedy by going to law. If, however, such is the law, is it not time that captains in the merchant service should unite together, and strive to get an improvement in all relating to them. Why should the sailor be better protected than the captain? The former is not only sent home if discharged abroad, and the captain obliged to send him home, but is also tenderly cared for in the most minute thing relating to him; and I am told it is because captains can take care of themselves. But this is not so. Few have the means to enable them to take such care of their interests as would put them on a fair equality with others. Their expenses are heavy; and the more intelligent they are, the more heavy those expenses. I remember, some years back, a discussion in the press respecting masters in the navy, and I believe the subject was well taken up; and I am sure many a

merchant captain will be most thankful if *their* case could now be similarly taken up. It is — as hundreds can say — a hard one, and many excellent shipowners would fain improve it if they could; but the numerous different Acts of the last few years prevent anything being definitely done. I dearly love my profession; and when at sea, devote myself steadily to it; but what encouragement is there in it for that more intelligent class of men lately spoken of in the press as desirable? None: and therefore all I can say about it is, that I hope the good work now begun will go on until the improvement needed in our mercantile marine has been effected. The powerful aid the press can render will, I am sure, not be thrown away. It will benefit the commercial interests: it will be a boon to the mariner at large. The present laws are insufficient. They are too much; and yet too little. As they stand, a ship captain need be a lawyer to know them aright. He can never tell when he is correct; — at least I have found it so only in the matter of shipping and discharging my men in the ports I have lately visited during the past two years; — and as to the work on board, why it's a perfect farce! I may be pardoned for mentioning one instance only.

It will be seen in the narrative that I have had to do much work in boats; and the men signed a fair agreement to do such work. Now, the weather about Cape Horn and the Falklands is, as I have often mentioned, almost always rough; consequently, there are times when boat work is not only heavy but dangerous. Yet the work must be done; and of course, when I thought it advisable, I would order it to be done. Nevertheless, frequently would I have sooner undertaken the entire labour myself, had it been possible, than get the work done as it was performed. "It was too hazardous; it was beyond the hours; it was rain or wind, or too much sea," &c.; and, when this is said, how is the captain to decide? or, rather, who is to decide the question as to the propriety of such and such a thing? — the captain, who has all the responsibility, or the sailor, who has no responsibility? Yet, according to the laws, it is a tender point. He may, in the exigence of the service, overleap the exact mark, though he may, as I and scores have done, personally work in the same peril or labour with the seaman; yet if he does go beyond the mark, though ignorantly or well meant, he is liable, according to the law, to be punished. And knowing this, sailors take advantage; and the work is necessarily stultified. As to remuneration, I have been surprised at the statement that captains in the merchant service get not less than 200*l.* a year. I know many who think themselves lucky if they get 10*l.* per month, and find their own books, charts, and instruments. As to a uniform, and the suggestions made by some writers, I have no doubt it may be beneficial;

but, after all, what is wanted? Why, a good practical, intelligent, and honest shipmaster, — a *commander* in the mercantile service who will have the interests of his owners and the commercial community at heart, and who should therefore be empowered to act in every way as he considered best (for no rule can be laid down for the exact guidance of a ship at sea); who should be thoroughly supported by every one at home and abroad in the arduous duties he has to perform; and with full power given to him, he should be liable to severe punishment if, by a fair and careful examination by his compeers (not by others), he is found to have improperly used those powers. He should not be subject to that official routine which has hampered even many a gallant officer in the navy; nor is it, I think, satisfactorily proved that our merchant captains are made practically better by the distasteful compulsory examinations they have to undergo like a schoolboy, and which many learn by rote, and so pass muster. Few men of practical skill can talk much; and fewer handle the pen. The man of ready and well stored mind can better think and act than he can put his thoughts on paper, or properly explain himself. But in times of danger or emergency how many hundreds of our roughest sea captains show themselves the most perfect masters of the moment; and, cool and self-possessed, carry the vessel, cargo, and the lives entrusted to their care, through the peril in perfect safety? How many hundreds, I say, do this, who could not express a single thought in words, or put two sentences correctly together on paper. The very nature of a merchant captain's life begets this, — not *ignorance*, but mainly *diffidence*, and apparent inability when on shore. Used to command, to promptitude, quickness of thought, and ready skill, he is perfectly out of his element when he is thrown amongst forms, and cramped by official routine. Unlike the naval officer, who is much on land, and naturally becomes more *toned*, and more accustomed to certain fixed rules, the merchant captain is otherwise. All is left to him at sea; all must depend upon him; and he has to think upon and to do a thousand things no officer in the navy would ever have to perform. True, there may not be that same amount of intelligence, though I think even in that the mercantile marine is now getting not very far behind the more aristocratic sister service; but then it must be borne in mind that the law itself is mainly the cause of this, though not apparently so. For, as I have already said, the merchant captain being made by law a common carrier, and subject to all that I have named and much more besides, he has no inducement to elevate himself. He has no protection: no encouragement. If he makes observations, examines unknown harbours, devotes his little spare time to compiling notes on useful subjects connected

with his profession, he is damped by finding all his labour thrown away from inability to get attention paid to what he has done; or, if attended to, by some one else of higher note stepping in and taking advantage of what he has done. How frequently have I been told by some of my brother shipmasters, — "Oh, I can *feel* the changes of the wind and weather well enough without all that trouble of regularly consulting and registering the barometer, &c. &c. What's the good of it? Who is it for? *I* know what to do? and who encourages me to work for others who may not know, or who may have some scientific crotchet in their heads?" And though for myself I do not agree in this; and though I know several who do devote themselves to the science of our profession, yet the majority will not trouble to do it, having neither encouragement nor elevation of position to induce them. In this respect, the American Government is acting more wisely. Under Captain Maury's excellent arrangements, there is established a large body of merchant captains working together all over the world in the cause of science and the advancement of their profession; and they do it willingly and cheerfully, because they know, that what they do will be publicly acknowledged and thankfully accepted.

But a remedy for the present far from enviable state and prospects of our mercantile marine captains will, I think, only be found by their taking up their own cause, aided by such shipowners as some of those I could name in London and elsewhere, who, possessing enlarged minds and liberal views, would join in trying to effect the change so necessary. Then might we have a mercantile marine whose officers, feeling they were supported and respected, would elevate themselves and strive to merit the good report of all; not be as many are, indifferent to what is said about them. I would therefore suggest that friendly meetings be held all over the kingdom amongst British shipmasters to consider and adopt such measures in regard to their present condition as may tend to their ultimate benefit, and necessarily, the increased welfare of the commercial community. If the Press would but lend its powerful aid, I am sure that the unfavourable remarks lately made by several against our sea commanders would soon be no longer applicable to our body at large, as indeed I do not consider them entirely so now.

There is one thing I must not omit dwelling upon; and that is the title given to shipmasters in the mercantile marine. By some they are called *Mr.*, being of course in law simply ordinary masters or common carriers; — by others they have the term of "skipper;" some few will style them captain; and this latter is their true title, or else it is a misnomer to say in any case "captain of a ship." Now there are many objections to the denomination of

"captain" in social life on shore, because it so happens that Her Majesty's service holds an exclusive claim to that title; nevertheless, what is due to a man should be given him. If he is a captain, then a captain he should be called; and, as a captain is one who takes the command, I see no valid reason why the rank is not to be applied to him. A distinction could easily be made; and, as a friend said to me the other day, "*Commander*" might be used in the merchant service and omitted in the navy: and I would suggest that "M. N." (Mercantile Navy) be added to the name as "R. N." is in Her Majesty's service. At all events, I would urge my brethren not to forget their true position; and, as now-a-days much is expected from them, let them stand upon their own ground and always claim what is their due.

There is, however, much that requires correction and improvement on the part of our merchant captains themselves. I would suggest that they take up the subject in their own hands, and not leave it for others to do. I would point out to such of them as need it more care and attention on certain points that often their very experience and general knowledge leads them astray in. I allude in particular to log, lead, and look out,—the "three L's," as Captain Maury justly says. With a watchfulness in this, and to the barometer, *rightly*, not indifferently attended to, frequent mishaps may be avoided. If I allude to myself in what I have more to say, it is only to illustrate my remarks, from personal experience. Others in command can, and no doubt have frequently verified them and practised the true science of maritime sailing better than I. But I would say that such personal experience of my own has enabled me to carry a little vessel safely about for two years in some of the most dangerous parts of the world without a single loss or damage. I have safely run across the river Plate in thick weather by careful attention to the lead, and with only once obtaining a chance glimpse of the land; and I have stood right on for the Falklands while very foggy, and got my position quite accurately enough through the soundings. So through the Straits of Le Maire, and elsewhere. Attention to such indications as are in some form or other occasionally to be met in all places, will undoubtedly save a great deal of mischief; and my surprise has not been a little when coming home as passenger in a ship, and likewise on reading in the papers of disasters in the Channel that the lead is so seldom used. I would therefore suggest that those who have hitherto disregarded these matters should now turn them over in their mind. I know how irksome and annoying it is to a captain to be compelled to almost incessantly keep his officers and men to these more minute but not less important points in the sailing of his ship; and how, very often, he will be all but insulted and

sneered at as "over cautious, fidgetty, nervous, giving unnecessary trouble," &c. &c.; but, if it be possible to get the laws altered, so as to protect the captain more, these and many similar things will be soon done away.

I now proceed to the few nautical notes and observations I have to make.

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If the nautical reader will mark out the track I took, he will perceive that we went well to the westward in crossing the line. This I did not hesitate to do for several reasons, not the least being a desire to try the theory of Commander Maury, of the American hydrographic department. Taking his charts for a guide, I went from point to point of his wind diagrams, and thus carried with me almost a continuous fair breeze, and avoided any long calms. I struck direct for Fernando de Noronha, and even went inside of it. The consequence was that I caught the Brazilian monsoon, and ran down the coast with a N.E. and northerly wind, without any south east trade whatever. Thus, then, as far as my experience enables me to speak, I can strongly recommend the passage well to the westward in crossing the Line, except perhaps in one particular season of the year. At all events, there is this sound argument in favour of it—that, as Captain Maury justly observes, if a vessel cannot head up sufficiently high so as to weather Cape St. Roque, she will have the wind at such a point of the compass as to enable her to make a good tack to the eastward without any material loss to the northward; always, however, supposing that she crossed the equator at a right place. For myself, I should never hesitate in sighting Fernando de Noronha; and when I speak of our homeward passage I will again refer to the subject by adding a few more remarks to the above.

In running down the coast of South America, consideration should be had as to the season of the year. It is well known that the local monsoons prevail to some distance off the coast; and my own impression is that they extend farther than is generally supposed. Proof for, or against this idea can readily be obtained by reference to the various logs now accumulating in the hands of the official authorities appointed to collect and examine them; and, though I should like to inspect and compare for myself, yet my space here forbids the subject being attended to more than in the general form I am now adopting.

Proceeding to the southward, I would suggest that the mouth of the river Plata be crossed inside of soundings; and the edge of the bank off Cape Corrientes struck for bottom, even as directed by the official sailing directions. I would not go too far in, on account of the strong current which occasionally runs to the north-west, which might place a vessel in thick weather too near the dangerous and low

Cape of Antonio. Not but what even this may be altogether guarded against by careful attention to the lead, and not running inside of fifteen fathoms; nevertheless, it is as well to have sufficient sea room when this current is detected, as it is almost invariably the forerunner of a southerly or south-easterly wind. If the wind is fair, and weather clear, I would say, sight the land about Cape Corrientes, and verify your chronometer, as it may happen that you have few opportunities of getting observations afterwards, and one good observation with the time to be well depended on may save not only much anxiety, but possibly the ship.

It has been suggested that ships should keep the Patagonian coasts in sight, just topping on the horizon, but I do not think this is necessary. The nine passages that I made, up and down, between the Rio Plata and the Falklands, induced me to form the opinion that a course on the edge of the bank of soundings three parts of the way, and then straight to a weatherly point of your destination, is quite as well as being too far in. If the tracks I have given on the chart are examined, it will be seen what were our extreme limits, east and west; and I believe that simple attention to the winds, with a correct knowledge of their movements, is all that is needed. It may, however, happen that there occurs a longer prevalence of *south-westerly* winds than I ever encountered; and to be prepared for this, it would be well to keep more westerly than otherwise. If a vessel is bound round the Horn, and is sure of her position, there would be no occasion for sighting the Falklands, unless under the circumstances I have spoken of in my ideas concerning those Islands as a penal settlement. Otherwise, I would consider it well to keep as much as possible on a curved line, following the bend of the coast, and thus ensuring, in seven tenths of the cases, smooth water with an off shore wind.

Between the river Plata and the Falklands the bank of soundings is, except at the curve, laid down very accurately. I have crossed and recrossed it to try its correctness; and on one occasion, during thick weather, I have made my way almost entirely depending upon it for our position. So with the approach to the Falklands from the northward. Soundings may be obtained in good time to prevent any danger except at the north-east corner, Cape Carysfort, where the bank runs almost close in, and where a light would be of great service if erected. It should not be forgotten that there is a current to the north-east, which, I think, is a part of the Cape Horn drift rushing round Staten Land, and past the Falklands. I have found this current 500 miles from those islands, and sea-weed, drift-wood, and a commotion in the waters have often strongly marked its existence. I also imagine that several banks of lesser soundings

may be met with other than those placed on the general charts; for I have occasionally passed indications that led me to think bottom could have been obtained if I had been provided with a proper apparatus. In a small ship, and with my weak crew, the use of the deep sea-lead could not often be resorted to; but the place alluded to by Captain Boys of her Majesty's ship "Express," I have twice gone over, and, to a certain extent, verified his soundings.

The approach to the Rio Plata from the southward is, from its very danger, the best to make by way of Cape Antonio, rather than by stretching across to Cape Sta. Maria. I have gone up to Monte Video in bad weather, depending wholly upon my soundings, having only once, some days before, seen the low land about Mendano. It is the lead that saves everything; and it is even the lead that I used as a ground log, by throwing a heavy one, and taking its bearing as it "growed" away from the ship, and thus making an estimation for tide or current.

On the way to the Falklands, penguins may be seen and heard full 300 miles from the nearest land. They need not, therefore, cause any alarm as to the supposition of being too near the coast. One sign, however, is well worth noting. It is that of a diver bird called the "shag," and which we used to denominate the Falkland Island Pilot. They fly around and around you, in countless numbers, with a fluttering and loud noise peculiar to themselves. Taking a long line, they follow each other in beautiful order; and their swift and dazzling flight has a singular effect when first falling in with them. They are probably too well known to need any description here; but, to my young brother mariners, I would say that the bird may be distinguished by its long neck and its frequent exudations of a red colour upon and about the ship. I have never found it more than *ten miles off*, and very often a less distance. I have, however, been told it flies farther away; but I should recommend a stranger to be on his guard in approaching the land directly one of these birds is to be seen. I remember once running in thick weather confidently on my course to the Falklands as I neared the coast, trusting entirely to the lead and to this bird; and when we had run our distance, estimated in this manner, I found by the land, about Port Salvador, then in sight through the mist, that our position was quite correct.

Of the Falkland Islands, I need only say, that the Admiralty sailing directions and charts are so correct that I know of hardly anything to be added. A vessel may with perfect confidence rest upon them; and, night or day, run boldly on with nothing more than strict attention to what is there said. The light on Cape Pembroke is seen 14 miles off in its *full* light, and 11 miles off in its secondary light,

that is at its dimness after being lit a few hours. Its bearings are as follows: — Outer Rock, off Volunteer Point, on with the light, S. 21° E. magnetic. Centre of Wolf Rock, a little within the light, W. 5½° N. mag. By the friendly aid of this light I have, without any fear, cleared the Uranie and Volunteer Rocks, and entered Port William and Stanley Harbour on two or three occasions at night, and in all weathers.

To the westward, the Eddystone Rock is an excellent mark from sea. It has always appeared to me like a large ship under full sail except her royals; and, as it can be approached to within a cable's length, advantage may be taken of it when running from the westward, or beating up along shore.

Of the other ports, little need be said at present. If the islands should come more into note, many of them will be found most useful; and especially those about the locality of Port Egmont and Keppel Island. The N. E. reef on this island is rather in the way for entering a good anchorage; but it also acts as an excellent breakwater, and therefore is not to be abused. A reference to my narrative itself will better give such information as may be needed on particular parts than anything to be said here, unless I went into the subject more fully than, from want of space, I am at present able to do. Suffice it, that there are few places in the world with more numerous and better harbours, and directions to enter them, than the Falkland Islands; and I trust the day will yet come when many ships will be either calling there for refreshments or taking refuge there, if compelled to go somewhere from damages incurred elsewhere.

From the Falklands to Cape Horn there is, in my opinion, but one good track, and that is through the Straits of Le Maire. To go eastward of Staten Island seems unnecessary, even if it were not losing what may, from the prevalent winds, be well called a weatherly position. Nor do I see that there is the great danger many suppose, —that is, danger worse than going round Cape St. Johns; and, therefore, I would strongly recommend that every vessel coming from the North, should sight the Three Brothers on Tierra del Fuego, and pass through the Straits according to wind and tide. If the wind is adverse, a lee can always be obtained by falling back and dodging about under the land between Cape San Vincent and Cape San Paulo: if the wind is fair, I would recommend the shortest possible track to the Horn, even if not, as I myself would prefer, keeping along the coast, going through Oglander Bay, Goree Roads, Nassau Bay, and out by False Cape Horn, the whole passage perfectly safe, and having the advantage of smooth water, and opportunity, if need be, to anchor at night and replenish wood and water. Should bad weather come on, there are several harbours and places where ex-

cellent shelter may be obtained. Banner Cove in Picton Island; the east of Picton Island, itself; or under New Island; Richmond Roads or Lennox Cove; Goree Roads; Orange Bay; Gretton Bay; Victoria Harbour; and Middle Cove, are all easy of access, and perfectly safe; and I have no doubt there are also others equally so, only they have not yet been properly surveyed. It is on this especial portion of my subject that I should like to have dwelt more at length; but, as it concerns the nautical more than the general reader, I must endeavour to be brief. Let me therefore again repeat my suggestions about taking the passage I have named inside of all, and altogether avoiding Cape Horn. Many reasons I could give in favour of it, and not the least is, that it puts a vessel in a more weatherly position. Of course I speak on the supposition that the wind is from the north or north west: if it be from the south or south west, then the obstacle to any progress in the way I have named would be equally great, and indeed more so, in the usual route pursued outside of all. Let us take the case in any form it might present itself; and we will begin with a vessel bound to California with the wind at north. Rapidly she passes through Le Maire Straits, and, in the old fashion, steers for the Horn. Signs of bad weather and a shift of wind appear; she therefore keeps well south to have plenty of sea room, and avoid the heavy gusts that come round the pitch of the Cape close to: the change takes place, and for days, probably, she is knocking about as scores of vessels do, wearing and tearing herself and crew to pieces. On the other hand, suppose that this same vessel on passing through the Straits took the passage I have named. Night comes on, or dirty weather, or a change of wind. What can she do? Why, if only just through the Straits, run back and get a lee under the land between Cape San Vincent, &c., as I have already mentioned: if far enough on, take to Banner Cove, or any of the places enumerated as in her neighbourhood; and, there waiting till the wind again got favourable, not only save herself much possible damage, but refresh and invigorate every one on board. I am aware that many objections may be made about insurance and risk, &c., but I hope to see the insurance offices themselves recommending this; and, looking still farther ahead, I would say,—in answer to another possible objection about being too long detained by a southerly wind that would keep a vessel from getting out of this passage, while, if to the southward of the Horn, it would be fair for going to the north west,—there are numerous passages by which a vessel with such a wind might go on, even if she took the Beagle Channel, though until it is officially recognised of course it could not be generally followed. My own impression is that the Straits of Magellan are no better than the route I have

named; but, as I have had no experience of the former, I cannot positively determine. At all events, I merely give my ideas as suggestions for the attention of others.

The hammering that vessels get off the Horn is such that everything bearing upon the appearance of a remedy should be brought forward; and amongst other thoughts that came into my head while cruising about the neighbourhood was the possible advantage of such a harbour as that discovered in Wollaston Island by the Americans, and entered by myself. I mean Victoria Harbour, as I have called it, — Sea-Gull Harbour on the American charts. It is a pleasant and secure place, easy of access, through Sea-Gull passage, or, as I imagine (for I did not go *all* the way through), by Washington Channel; and if a vessel, when to the westward of the Horn, was caught in heavy weather, she might bear up for it with ease. I am inclined to think, from the view I obtained when at the top of Mount Franklin, that Bailey and Wollaston Islands are a cluster of smaller islands, and that there are passages from Hately Bay, Scourfield Bay, Kendal Harbour, into Albert Sound, and from Beaufort Bay into Victoria Harbour. Indeed, when passing Scourfield Bay I saw water which I am almost certain led right through into Franklin Sound, as well as an opening to the West. Thus, then, I imagine that there are several passages yet to be discovered, not only in Wollaston and Bailey Islands, but also in Hardy Peninsula and Hoste Island; all or some of which may prove useful for shelter to shipping. And likewise, in the close vicinity of Cape Horn, the passage between Deception and Herschel Islands is perfectly safe; and vessels caught in bad weather could bear up here and anchor under the lee of Herschel in complete safety. But I need not enlarge any more on this point. I find that it has already attracted attention in the American Sailing Directions, at least, so far as going through Nassau Bay is concerned, — and I will, therefore, only again urge a consideration of the subject, and hope it may receive more notice from others.

Before I leave this neighbourhood, let me say a word in favour of an idea that has frequently crossed my mind in reference to the navigation of Cape Horn.

What a boon to mariners would be a light placed there! And that such might be carried into effect by the general consent of all nations having, or conceiving themselves to have, a claim to that wild land, or an interest in its stormy seas, I venture to say. The scientific world has begun a good thing by a general conference and union in reference to the phenomena of the winds and sea; is it, therefore, too much to hope that there will yet be a general conference and union in the mercantile world in reference to the farther exploring and the

better establishing doubtful localities, and the fixing good beacon lights on such important headlands as Cape Horn and the Diego Ramirez? At all events, let Great Britain and America not be backward in this; particularly if the former, as it is to be hoped, now intends to improve the Falkland Islands. Easy would it be from there, especially if made a penal settlement, to accomplish what I have hinted at; and, to pay the expense, the smallest trifling toll upon every vessel clearing out for round the Horn would be sufficient. Possibly, we may care nothing about this; but if we do not, others will. The Americans — those hardy, enterprising followers of the "Stars and Stripes" — men full of science and of daring, wheresoever aught is new or aught to be adventured — they, by their logs and published reports show that they are not negligent of all that I here allude to: also the tricolor, allied to us by our late national unity, has been floating about the Patagonian seas in earnest seeking; and the gaudy flag of Spain is well known as a claimant upon all those lands of Southern America. But there is a young and pushing State already fast verging into manhood, and whose eagle glances are even now fixed upon those lands.* Aided by the rejected ones of England, to whom she liberally gives encouragement, her dashing flag is now carried to many places where, until lately, it was perfectly unknown; and she can boast of men in her employ who are both capable and willing to aid her plans for future aggrandisement and renown. Let it not be said, then, that these are beforehand with us in what must ultimately prove so beneficial to the maritime world. We have done much by the admirable survey made under the present Rear-Admiral Fitzroy; let us do a little more, and see if it be possible to put a light on or about the neighbourhood of Cape Horn.

There has been much and varied opinion about the utility of the barometer in these seas; and several have decried it. I do not wonder at this; for, unless a constant attention be paid to its movements, the mere height or depression of the mercury in its tube is no correct indication; and, from what I read the other day concerning the supposed inutility of the barometer, I infer that such attention was not paid. The remarks made by me on another page of this volume, will explain my meaning; and I again say that, according to my own experience, I consider the barometer an exceedingly valuable instrument. As a proof, I will only refer to three instances, where, by its aid, we very successfully effected what was desired: — once in getting under way from Stanley for Keppel Island, as mentioned in the page above referred to; again, at the same page,

* A Chilian settlement was to have been formed on Elizabeth Island in 1856.

sailing with a fair wind for Monte Video; and lastly, the trip round Navarin Island, as narrated in Chapter XXIX. Besides these, I could bring forward very many cases, where we have run into harbour, or made and shortened sail, &c., by attention to the barometer; but perhaps the best proof, in addition to the fact that we never lost spar or had damage, will be something like an illustration of what I was able to determine from its movements in the following tabular synopsis of my Meteorological Journal, merely observing that, no instruments having been furnished me, I could only work out my own theory, without being able to follow the plan laid down by the Meteorological Conference. The results, however, as far as my own voyage is concerned, can be relied upon, as I have put down nothing but what I myself registered.

The plan I have adopted to arrive at the following analysis, has been that of carefully going over my daily register (kept three-hourly, or as opportunity afforded), and noting down upon paper the length of time each particular wind or change of weather lasted. Thus the results obtained may be depended upon; for, in order to make them accurate, I have confined myself to one twelvemonth only, filling up blanks from the second year, and comparing the two periods together. That the trouble has been great, may be conceived from the fact that I have had to examine and collate about 5000 observations, extending over 700 days, and their tabular arrangement occupying a space ten feet long by two broad. I mention this merely to show that I have been very careful in endeavouring to arrive at truthful results. I now proceed to some particular remarks on the subject forming the table which accompanies these notes. (See p. 333.)

And, first, as to the *barometer*. This instrument may be depended upon; but, only, if regularly attended to, and taken in connection with the surrounding circumstances. It is in its *relative* movements, and not according to the present height or low state of the mercury, that it must be considered as an index of the winds and weather. For instance, it is a general rule that a high glass in the southern hemisphere denotes a breeze from the south or south-east; and a low glass, one from the north and north-west, — the lower the range, the heavier the gale; but there are frequent exceptions to this; and I have seen a higher glass with a north-north-west and north wind than in any other quarter. This, for a long time, puzzled me; but at length, by frequent comparison, I found it out; and the conclusion I came to was, that, the mercury being an index of the atmospheric pressure, the state of the air should always be considered before examining it, and hence a current of air coming from the southward, and backing round to the northern quarters, would raise the mercury, while, meeting with a counter current of warmer air from the north, it would be driven

back with great force, and thus cause what is most always found with a high glass and a wind backed from the south-west, — viz., a heavy gale. Thus, then, we find that such winds are cold, and become heavier the *higher* the glass, and the more they go round to the north, until the warm air rushing in produces moisture, clouds, and rain, which either again changes the direction of the wind, or is the end of it. The reverse may occasionally be found in a low glass with a south-east wind; but in all that I have noticed, though from want of space I may not be able to well explain myself, I find that due attention to the previous state of the air is quite as necessary as examining the rise and fall of the mercury in a barometer.

Barometer, *good or bad, and compared with a standard.* — For particular scientific purposes this, no doubt, is very necessary; but for general use, I do not conceive it to be so important. Of course, I would not say that a bad barometer is worth having; but what I mean is, that, for the mariner at sea, any barometer that acts well, and is attended to as I have mentioned, will give quite sufficient indication of winds and weather to enable him to judge what to do. For it is not the minimum or the maximum height of the mercury in one's own barometer as compared with other barometers that is the true index; but it is the relative movement of that mercury, as carefully noted from time to time, and kept always registered, that gives the right key.

Barometer, *by itself not an infallible guide to fine or foul weather;* for it merely tells the state of the air; and according as it is heavy or light, so will the change be; but, by taking this into consideration, a tolerably correct idea may be entertained of what is to come. No general rules, however, can be thoroughly reckoned upon; for I again repeat, that it is only by very careful attention to the past and present state of the circumstances which cause the mercury to rise or fall that anything like a true knowledge of wind and weather can be obtained.

The range is *higher* in the winter than in the summer.

The average height is 30·00 to 29·60, with westerly wind or north-west, and sometimes in other quarters with moderate breeze and fine weather.

The maximum, in my register, is 30·34.

Minimum, 28·70.

The mean pressure at the Falklands I take to be 29·50, but at the Horn a trifle less.

The rise often depends upon the previous fall.

When the mercury falls with a stationary wind, then, generally speaking, the *harder* it will blow: if it falls, and the wind shifts to the left, or with the sun when in the west quarter, it will blow yet harder. Thus, if it is below what has been previously noticed

TABULAR ARRANGEMENT OF WINDS AND WEATHER FOR EACH MONTH.

Outside Average in Days of 24 Hours; i. e., so many Hours in the Aggregate taken as so many Days.

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.*	June.	July.	August.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Year.
North - - -	3	1	1½	1	1	2½	3	2½	1	3	2	2	23½
N.N.W. - -	2	4	2½	3½	1	1½	2½	2	1	3½	3	3	29¼
N.W. - - -	4	4½	2	5	7	3	3½	4	9	6½	4	4	56½
W.N.W. - -	3	2	4	2½	6	2½	1½	3	1	2	2½	1½	31½
West - - -	5	3	3½	5½	2	3	4	4½	3½	3½	4	2½	44
W.S.W. - -	4	2	3	1½	6	1	1	3	1½	1½	4	2½	31
S.W. - - -	4	3	3½	1	2	3	2	2	5½	5	5	4	40
S.S.W. - -	1	2½	2	2½	1	4	½	1	2½	1	1	2½	21½
South - - -	½	2½	4	1½	1	4	2	1½	1	½	½	2	21
S.S.E. - - -	½	⅓	¾	1	½	2	½	1½	1	1	¼	¾	10¼
S.E. - - -	¾	½	½	1	—	1½	1	2	—	—	¼	½	8
E.S.E. - - -	½	⅓	½	½	—	½	1	¼	—	—	¾	¾	5
East - - -	¾	⅔	½	1	—	¾	2½	½	½	—	¼	¾	8
E.N.E. - - -	—	—	—	1	—	½	1	½	¼	—	¼	¾	4¼
N.E. - - -	¾	½	1½	½	1	—	4	1	1	—	¼	1½	12
N.N.E. - -	¼	⅓	½	½	1	—	1	1½	—	2	½	1½	9
Variable - -	¼	⅓	—	½	1	¼	1	—	½	1	1½	½	7
Calms - - -	¾	1½	1	1	uncertain.	1	1	½	½	¼	¾	½	9

* This Month compiled from the observations of others.

TABLE OF WIND'S FORCE.

FORCE.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Year.	Remarks.
1 to 2	3½	7½	11	7	2	12	15½	14	10	11	7	11	111½	I have found all points of the compass within this force.
3—4	7½	3½	2½	4	2	5	6	4	7	5	5	8	59½	Ditto Ditto.
5—6	4½	9	4½	4½	3	5½	5½	4	6	6	2½	4½	59½	All except E. and E.N.E.
7—8	12½	6	8½	6	10	4½	3½	5	4½	7	9	5	81½	All except E.S.E. and E.N.E.
9—10	2	2	4½	2½	14	2½	½	4	2½	2	6	2½	45	I have not once found this force eastward of S.S.E. round to N.E.
11	-	-	-	½	-	½	-	-	-	-	½	-	1½	Only at N.N.W., N.W., and S.W. to S.

NOTE.—The strength of wind is not to be considered by the aggregate number of figures, which would seem to make a third of year with light winds, but simply what I experienced, and principally at night.

TABLE OF WEATHER.

WEATHER.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Year.	Remarks.
B. - -	6½	9	2½	3½	1	1½	5	5	7	5	4	1½	51½	All blue sky often of an evening, and occasionally for a day or two.
B. C. - -	12	12	20	14	6	17	7½	11	14½	13	17	15	159	Detached opening clouds. This is the most prevalent state of the weather.
B. C. M. -	4	2½	4½	1½	6	5	12½	8	6	4	5	3	62	A hazy sky, with passing clouds, is of very frequent occurrence.
C. - -	3	1	1	1	6	2	1	1½	1	2	4	6½	30	Clouds, without much break, and yet not an exactly overcast sky, is not so often noticed.
D. - -	1½	1½	2	1	1	-	1	1	1	3	1	1½	15½	Winds from S.E. to E. often produce this drizzling rain, making it cold and disagreeable.

Fog - -	1	½	-	-	1	-	½	1	-	-	-	-	4	Fog sometimes accompanies a north wind, but not often any other except east. Not last very long.
Hail - -	2½	½	3	2	4	2½	1	1½	1	1½	7	2	28½	Hail is from S.W. to S.S.E., and rarely from any other quarter.
Lightning -	-	½	-	-	½	-	-	-	-	-	½	-	1½	When lightning is seen, bad weather may be expected. It is rare to see any. When in the S.E. expect a hard gale there. See Jan. 26, 27, 1855.
Overcast -	4½	5	2	2½	10	5	5	3½	4	7	2½	5	56	An overcast sky is more frequent with northerly winds than any other.
P. Showery -	7	6	6	5	4	5	4	3	4½	5	8	3	60½	Showers are most frequent from N.N.W.
Rain - -	1	1	1½	2½	2	2	½	1	½	1	2	6	21	Rain comes most from E.S.E. to N.W. by N.E. Is frequent, but does not fall long. Evaporation is rapid; winds make it so. No unwholesome exhalations.
Snow - -	-	-	4	1	6	4	2½	1½	3	2½	3	2	29½	Snow from W.S.W. with a low glass. Seldom stops long on ground. Ice thick enough to slide on.
Thunder -		-	-	-	½	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	½	Thunder is very rare.
W. Dew -	1	1½	1	½	½	-	½	1	¼	-	-	-	6	Dew at night indicates either a very fine day, or wet with a blow from the north.
Prev. Winds	W.	N.W.	W.N.W. and S.	W.	N.W.	S.S.W.	W.	W.	N.W.	N.W.	S.W.	N.W. and S.W.	N.W.	The prevailing winds are undoubtedly N.W. and S.W.
Prev. Weather	B. C.	B.C.	B.C.	B.C.	Ovest.	B.C.	B.C.M.	B.C.	B.C	B.C.	B.C.	B.C.	B.C.	and the prevailing weather fine, with clouds.
Strength -	7 to 8	5 to 6	1 to 2	1 to 2 and 7 to 8	9 to 10	1 to 2	1 to 2	1 to 2	1 to 2	1 to 2	7 to 8	1 to 2	1 to 2	

as its height with a certain wind and a certain force, that force will now be greater. The converse of this will also hold good as applied in the same manner to a rise of the mercury. But if a *fall* takes place, and the wind shifts to the right, then there may be less of it, but with much moisture. This, however, I have seldom seen. The general rule, as I have noticed it, being for the glass to rise as the wind *backs* to the northward, and a severe gale to follow, with hazy but unclouded weather.

If barometer keeps rising, and wind is steady, then a decrease of wind and improved weather. A low or falling barometer, with the wind steady at west-south-west, I have often found to bring snow.

If barometer falls, and the wind inclines to a quarter that would give a lower barometer, then probably no change in strength or the weather; and the same with a rise in the south-east quarter.

The temperature is not extreme, it being neither very hot nor very cold. I have not had the thermometer above 66°, nor below 40° in my cabin. It is said that "since 1825 the thermometer at the Falklands has not been once below 20 at midday, nor above 80 in the shade; and that the ordinary range is from 30 to 50 in winter; and from 40 to 65 in summer."

The highest glass in summer was 30·05 on Sept. 28th with a wind that had backed to N.W. with a force of 9 and 6.
—— on Oct. 14th it was 30·02, N.N.E., force 1, b. c.
—— on Feb. 27th „ 30·00, N., „ 2, b. c. m.
—— on Feb. 3rd „ 30·00, S. to N.W., 7 to 6, b. c.
Do. in winter was on June 10th, being 30·14, wind S.E., calms and snow.
The lowest glass in summer, Jan. 28th, 28·88, and W.S.W., force 9, b. c. p. g. h. s.
—— in winter, Aug. 1st, 28·70, W., force 5, b. o. m. q.

REMARKS ON THE WINDS.

In Sir W. Reid's work on the Law of Storms, I find a quotation from the journal of Captain Sir James Ross, wherein it is said, that "during their passage from the Falkland Islands to Cape Horn, they encountered very severe weather, the gales usually commencing in the south-west, veering to the west, and generally, as in the North Atlantic Ocean, ending in the north-west."

In reference to this, Colonel Reid says, "I have not been able to obtain a sight of any of the log-books of either the 'Erebus' or the 'Terror,' for 1842. Sir James Ross may have met gales moving

from east to west, which this mode of veering from S.W. to W., and N.W. in the southern hemisphere would indicate. It is the barometer which enables us to separate one gale from another; the barometric observations made on board those two ships are therefore necessary, before these exceptional cases can be fully established."

Now it so happens that owing to the kindness of Captain Sibbald, R. N. (then a lieutenant on board the "Terror"), I have his log at the present moment before me; but I perceive nothing to make me alter the remarks I have already given; and I imagine there must be something that has escaped observation in the records above quoted. So careful and scientific an observer, however, as Sir James, would not be apt to make a mistake, except from inadvertence; and, therefore, I allude to it only as a *possible* error on his part, that being cleared away brings the theory of the rotation of winds again into its original movement.

But referring to my own experience, I find that the *law* is, for all winds to go round with the sun, and that when this law is broken, as is frequently the case, bad weather is the result.

The following remarks on the winds as mentioned in the preceding table will I trust be found useful.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
North.	Often springs up by itself, or forms a light N.N.E. It is hazy,—then moist and gentle; then freshening, it veers in general to the N.W. with clouds and rain. If it remains light, or moderate, then it is attended by fog, and low clouds obscuring the horizon, but with the zenith sometimes clear. Occasionally it will blow a hard gale steadily for a whole day; but this is not very frequent. It drives a heavy sea upon the Falklands; and a vessel should be very careful of this and the indraught when approaching or sailing along the islands from the northward. The *suction* into Port Salvador, the	*Maximum.* 30·00, b. c. m. Force 2 to 4 in Feb and in August. Ther. 48° and 50°. *Minimum.* 28·75. Ther. 51°, b. c. p. q. Force 10 in June. If the wind has *backed* with a clear sky, then the glass will mostly be high, with this wind blowing a gale.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
North.	bights on the N.W. and N.E. of East Falkland, need to be especially guarded against with this wind. When this wind has come round or *backed from* the N.W., it blows with great fury, and the sky has a hazy cast, but free from clouds. The gale will last until moisture comes, when it will then in general go round as above or die away.	*Maximum.* 30·00, b. c. m. Force 2 to 4 in Feb. and in August. Ther. 48° and 50°. *Minimum.* 28·75. Ther. 51°, b. c. p. q. Force 10 in June.
N.N.W.	This wind has a descending glass when from the north, but a *rising* one in general when from the westward. It is the forerunner of a hard gale when with wet, which is its usual accompaniment before changing to the S. W.	*Maximum.* 29·90, b. o. c. m. Force 3, July 7th. Ther. 53°. *Minimum.* 28·75, b. c. p. q. Force 11, June 16. Ther. 51°.
N.W.	Almost invariably a strong wind, and frequently blowing a gale. It is very heavy when coming from the westward*; and the remarks upon northerly winds about *backing* apply to this and the preceding. In its usual course *from the North* it will have clouds and rain in abundance. At such time be prepared for a sudden shift to the S.W. in this manner:—Wind N.W.—glass falling —much rain—squalls heavy—thick in the northern board, but an opening light in the S.W.;—then a	*Maximum.* 30·05, b.m. Force 9, Sept. 28. Ther. 50°. *Minimum.* 28·70, b. o. m. q. g. Force 5, Aug. 1. Ther. 46°.

* The register in the barometer column, showing 30·05, is a proof of this *backing*, the wind on that date having come from the westward.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
N. W.	fluttering of the breeze— perhaps a moderate cessation of its strength, and a playing of the wind for a short time in the West, and then the full burst from S.W., accompanied by rain, or hail, or sleet, or snow, as the case may be. Sometimes it may be more sudden than this; and I have known it *jump* from N.W. to S.S.E. and blow with great fury. But, whenever a N.W. wind blows, and with wet, it is well to be prepared for a sudden change after such wind has continued for a few hours. My own practice was, to put the reefs in *directly the rain began to fall heavily; i. e.* presuming I was bound southward. The *harder* it blows from this quarter, generally speaking, still harder will it blow from S.W.; so, the *longer* it blows, and likewise the more rain and closeness in the air, the fiercer the adverse gale, but soon with a clear sky, and very heavy squalls. With regard to the changes as now described, I find that my notes make me consider them as belonging to true Cyclones, but in these brief remarks I could not attempt to enter upon the subject with sufficient clearness, and must therefore merely say that I fancy many of the storms travel about N.E., and others S.E.; none with westing.	*Maximum.* 30·05. b.m. Force 9, Sept. 28. Ther. 50. *Minimum.* 28·70, b. o. m. q. g. Force 5, Aug. 1. Ther. 46°.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
W.N.W.	Will often be a steady gale,—what might be called a right-lined wind, a *day* breeze, accompanied by clear weather with passing clouds.	*Maximum.* 30·00, b. c. Force 3 to 5, Feb. 3. Ther. 56°. *Minimum.* 28·70, frost and snow. Aug. 1. Force 5 to 7. Ther. 46°.
West.	Steady right lined gales and daily winds, with clear weather and calms at night. I think these winds may be separated in part from the general run of the winds, so far as they occur in the following manner : — A calm at night and in the morning will often produce a fresh breeze about 9 A.M. This breeze will, in seven cases out of ten, be at first from the West, and then from about N.W. by W. In the middle of the day it will sometimes blow very hard ; but about 5 P.M. the breeze goes down, and the evening is again calm and pleasant. In summer time, I have found this to be very frequent ; and I might say that from W. by S. to N.W. by W. are the regular day breezes of summer ; and variations from it are irregularities that produce bad or tempestuous weather.	*Maximum.* 30·10, b. m. c. Force 2, June 14. Ther. 46°. *Minimum.* 28·70, b. c. q. Force 6, Aug. 1. Ther. 40°.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
W.S.W.	This wind is what I might term an off-shoot of the main S. W. current of air. It blows heavy, but not with such fierce squalls as accompanies its principal. One peculiarity I have noticed with it; and that is, snow most always falls when the glass is *lower* than what it ought to be* with the wind at that point.	*Maximum.* Feb. 2, 30·00, b. Force 2. Ther. 57°. *Minimum.* June 17, 28·75, b. c. p. Force 8. Ther. 49°.
S. W.	This is rarely anything but a heavy wind, blowing in strength and duration relatively to, but with greater force than the N.W. wind which in general precedes it. There are times, however, when gales arise from this quarter and blow continuously without a previous wind from a point with northing in it; and I consider that the S.W. wind is what may be called (if I may use the term) the *native wind* of these seas, and all the others, — not exactly *strangers*, but variations from the natural law peculiar to the region now under consideration.†	*Maximum.* June 13, 30·10, b. c. Force 7 to 2. Ther. 51°. *Minimum.* 28·85, April 3, b. c. p. q. h. Force 11. Ther. 47°.

* "What it ought to be." Again let me say that I consider it almost impossible — or, at all events, only by very many observations carefully compared with the same instruments — to give any fixed height. In this the mariner must determine for himself; which he can soon do by properly attending to his barometer.

† My reasons for saying this are founded upon facts, too long to be here mentioned; but which are, I find, scattered abundantly in my Meteorological Journal.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
S.S.W.	These winds are a portion of the S.W. gales, but more abrupt and furious, *i. e.* with less continuity of force but greater vehemence in the squalls. Hail and snow with them.	*Maximum.* June 8, 29·99, b. c. Force 2. Ther. 45°. *Minimum.* Oct., 28·90, b. c. p. s. h. Force 10. Ther. 59°.
South.	If the wind has been gradually going round and *the glass rising*, the southerly breezes will be more moderate, except perchance in some of the squalls. But, if the glass does not rise, and particularly if it falls, then the probability is of a still harder blow, and some severe weather. There are exceptions to this, according to the state of the air.	*Maximum.* July 6, 30·00, b. c. m. Force 2. Ther. 48°. *Minimum.* June 18, 28·75, b. Force 2. Ther. 49°.
S.S.E.	The gales generally terminate here; though it will, occasionally, blow hard even at this point, particularly if the wind has *backed* from the S.E.	*Maximum.* 29·95. July 5, b. Force 1. Ther. 60°. *Minimum.* Mar. 31, 28·90, b. c. Force 9. Ther. 48°.
S.E.	Rarely blows a gale, is generally moderate, or, if otherwise than moderate, squally and light,—the latter most prevalent. Light	*Maximum.* June 10, 30·11, b. s. Force 1. Ther. 44°.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
S.E.	airs and a high glass will bring snow.	*Minimum.* July 28, 28·80; Aug. 3, 29·12, o. d. s. p. q. Force 2. Ther. 42°.
E.S.E.	Is seldom a lasting wind. It flutters about, and is generally very light.	*Maximum.* Aug. 3, 29·20, o. c. m. Force 5. Ther. 66°. *Minimum.* July 28, 28·80, o. d. s. p. q. Force 2. Ther. 40°.
East.	Is a wet and unpleasant wind. Sometimes in winter blowing hard, but rarely so in summer. It comes from the lighter airs S.E. of it, and when increasing to a gale, becomes a moderately heavy one. But its general character is light, disagreeably wet, and not lasting. It often dies away by itself, or falls off to faint airs in the N.E. quarter. When the latter is the case, some fine weather may be expected.	*Maximum.* April 8, 29·90, o. f. Force 1. Ther. 60°. *Minimum.* Mar. 14, 28·75, b. c. p. q. Force 6. Ther. 52°.
E.N.E.	Is similar to its predecessor, except in being even less prevalent, and generally very light.	*Maximum.* April 8. 29·90, o. d. Force 2. Ther. 60°. *Minimum.* Mar. 14, 28·70, c. p. q. Force 4. Ther. 54°.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
N.E.	Is a wet wind, unless having come from the N.W. with a haze. But this is very rare. Winds often rise here, and between here and North.	*Maximum.* April 8, 29·90, o. d. Force 3. Ther. 60°. *Minimum.* Mar. 14, 28·70, o. r. Force 2. Ther. 54°.
N.N.E.	May be said to be the true commencement of all the winds — generally light, and as I have described, the North wind.	*Maximum.* Oct. 14, 30·05, b. c. Force 1. Ther. 61°. *Minimum.* Mar. 13, 29·05, o. r. q. Force 8. Ther. 60°.
Variables.	— That is, continuous variables — are rare. They occur mostly when the wind is between S. E. and N.N.E.	*Maximum.* July 6, 30·09, b. c. o. m. Force 1. Ther. 58°. *Minimum.* Oct. 21, 28·90, b. c. q. Force 1. Ther. 57°.
Calms.	Are more frequent at night than day. It is rare to have a calm day; and when one does happen, a heavy blow quickly succeeds it.	*Maximum.* April 8, 29·85, f. Ther. 56°. *Minimum.* Mar. 11, 29·10, b. Ther. 64°.

Winds.	Remarks.	Barometer.
Heaviest Gales.	I have here given the reading of the barometer during the *heaviest* part of the gale, Other heavy gales could have been recorded; but I have brought forward only those with a force above nine.	April 3, S.W. to South. Force 11. 28·90, rising, b. c. p. q. h. Ther. 47°. June 16, N.N.W. Force 11. 28·72, b. c. q. Ther. 55°. Sept. 3, N.W. Force 11. 29·20, o.c.m.q. Ther. 50°. Nov. 8, S.Wstly. Force 11. 28·90, b. c. p. q. r. h. s. Ther. 49° to 52°.

Shifts. Sudden may be expected when the wind is going round *with the sun;* but not when the contrary.

Backing against the sun will produce heavy gales; but the changes in the wind are more gradual.

Bad Weather may come on from the eastern board; but when it does there are sufficient indications to be well prepared for it. I am able to confirm the remarks made that "bad weather never comes on *suddenly* from the eastward; neither a S.W. nor southerly gale shifts suddenly to the northward of west." Unsettled bad weather will not move the barometer much; therefore it may be low during an interval of fine weather; but if so, it is a sign that the bad weather is still close to.

Fine Weather. Much depends upon what is considered to be such. A fresh breeze and tolerably clear sky, with pure air and free from too much moisture, is my idea of it; and such may often be found at the Falkland Islands. The signs I have noted of fine weather are, a succession of heavy gales in the western board, then a veering of the wind to the S.S.E. and E., with a gradually rising glass.

Unsettled strength in weather about the Equinox. Blowing hard for a few hours—then a calm, and again a hard blow, and irregularities in the barometer.

I have made a series of monthly circles on a plan of my own, calling them "Diagrams of the Wind in its Circuits;" but I find that I cannot insert them in this book on account of the expense of printing them. Their object is to give at a glance the movements of the wind, and its force for every month.*

REMARKS ON THE MAPS AND PLANS.

Chart of the North Part of the Falkland Islands.

THERE is little to explain or call attention to in this reduction from the excellent Admiralty chart of the Falklands. I must, however, again protest against my *ideas* being obtained from me and then used as if originally belonging to others. The plan I made of Keppel Island, and the naming of certain parts of it undoubtedly originated in my own mind; and though the Government plan of Port Egmont, &c., is an after enlargement of the survey made by the accomplished officer whose name it bears, and therefore truly his, yet it is also true that it even now bears the very names I gave when I sent my plan home. The matter is of no farther importance than this:—It was not *I* that took the idea from another; therefore, what has been said to the contrary is an error. In Keppel Island I have left the names of places as I originally gave them, or as afterwards marked by request from the Society. The separate plan of Keppel Island I have not appended here, as it was unnecessary unless the subject of a penal settlement is taken up by Government.

The remarks I have made in such parts of my Narrative as refer to this chart, will be sufficient for the general reader; and, for the mariner, his sailing directions added to this will be all that is required.

* On showing these diagrams to Capt. Becher of the Hydrographic department of the Admiralty, I found that he had formed a similar idea thirty years ago, and had actually worked it out as to the *passages of vessels*. I was kindly permitted to examine his work; and I cannot help expressing the great pleasure I felt on going over it. I am surprised that such a good idea from an officer so accomplished as Capt. Becher has not been officially made public.

Chart of the Coast of Patagonia, &c.

A few remarks may here be necessary:—

Between Monte Video and the Falklands, the tracks marked will show the extremes, east and west, of my position at any of the periods mentioned. The one on the east tells of some heavy weather, and a great drift when hove-to; but, pursuing the course I have already mentioned, and, *watching the winds,* I found no difficulty in making to the westward again. Nevertheless, it is advisable not to be so far east if it can be avoided.

* * * * * *

In going through the Straits of Le Maire I would suggest that, if it be thick weather, the tide rips off Cape San Diego be well looked out for, as, if touched upon, they may be dangerous. I may here be permitted to observe that I received several very excellent hints from the "Nautical Magazine," a work that needs no recommendation of mine to speak of its great value. In the volumes for 1834 and 1836, were some most useful remarks on Cape Horn and the Magellan Straits.

Spaniard's Harbour, if at all entered, must be done so very cautiously. Cape Hall may be passed at a mile off, allowance being made for wind and sea; but Kinnaird Heads, and all that west side, has several rocks and eddies about it which call for very much attention when going round.

Victoria Harbour and Albert Sound in Wollaston Island will, I hope, be examined by some of our ships going round the Horn. It had been my intention to have done so more carefully than I was, at the time, able to do; but my future visits there were unfortunately stopped. So far as I could, I have made a plan of it; and the following are the few directions I am able to furnish for entering that harbour. Perhaps it may not be so important as I conceive it to be. The winds will often be of hurricane strength in the middle of the day, and calm in the early morn and evening. I have frequently observed the breeze to commence almost regularly from 9 to 10 A. M., harden up to a gale by 1 o'clock, and at 5 or 6 be a still and gentle air with fine weather. This applies more particularly to summer. The winter is rather an exception.

In and about Tierra del Fuego the breezes are sudden, and very violent, especially during the passage of the sun across the Equinox. In winter easterly winds are more prevalent than in the Summer; but westerly breezes predominate through the whole year.

Whenever there is a calm with unusual warmth in the day, expect a gale and bad weather soon afterwards.

The nights are generally more free from wind than the hours of daylight; but, it has been truly said that, both by day and night, "it would be difficult to find a region more exposed to storms in summer and winter than the Falkland Islands," and the parts adjacent.

The passage between Otter Island and Willie Islet is full of kelp, but, in the centre as I went, there was not less than five fathoms. It would, however, be wise to sound beforehand if possible. Sea Gull Passage is the best entrance; and by keeping clear of the kelp off Grinnell Island, all danger may be avoided. The soundings in Victoria harbour are in fathoms. Between Grinnell Island and Cape Weld in Greenwich channel it is deep; and near here I noticed a lake which I call Lake Riddle. The passages between Point Rogers, Sea Wall Island, and Grinnell Island did not appear to be safe. Cape Howell may be approached to the kelp; but it must be remembered that here the tide runs strong, and the kelp is partly hid. In Foulwind Cove we had seven fathoms, and not less than six close to the rocks at the Junction Gates. From Mount Franklin I could see the parts I have marked and named; but I was not able to go all through Washington Channel. Other parts were seen as we passed them in the distance; and I have taken what I trust is a pardonable freedom in naming them as I have done, in order to distinguish the places themselves, and for the personal pleasure to myself of doing so. The original names given by the Americans, I have, of course, retained: they are *Bailey* to the west island, — the Brothers, Sea Wall, Gun, Gravel, Otter, and Sea Gull elsewhere. The rest are my addition, and I mention it to prevent mistakes. The scale is three miles to an inch; and the compass points are *true*, not magnetic. I must, however, again repeat, that this harbour is only an eye-sketch, not an actual survey.

Middle Cove, Wollaston Island, is subject to very fierce squalls. The Admiralty Plan is a safe guide.

South Sea Pass between Deception and Herschel Islands has not less than eight fathoms in the fair way; and the rocks on the south-east of Horn Island can be approached close to.

In the Beagle channel there is nothing of sufficient importance, at the present time, to add to what I have said in the body of the work; and nearly all other places visited by me, except Banner Cove, have been well explained in the Admiralty Sailing Directions.

Plan of Banner Cove.

In making for this, if going along the east side of Picton Island, attention must be given to the soundings about Cape Maria, and as far as there is kelp. Beyond it, there is deep water; and between Deposit Island and Anxious Point I got no bottom at fifteen fathoms.

Banner Cove will not be easily seen until close to it. Clumps of trees in the foreground, and wooded hills at the back, are the distinguishing features. The sketch in Vol. I. is not from outside the cove, but from Garden Island. The *Plan* is on a scale of $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches to a half-mile, and the bearings true, not magnetic. I do not profess to have made it strictly scientific; but the positions will, I believe, be found tolerably correct; at all events, sufficiently so for any vessel entering the cove by its mid. Some of the names were given by the late Captain Gardiner; the others I have taken from the members of his ill-fated party, deeming it but right to do so.

From Banner Cove, going south, the soundings I took were as follows: —

At about 40 fathoms off the shore, near Cape Cooper, no bottom at 13 fathoms; and thus along the land towards Anxious Point, the ship steering S.E. by E. by compass. Next S.E. by S., and at 30 fathoms off Anxious Point, no bottom at 10, at 15, and again at 13. Still S.E. by S., with C. Pio bearing N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., no bottom at 10; then suddenly 7 fathoms, just outside the north edge of the kelp, which is seen a little farther to the east than on the ship's present track. Still S.E. by S., and now inside the kelp 6 fathoms is found, then $5\frac{1}{4}$, $6\frac{1}{2}$, 6, $5\frac{1}{4}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$, $4\frac{3}{4}$; and now steering S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., parallel with the shore, at about a half-mile off, $4\frac{3}{4}$, $4\frac{1}{4}$, $3\frac{3}{4}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, $4\frac{1}{4}$, 4, 5, 5, then a break in the kelp, $5\frac{1}{4}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$, in kelp again, 6, $7\frac{1}{4}$, 6, 5, $4\frac{1}{2}$, 4, 5, $3\frac{3}{4}$ at $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile off, then $4\frac{3}{4}$, 5, and $5\frac{1}{4}$ at $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile south of Cape Maria. This Cape is an abrupt termination with perpendicular cliffs, and on the north part of it a chalk-like appearance. The soundings were taken at half ebb on 29th of October, 1855, high water at 7 A.M.

* * * * * *

The few remaining notes that I find scattered about in reference to places mentioned in the maps, may be thus introduced: —

New Island, as seen from the north-east in thick weather, has a high bell-shaped mountain.

On leaving Goree Roads towards the Beagle Channel, the following claimed my attention: —

Yawl Islet, and thereabouts, struck me as having anchorage, though I may be mistaken. A little beyond there are some steep sandcliffs, as if there had been a landslip, and furrowed with seve-

ral ravines. A bluff point was next to this, and near it an inlet or lake, with a sandy spit and a stream running round the north point of the bluff. From the bluff point a shoal patch runs far out with only three fathoms, and even less in some parts, upon it. Kelp marks its position; and as we passed over it, the south part of Picton Island bore N.E. by E. by compass. I have, for memory, called it Enterprise Reef, and the bluff point Cape Collinson.

In Portrait Cove I noticed a white patch upon the rocks on the south side; and Cape Rees appeared to be of a red-brown clay.

* * * * * *

With regard to the CURRENTS AND TIDES, they are now so well known, owing to the labours of those who are devoting their attention to the science of the sea, that I need only put down what few notes I made at different periods.

WEST FALKLANDS. *Entrance to Port Egmont and adjacent islands.* Taking the flood when coming from Stanley will carry you along with it to the westward and give great help; but allowance must be made when rounding the West Pebble Islets. The meeting and parting of tides hereabouts and towards the inner passes have caused certain spots to be called by names other than very gentle ones. The flood rushes through Whaler Passage and over the reefs between the islets; it also sweeps round West Pebble Islet, and then diverges in three or four directions, filling up Port Egmont and Keppel Sound two hours before it has ceased running on to the westward. The stream of water here moves bodily, as it were, southward from the main ocean, and only takes the direction of any particular passage when close to that passage. Thus it fills up Keppel Sound and all the creeks and bays in the neighbourhood, not so much by an even or direct movement as by a variety of surface movements acted upon by the openings among the rocky islets and channels, while the main body of water is increasing in bulk from the underflow to the south. Thus, taking a stream of water from a flood-tide outside the islands, we have it as a central division going through Port Egmont, Reef Passage, Byron Sound, and so to the westward; while another branch of it rushes past the north-west of Saunders and Carcass Islands, ultimately meeting the other one; as a third direction it takes, is bodily filling up — not exactly *going* up — Keppel Sound and Rocky Harbour. It rushes through North-west Pass at five or six knots an hour, sweeps along part of Pebble Sound, and about Rocky Harbour, meets the flood-tide that comes in with equal velocity through the Tamar Pass, and thus causes whirls and eddies in several quarters. The water having attained its height, remains quiet only a little while, and then ebbs with similar fury. The result is, that much care is needed and proper attention required as to the time

of the tide, in order to ascertain its direction, when sailing among these passages. If bound through the passes to Stanley, a calculation, based upon the speed of the vessel and strength of the wind, should be made, so as to go through the North-west Pass with the flood, and out of the Tamar Pass with the ebb. An examination of those parts in my Narrative describing the places I have named will show the reason of this; and though for the general voyager it may not be needed to enter much on this subject, yet the few remarks I have made may perchance be useful.

There is no place where I found such a rise and fall as at Keppel Island. Justice Inlet is admirably suited for a dock; and the place where I used to moor the schooner could easily be made effective. Thirteen feet difference between low-water mark and the top of high water is what I find noted in my Diary.

In 1855, on Saturday, February 17th, at 6.30 A.M., it was high water at Justice Inlet, the tide being higher then than I had previously noticed. At 6.30 A.M., June 29th, 1855, it was high-water spring-tide at the Old Settlement Cove, and only a rise of seven feet; and on July 18th, 1855, it was high water at the North-west Pass at noon, the flood going to the eastward, and the ebb to the west. In the Tamar Pass, the flood goes to the S.W. and the ebb to the N.E.; in Gull Channel the flood is south and the ebb north; Reef Passage S.S.W., and across the reefs and round the elbows; while outside the islands on the north the flood runs west and the ebb east.

In other parts, my notes inform me that the flood tide sets strong from the S.W. through Washington Channel into Victoria Harbour, driving the kelp down before it. In the Beagle Channel, there is not much tide, except in the Narrows; but off the Horn, we experienced the usual set to the eastward, as will be seen by referring to that part in the Narrative.

In Banner Cove, Picton Island, there is no great tide. On October 29th, 1855, it was high water at 7 A.M.

The tides at Stanley are too well known to need any remark here, except just to mention a very unusual circumstance that occurred on Sunday, November 2nd, 1856, when at 4 P.M. the tide was sufficiently powerful in the harbour to cause all the vessels to lay broadside to a heavy gale that was blowing, and thus make them not only heel over very considerably, to the fear of loss in yards or masts, but actually did part one ship from the hulk to which she had been made securely fast for discharging. This occurrence was very unusual, as generally in Stanley Harbour the tide is not much felt.

Before I conclude my remarks on the Falklands and Cape Horn, I cannot help calling the attention of scientific men to the great

want of an observatory in that part of the world; and I may be pardoned for saying that I do not see why something of the kind could not be established at the lighthouse on Cape Pembroke, as indeed it might be on all lighthouses. Under the superintendence and well-known scientific skill of His Excellency the present Governor, a series of exceedingly useful observations might be carried on; and I thus venture to speak of it in the hope that the hint may be found worthy of being acted upon. Nor should another very important object be forgotten, and that is *a good life boat.*

With regard to the passage home from the Falklands or Cape Horn, my own impression is, that many vessels keep too near the coast, instead of taking a sweep and getting a good weatherly position for the S.E. trades. What my ideas on that point are may be gathered from the following, which I find among my papers in reference to a vessel I was at the time on board of as passenger. The ship —— was off Staten Land on the 16th of December. She then stood away with north-westerly winds to the N.E. by E., which, at that time of the year, I thought was an error; for, in so high a latitude she could, by sailing on a great circle *towards* St. Helena, have made good easting in short degrees of longitude, without losing anything of the northing she would have attained on the other course in the same space of time. By this time, too, she would also have reached a more certain weatherly position for the S.E. trades, in the event of those trades being met, as they are at that time of the year, well southerly, and with more easting in them than at other periods. However, on the 31st of Dec., she was in lat. 30° 57′ S. and long. 25·05° W., and then, for the first time for very many weeks, had the wind south-easterly, then easterly, then E.N.E., and then S.E., light airs and moderate alternately. On the following day, 1st of Jan., she was in lat. 28° 48′, long. 25° 16′; and had the wind fresh and moderate from E.S.E. to S.E,

Now here was sufficient to warrant a belief that we had thus early get into the S.E. trades, particularly as the sun, with its heat and well-known influence on these winds, was at that time near our zenith. But on the next day, the ship being in lat. 27·04°, long. 25·08° the wind came, first from E.S.E., then E.; then N.E. by E., light, and with clear weather, except one passing shower. Meanwhile, the vessel had been steered *northerly* without easting, which

* In reference to this, I may be permitted to refer to the National Life Boat Institution as deserving the strongest support of the commercial world. At a meeting presided over by His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, Capt. Washington, R.N., in an able and effective speech, alluded to the establishing life boats at our colonial settlements; and, there can be none more needing it than the Falkland Islands.

was the next error; and why? Because, as I conceive, it was, upon reflection, clear that, whether it were a S.E. trade or not a S.E. trade, it was very probable that we should yet want all our easting; or, at all events, more of it could do us no harm, while it would assuredly help to put us in a better position for taking advantage of any deviation in the winds. Moreover, the theory connected with the course of the trade winds tended to show that it was barely possible (as it afterwards actually proved) that the local monsoon, extending along the coast of Brazil from N.E. to E.N.E, during the months intervening between December and March, might be extended, by the influence of the extreme heat of the solar rays, far out to sea, and might cause a north-easterly deviation in the S.E. trade winds; and the more west we got the more we should be within that influence. This, however, is but a theory to account for a strange wind; but it is a theory upon which I should have acted, knowing that, even if not a sound theory, it could not injure me by yielding to it, as thereby I should, without losing progress, have gone more to the N.E. during those days when I could do so, than due north. There was ample opportunity for getting to the N.E. until noon of the second of January; from that time the wind became settled in the quarter to which we wished to sail,—N.E.

On the 4th, the Tropic of Capricorn was crossed, with the same wind and weather; and now again, but particularly on the following day, when we passed in sight of Trinidad, was another and worse error. It was found that the wind was steady in the same quarter; but that occasionally there would come up batches of clouds from the S.E., accompanied by a swell from that direction. A vessel, too, was sighted coming from the S.E. towards the N.W. having all her port studding sail booms out, thereby leading to the inference that she had only very lately had the wind from her port quarter or aft, south-south-easterly, or south-easterly, instead of, as now, on her starboard quarter, north-easterly. The scud, too, made several attempts to come up from the S.E., but was driven away again to leeward by our N.E. breeze, as we kept on the starboard tack to the N.N.W.; and, as we still stood away in that direction, so did these symptoms of a proper trade appear and disappear fainter and more faint as we bore away from them. A vessel, and then another, from the northward passed us hereabouts, and both steering about S.S.E.; also leading to the inference that they had experienced the usual trades a little further north and east, and had lost them thus early, in accordance with what we ourselves experienced.

With these symptoms, therefore, of what might possibly be, a little more to the eastward of us, it did appear most strange that we did not at once stand about on the port tack and *try* what was to be

found by a day or two days' run in that direction. It was certain—for our very epitomes so tell us—that the more we went westing the more likely we should be of getting within the positive bounds (by some thought to be narrowed) of the local Brazil monsoon from the N.E.; and therefore, under any circumstances, it would have been wise to tack for easting and to get a weatherly advantage. But another circumstance showed more clearly than aught else the error committed by thus standing on and not tacking. It was found that at night the wind was generally more easterly, so that the vessel could go North, and sometimes N.N.E.; and in the day the wind would be more northerly, so that the vessel would break off to N.N.W. and sometimes N.W. Now, in the great necessity we had to avoid westing, and to make easting, as well as northing, it was quite clear that to have gone on the port tack, laying east, or S.S.E. (with variation in our favour) in the day, and on the starboard tack, laying north and sometimes N.N.E. in the night, would have been that which was right; but, instead thereof, we kept on and on, day after day, just the same, until on the 11th of January we began to near the eastern elbow of South America, and to get within the influence of the current to the S.W. Then, when tacking was *not* wanted, as she could lay well clear of the coast, tacking was resorted to on the 12th, the ship actually going N.N.W. one way, and S.S.E. the other! Now, several times before we could have gone about as I have explained, with a leading wind; this time, however, we go about, when the wind is exceedingly unfavourable, on the starboard tack; and that, too, when all the chance of clearing ourselves of the extraordinary dilemma we had got into was by standing quickly away to the northward, even if going westerly with it. Four days previous,—nay, a week back,—it would have been well to have tacked, as I frequently said at the time, and even hinted to the captain;—*now*, when our object ought to be to get out of the mess, we were badgering about right in the thick of it.

It was said that we must now tack to avoid the land at *thirty-two* miles' distance only. But this must have been a mistake, as no land was in sight from the mast-head; and moreover the reckoning gave us a clear sixty miles off at noon; and room, even *at thirty-two* miles off, to clear all the capes and dangers on the other (*i. e.*, the starboard) tack. Added to which it is an *elbow* of a coast that we had to clear, and *not a bight;* therefore a vessel with any wind can at all times reach off on one tack or the other, if danger shows; and with the wind light, water smooth, and clear weather, with a full moon, it did seem unaccountable that we should have again gone about to the S.E.

However, we ultimately got clear; and finally took a more favourable breeze, and made our passage home.

I have mentioned this circumstance for the purpose of drawing attention to the subject and illustrating the homeward passage. No doubt many vessels act upon the improved theory of the winds and sailing routes; but too much cannot be said on anything that may lead to a hint of some possible service to my brother mariners. At present I am unable to enter upon this matter at farther length than I have now done.

Many more remarks might be made on the subjects connected with this chapter, but I must now conclude. Before I do so, however, I cannot help alluding to the bottle papers that I used to throw overboard for trying the current. One of these I found came to hand as thus related in the "British Army Despatch:" —

"CURRENTS OF THE ATLANTIC.

"The following interesting document has been forwarded to us for publication: —

"'Ship ——, from Sydney to London, Thursday, January 12, 1854, one P.M., ship time. Latitude, 7° 58′ south; longitude, 33° 21′ west; barometer, 29·98: attached thermometer, 83½°. Wind steady between N.E. and E.N.E., and has been so since the 1st of the month, when we were in latitude 26·48 south, longitude 25·16 west. Weather generally very fair, with a few passing clouds, and occasionally a few rain drops, though but seldom. All plying sail set. This bottle is despatched to ascertain the direction of the current, which I presume is now forming into the Brazilian branch of the equatorial current; therefore would set to the S.W. I shall despatch a bottle daily while in this locality, to try and ascertain where the main current divides into the two branches—the one S.W., along the Brazil coast, and the other round Cape St. Roque to the N.W. The current we have experienced has been for the last two days, as near as I can calculate (not being connected with the ship), about eighteen miles per day westerly.

"'W. PARKER SNOW.

"'Whoever finds this paper will oblige by sending it to the consul, or some other authority, for transmission to the editor of the "Nautical Magazine," London. It is requested that the party finding this bottle will be particular in noting the day and place when and where it was found.

"'W. P. S.

"'NOTE.—By a lunar observation I took at eight P. M. yesterday, I make our longitude about twenty miles more west.

"'British Vice-Consulate, Maceio, Aug. 25, 1854.

"'The bottle was picked up ten days ago, close in-shore, about ten miles to southward of this port.

(Signed) "'JAMES BARNETT, Vice-Consul."

From this it appears that I was correct in the idea I had formed of the current setting to the S.W., for Maceio is in that direction.

The bottle was 215 days (or perhaps less, for it might have been on the shore some time) on its journey of 1000 miles; and I have here recorded the occurrence as an instance of the singular manner in which these bottles are preserved in the ocean and afterwards picked up. My habit was to put the paper in another paper as a wrapper (generally a portion of a newspaper), and, tying it with red tape, place it in a very dry bottle; then well cork it, cover the cork with sealing wax, and commit it to the deep. The paper latterly was in the following form, and I venture to recommend it to my brother mariners.

"Schooner 'ALLEN GARDINER.'

"From Bristol to the Falkland Islands and Cape Horn,

"1854.

"Latitude - - -
"Longitude - - -
"Barometer - - -
"Attached thermometer -
"Wind - - -
"Weather - - -

"This bottle is despatched to ascertain the direction of the current.

"Whoever finds this paper will oblige by sending it to the consul, or some other authority, for transmission 'to the Editor of the Nautical Magazine, London;' and it is requested that the day and place when and where found will be particularly noted.

"W. PARKER SNOW.
"Commander of the' Allen Gardiner.'"

THE FUEGIANS.

The following description of the Fuegian is from Captain, now Admiral, Fitzroy:—

"The native hue of a Fuegian is copper colour, and the most remarkable traits in his countenance are his extremely small low forehead, his prominent brow, small eyes (suffering from smoke), wide cheek-bones, wide and open nostrils, large mouth, and thick lips. Their eyes are small, sunken, black, and as restless as those of savages in general. Their eyelids are made red and watery by the wood-smoke in their wigwams. The chin varies much; that of a Tekeenica is smaller and less prominent than that of an Alikhoolip, in whom it is large and rather projecting; but there is much variety. The nose is always narrow between the eyes, and, except in a few curious instances, is hollow in profile outline, or almost flat. The mouth is coarsely formed; their teeth are very peculiar; no canine or

eye-teeth project beyond the rest, or appear more pointed than those; the front teeth are solid, and often flat-topped, like those of a horse eight years old, and enamelled only at the sides; the interior substance of each tooth is then seen as plainly, in proportion to its size, as in that of a horse. Their hair is black, coarse, and lank, excepting in a few instances. It grows by single hairs, not by piles, or by little bunches, like very small camel-hair pencils. It does not fall off, nor does it turn gray until they are very old. Little if any hair is seen on the eyebrow. They would have a straggling beard, but scrupulously pull out every hair with tweezers made of mussel-shells.

"The height of a Fuegian measured by Mr. Wilson 'was 5 ft. 7 in., and his muscular power about a medium.' (Some measured by Captain Weddell were about 5 ft. 4½ inches.) Their heads are remarkably low, but wide, and full from the ears backward. The neck of a Fuegian is short and strong. His shoulders are square, but high; his chest and body are very large. The trunk is long, compared to the limbs and head. His arms and legs are rounder and less sinewy than those of Europeans; his joints are smaller, and his extremities are likewise comparatively less. The hands are shaped like those of Europeans; but the feet, from always going barefooted, are square at the toes, and would, by some persons, be considered of the Papua form. Most of them are rather bow-legged, and they turn their feet a little inwards in walking. The knee is strained by the custom of sitting so long on their heels, so that when straightened there are considerable folds or wrinkles of loose skin above and below the joint. The muscles of their thighs are large, and those of the legs small. Little children are nearly of the same hue as their parents' skin is when cleaned; but infants are, for a few days, rather lighter coloured.

"As I have already said, a small fillet is all that is worn around the head. Usually this is a mere string, made of the sinews of birds or animals; but, to make a show, they sometimes stick feathers, bits of cloth, or any trash given them, into these head-bands. White feathers, or white down, on the fillet, is a sign of hostility, or of being prepared for war. Red is the favourite colour, denoting peace or friendly intentions, and much admired as ornamental. Red paint, made with ochre, is profusely used. Their white* paint is added to the red when preparing for war; but the marks made are mere daubs, of the rudest, if of any, design. Black is the mourning colour. After the death of a friend or near relation, they blacken themselves with charcoal and oil or grease. Any sort of clay is

* Aluminous earth, indurated pipeclay, or decomposed felspar.

used, if their paint is scarce, to preserve warmth, rather than as an improvement to their appearance."

Various other particulars are mentioned at length by Captain Fitzroy in his narrative, and I again refer the reader to it for all those minute and interesting details of the Fuegians, which I am myself unable to give beyond what I have introduced in the body of the present work. A summary of them may be thus stated:—

With strangers they are at first shy; but, on signs of friendship appearing, they will come forward, patting their bellies, waving skins, and shouting. They are often subject to a scarcity of food, and then gladly eat anything that comes to hand, even if it be somewhat putrid. They will, on occasions of extreme distress, become cannibals, eating the old women first, and the dogs last. The human victims "were killed by suffocation, their heads being held over the thick smoke of a fire made of green wood, and their throats squeezed by the merciless hands of their own relations. The breasts, belly, hands, and feet are most liked. The arms and breast are eaten by the women; the men eat the legs; and the trunk is thrown into the sea. If very hungry, even the trunk is not excepted." They do not cultivate the soil, but live upon seals, birds, fish, and particularly shell-fish, edible fungus, eggs, &c. They live more in families than in tribes, and are dispersed about wherever food is to be obtained.

The oldest man is generally considered the head of the family; but the "doctor wizard," or cunning man (and one is mostly found in every party), has also much influence. My own limited experience, however, leads me to believe that there is a sort of property right amongst them, as may be seen by what I have said in Chapter XXIV.

It is said that they have ideas of a spiritual existence, but of the demoniac kind more than the beneficent. Their lamentations at a death, or upon a disaster, are similar to what we read in Holy Scripture,—pulling the hair, beating their breasts, howling, and other manifestations of sorrow.

They are somewhat superstitious, and have an idea of "a great black man wandering about the woods and mountains, who is certain to know of every word and action." It is related by Captain Fitzroy, that upon a Fuegian being killed by another, the one "said, in telling the story, 'rain come down—snow come down—hail come down—wind blow—blow—very much blow. Very bad to kill man. Big man in woods no like it; he very angry.'"

They bury their dead by wrapping the body in skins and placing it in the woods under a pile of branches.

They marry young; and, it appears, in a manner not very dissimilar to the habits of the Australian natives,—at least those I was

most among on the east coast. The enamoured swain watches an opportunity and steals his bride, but whether it is done so roughly as it is in Australia I am unable to say.

They sometimes eat their food raw, sometimes roast it in the fire. Seals and porpoises are speared from the canoe. When roosting on moonlight nights, birds are caught by the men, and also by the dogs; and they are also killed with arrows made of hard wood, and the bow with a string of twisted sinews; as also by stones thrown at them with unerring aim. They fish "by means of a line without a hook, having only a small piece of bait at the end, with which to entice them to the top of the water, close to the side of the canoe. A fish bites, and before it can detach its small teeth from the soft, tough bait, the hand holding the line jerks the prize above the water, and the other catches it. The fisher then bites out a large piece of its belly, takes out the inside, and hangs the fish on a stick by the fire in the canoe." They are good swimmers, but swim like dogs. They keep warm by rubbing themselves all over with grease and ochreous earth. Swinging between trees is a favourite pastime. When ill, they drink plenty of water, lie by a fire, and promote perspiration.

They are fond of their children, and are pleased with any notice taken of them. In war, they fight with slings and stones, though sometimes there will be close encounters with clubs and spears.

The guanaco is found on Navarin Island, and in winter is hunted by the Fuegians in a party formed for the purpose.

The "dog is small, active, and wiry like a terrier, with a cross of fox. His hair is usually rough and dusky, or dark-coloured; but there are many dogs among the Fuegians almost white, or prettily spotted, some of which have fine smooth hair. Roof of mouth black; ears erect, large, and pointed; nose sharp like that of a fox; tail drooping, and rather inclined to be bushy. Vigilant and faithful. Bark furiously at strangers."

In addition to the foregoing, I give a few more extracts from other works concerning the Fuegian.

Mr. Webster * says:—"The Fuegians are decidedly a tractable and docile people, fully capable of receiving instruction; and I took no small pains in teaching one of the women the art of using a needle and thread to the best of my humble abilities in that line. I thought I should have succeeded, by the attention which was paid to me by my pupil; for although my performance was none of the best, it was still sufficient to 'teach the young idea.' But, alas! it was all to no purpose. I might have spared my trouble; for the woman on whom my pains had been bestowed deliberately made a hole with the needle,

* Voyage of the "Chanticleer."

and then drew the thread out of it, and proceeded quietly to insert it into the hole the needle had made. This was the more provoking, because, in spite of all my instruction, she still persisted in doing it. . . . We found them uniformly mild and good-natured, with most frequently a smile on their countenance. There was nothing ferocious, either in their manners or appearance; but at the same time we found no symptoms of fear or cowardice among them."

Captain Weddell says, "It was difficult to get any of the natives to come away. One fine-grown boy of about the age of fourteen was desired to remain on board, but directly he understood the object he returned to his canoe, and never afterwards could be persuaded to enter the vessel."

They are very apt in imitating, and the following anecdote is a laughable instance: — "One day a sailor had given a Fuegian a tin pot full of coffee, which he drank, and was using all his art to steal the pot. The sailor, however, recollecting after a while that the pot had not been returned, applied for it; but whatever words he made use of were always repeated in imitation by the Fuegian. At length he became enraged at hearing his requests reiterated, and, placing himself in a threatening attitude, in an angry tone he said, 'You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin-pot?' The Fuegian, assuming the same attitude, with his eyes fixed on the sailor, called out, 'You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin-pot?' The imitation was so perfect, that every one laughed, except the sailor, who proceeded to search him, and under his arm he found the article missing." *

Captain Weddell says that "many of the women are very interesting in their faces, and show a degree of modesty seldom found amongst untutored savages.

"They procure fire by rubbing iron pyrites and a flinty stone together, and catching the sparks in a dry substance resembling moss, which is quickly ignited.

"Their behaviour to one another was most affectionate, and all property seemed to be possessed in common. The philanthropic principle which these people exhibit towards one another, and their inoffensive behaviour to strangers, surely entitles them to this observation in their favour, that, though they are the most distant from civilised life, owing principally to local circumstances, they are the

* In this respect the Esquimaux are very similar. In an interesting little book called "Ecnoolooapik," written by Mr. M'Donald, and giving an account of an Esquimaux brought to Aberdeen, there are several instances mentioned. My own trifling experience among them also led me to infer the same.

most docile and tractable of any savages we are acquainted with, and no doubt might, therefore, be instructed in those arts which raise man above the brute."

The *Sling* is made of the skin of the seal or otter. It is generally about three feet long, and of the common forms: the strings are sometimes made of small gut, handsomely plaited, and terminated by knots of ingenious workmanship. Their principal *spear-heads* are entirely constructed of hard bone, and are about seven inches long, finely pointed, with a barb on one side four inches from the point. They have another kind, with one side filled with small barbs, made very sharp. These are fixed on a wooden pole, straight and smoothly finished, about ten feet long. To the bone is attached a string hide of various lengths, and this weapon they use in the capture of almost everything they pursue. In using the spear, they hold it nearly by the middle, and, with the right eye cast along it, they dart it with great precision.

SUMMARY OF GEOLOGICAL, BOTANICAL, AND OTHER NOTES. FALKLAND ISLANDS.

On the north part of Saunders Island, at about twenty miles from the old settlement, is a bluff promontory called by the Port Egmont Colonists, Fleur de Luce Point. It has a number of caves and subterranean passages, worth examining by any future traveller.

The *Stream of Stones*, mentioned in Vol I. p. 141, is, as one of the old colonists says, "a stony vein on the earth's surface, and composed of innumerable short pillars of various shapes, some square, some octagon, and some of other forms, seemingly heaped on each other without order or regularity. This road is mostly a hundred yards in breadth, and runs from the main island, under Byron's Sound, over a hill on Saunders, from thence it crosses the mouth of the harbour, passes over another hill on Keppel Island, and then loses itself in the sea. It is similar to the Giant's Causeway, only in a more rude and disjointed state."

I have elsewhere seen several of these streams of stones: in particular about the north side of Port William, where they attract much attention; and I believe they are considered as something peculiar in geological phenomena. The great quantity of remark-

ably fine white sand should not be forgotten. I imagine it could be made useful in commerce, as it appeared to me of excellent quality.

With regard to Tierra del Fuego, the following remarks made on Staten Island by Mr. W. H. Webster, who was surgeon of H. M. S. "Chanticleer," and who published the narrative of Captain Forster's voyage to the South Atlantic Ocean, will be found equally applicable. He says:—

"The geological structure of Staten Island is chiefly of quartz-rock, greywacke, clay-slate, and micaceous schist. The greywacke and quartz-rock are intermixed and alternate, forming the principal mountain hills of the island, and unstratified. The quartz in many parts is disposed in vertical veins.

"The greywacke in some parts is of a fine compact crystalline texture, while other portions approach more to the nature of a sandstone.

"The quartz-rock is compact, or imperfectly granular, splitting into, or disposed in, tables with vertical fracture. It forms many extensive ridges in various parts of the island, and alternates occasionally with the greywacke. From the cleavage and disposition of this rock it assumes a bastion-like form in some parts, and the eastern cliffs of Port Vancouver resemble some rude castle cast in giant mould.

"The micaceous schist is associated with the quartz-rock, and forms some of the loftiest peaks of the island. It contains some minute garnets.

"The clay-slate prevails very extensively throughout the island, but is a subordinate formation. One of the small islands is entirely of clay-slate, and also Cape St. John. The western side of the mouth of Port Cook is composed chiefly of clay-slate; and the overhanging ledges of the caves, formed by the washing of the sea, are picturesquely veined with milk-white quartz, alternating with beds of graphite, or fine black-lead of a jet-black lustre, soft and delicate, and apparently of a very pure and good quality. Large quantities of black-lead are very conspicuous along this part of the coast.

"There is a great variety of slate found in different parts of the island, of which we more particularly noticed the following, viz., whetstone slate—coarse dense slate in tubular masses; white satin slate—of a greasy unctuous feel; and prettily veined slates, susceptible of a high polish. clay-stone was found at Cape St. John.

"With the most boisterous and humid climate on the globe, and with a low but very uniform temperature, vegetation flourishes with such surprising beauty and luxuriance, that the rugged aspect which the island appears to wear at a distance is changed into perpetual and unbroken verdure. Every spot is clothed with plants, the hills are crowned with evergreens; and every season finds them much the same. And it would appear that the law of diminution of temperature from elevation, does not follow the assigned ratio in this island or at Cape Horn; for the character of vegetation on some of the mountain hills did not vary in the least from that of the lowland plains. Although the hills alluded to were not above 1200 feet in height, yet in a climate of an almost uniformly low temperature, the permanent reduction of four or five degrees would bring the thermometer nearly to the freezing point; whereas, from repeated observations of the temperature at the level of the sea, and from the altitude of the hills, though

it would be inferred snow should be capping their summits, yet not a particle was found there. Even about Cape Horn the hills are very rarely mantled over with snow. The Fuegians are naked: and flowers linger on the trees through the dull and dreary winter of Cape Horn.

"The antarctic beech is the common and prevailing tree. The name is neither appropriate nor distinctive, as there is another beech of these regions. As the antarctic beech is an elegant evergreen, might it not be called the *Fagus sempervirens?* The tree, in its young state, is handsome and elegant. It grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, with a girth of from three to five feet; and sometimes, doubling these dimensions, it forms majestic trees. In December it puts forth a profusion of blossoms; with anthers of bright pink, large and pendent. The wood is soft, and requires to be well seasoned before it is used, as it is extremely liable to warp. We used it for a great variety of purposes; repaired the boats with it, made chests, &c. The bark tans tolerably well, and has a very agreeable odour. The heart is generally unsound, and sometimes the whole substance of the wood undergoes a very remarkable and singular change, becoming of a beautiful verdigris green.

"This evergreen beech frequently has round the upper parts of the trunk, or on some of the larger branches, large clusters of globular fungi, of a bright orange colour; each fungus is about the size of a small apple, of a soft pulpy nature, with a smooth yellow skin; as it approaches maturity it becomes cellular and latticed on its surface, and when it drops from the tree, dries and shrivels into a brown mass resembling a morel. The Fuegians eat these fungi with avidity. The gelatinous mass is pale, without taste or odour: at the part in contact with the tree are two germs or processes. From twenty to thirty of these fungi are clustered together, and encircle the tree; they form a very conspicuous object, and wherever they are attached they produce a large hard knot, or woody tumour, of considerable density. I did not observe them on any other tree than the evergreen beech.

"The next tree to the beeches, both in frequency and in size, is the *Winterana aromatica*, an evergreen with a complete laurel aspect, attaining sometimes to a very considerable magnitude, even to that of twenty feet in circumference. Its general height is eight or ten feet, and girth small. It is of a very quick and rapid growth; the wood soft, with complete laurel leaves, and small white flowers on long footstalks.

"The *Arbutus aculeata*, or the arbutus with sharp-pointed leaf, is the pride of these regions. It is an elegant and most pleasing evergreen, with so much of the appearance of a fine myrtle, as generally to obtain from the seamen the name of the myrtle bush. It stands from three to four feet in height, leaves small, and terminated by a prickle, from whence its name. It bears small, white, cup-shaped flowers, followed by a profusion of fine red shining berries, which ornament the tree throughout the winter. They somewhat resemble white-heart cherries in appearance; their flavour is insipid, but somewhat astringent. In the absence of other fruits, tarts were frequently made of them, and when mixed with a few raisins are tolerably good.

"The *Dactylis glomerata*, or tussack grass, grows in very large mounds or tufts; the stems of it were as big round as the middle finger, and the lower parts being blanched, and having a sweet flavour, were boiled in imitation of asparagus, but it was too stringy.

"The ground was thickly covered with a creeping plant like a strawberry, with small bright-red coral berries, each containing one small seed. In April and May the ground is adorned with a profusion of these berries, of a most brilliant colour and cheerful aspect: their beauty is neither slight nor transient, for the colour is bright and permanent, unaffected either by acids or alkalies, and might be employed with advantage, possessing as it does a strong body of colour, and that of a very permanent nature.

"The *Rubus geoides*, or strawberry plant, produces a very pleasant and agreeable berry. A small cranberry plant, with an insipid berry, was abundant in some districts.

* * * * * *

"THE HERMITE, OR CAPE HORN ISLANDS.

"The whole of these islands are composed of greenstone, in which the hornblende and felspar are more or less conspicuous, and the presence of iron very apparent, as already stated. Their shores are bold; and the mountains are peaked, rising with a steep ascent to an elevation of from 1000 to 1700 feet above the level of the sea; and being thickly clothed to within 200 or 300 feet of their summits with different sorts of shrubs and evergreen trees, render them difficult of access."

Mr. Darwin, "Geology of South America," says:—"On Wollaston Island slate and greywacke can be distinctly traced passing into felspathic rocks and greenstones, including iron pyrites and epidote, but still retaining traces of cleavage with the usual strike and dip. . . . . On the northern point of this island, there were various ancient submarine volcanic rocks, consisting of amygdaloids with dark bole and agate, — of basalt with decomposed olivine, — of compact lava with glassy felspar, — and of a coarse conglomerate of red scoriæ, parts being amygdaloidal with carbonate of lime."

* * * * * *

"Foxes have been seen; and Mr. Bailey shot one at White Rock Bay, thus proving they are, as was supposed, on the West Island. Goats a few; rabbits many; wild ducks, teal, hawks, bitterns, plovers, gulls. Penguins' eggs are in pairs like pigeons; when taken away by strangers they replace them a second and a third time, each time the egg being smaller than the preceding one.

"Albatrosses lay in October, and for more than a month: then the penguin is said to come and drive them away and deposit their burdens and hatch them as their predecessors had done;" but, from what I myself have seen, I imagine this statement must be a mistake.

Hawks are of two sorts, and in great numbers. They are very bold, — prey upon dead seals and the young of penguins, and other birds, whenever left by the parents. Sometimes a furious fight will arise amongst these hawks; and, indeed, it is necessary for man also to be constantly at war with them.

The wild duck and teal are rather less in size than in England, but very fine. The loggerhead is thus described by Mr. Webster :—

"It might with propriety be called the wingless duck; the utmost spread of the two wings is only 2 feet, though 14 lbs. in weight. The wing is about 6 inches in length, strong, thick, and fleshy; the quill feathers extremely small, strong, hard, and rigid. The colour of the bird a dull grey brown; the coating of down and feathers extremely thick; very broad-chested, or, in nautical phraseology, broad about the bows, and very flat-bottomed for skimming over the surface of the water, like a butcher's tray; the thigh very thick and strong, and a broad web foot. When on the water, which is its natural element, it propels itself along with great rapidity by the impulse of its broad feet, which are powerfully aided by the stroke of its wings on the surface of the water. Whenever we saw one of these birds on the water, it was a common observation that he had got his steam up."

Snipes in numbers sometimes; small birds of many varieties, and very tame; mullets 2 to 6 lbs. each; smelts common, but not so plentiful; they are about 10 inches long.

Clams, limpets, mussels, and scallops. "About the beginning of June the fish go to the water to spawn, but are driven by the seals in shoals up the creeks."

Rats on the different islands I have found in moderate numbers. The common European rat.

The owl* is to be found on the Falklands, as I have the head of one caught on Keppel Island.

The following is a list of the various specimens that I collected :—

Pink-breasted Gull of the Falklands. A beautiful bird, with a light lavender-coloured back, faint salmon-coloured breast, white or cream-coloured neck of soft down, black head, red beak and legs, and feathers of the wings edged with a clear black. I have one specimen preserved.

Two *Herons,* male and female, from Banner Cove, Tierra del Fuego.

Flying fish, that came on board after a flight of forty seconds.

Dolphin, caught with a hook. Inside of him was a small fish, the entire bones of which I also dried and preserved. As it appeared to me, there is something singular about this fish.

Head of an *owl* from Keppel Island, Falklands.

Skins of the wild *rabbit* from Saunders Island, Falklands.

* Otus palustris, *Gould;* Strix brachyota, *Lath.* Darwin says, "At the Falkland Islands it harboured amongst low bushes."

Two eggs of the *mollemoke* or *minor albatross;* oval; length $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, circumference exactly 9 inches. One *penguin's egg,* more round, being $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches girth. Two eggs of (?) the *kelp goose,* $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches long by $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches round. Several eggs of the oyster catcher, plover, &c.

Dried *crabs,* large and small. *Mussel, limpet,* and other shells.

Flower of the *tussack grass.* Flowers of other grasses. Various dried flowers. Sponges. Several specimens of seaweed, some very beautiful, some with barnacles attached, as mentioned in page 63, Vol I.

Specimens of native ingenuity from Tierra del Fuego, such as their *bone-spears, fish spears, slings,* exceedingly well made; their *rush baskets,* and the *rush* itself; *fillet* of beautiful small white and black feathers, delicately worked upon string formed of the gut of some animal, tastefully arranged, and, when upon the person, looking exceedingly well.

Shell necklaces, threaded on similar material to the preceding.

Seal skin, neatly sewn, and worn by one of the natives at Banner Cove.

Edible fungus (native food), in its dry state.

Botanical specimens of the shrubs and grasses.

Shells and radiata.

Holothuriæ, two or three very fine specimens from the Beagle Channel.

The *Razor shell,* from Spaniards' Harbour.

A few relics of the ill-fated mission party that perished at Spaniards' Harbour.

Echinus, brought up from the open sea.

A living specimen of the beautiful Falkland Island *box-tree;* also of a pretty flowering weed.

Geological specimens from every part visited.

REMARKS ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Frontispiece of Vol. I. represents a native woman of Tierra del Fuego, her child, wigwam, and some of the wild shrubs of the country. Not being a botanist I am probably at fault in the correct terms applied to those shrubs; but Dr. Hooker's excellent and truly valuable work, "Flora Antarctica," will give every information. I should mention that the size of the *Pernettia mucronata,* in its healthy condition and in its abnormal state, is too large; and this is owing to my having made up the picture from several sketches of

the different materials that now form it. My intention was to give a literal representation of form and colour; and in placing the various sketches together I have not made sufficient allowance for perspective. We have already given a brief account of the ethnographical and botanical portion of this work, and the shrubs are there explained.

Plate 2, opposite Frontispiece, Vol. I., is Banner Cove, in Picton Island. It sufficiently explains itself, except in a few unimportant matters that only a critical eye acquainted with the spot would detect, and which, if literally adhered to, would have too much filled up the picture. On the right, at the foot of a clump of trees, is one of the wigwams; the coloured patch is meant for a heap of stones and sand that shows at low water; and in the foreground is a canoe with natives paddling off to the ship, which is sailing about the cove, while her boat is seen at the sandy patch. On page 331 of Vol. I. is a description of this cove, and therefore nothing more need be said here.

Plate 3, to face page 294, Vol. I., is what I have called *Starvation Beach*, on account of its being the scene of Captain Gardiner's sufferings and death from famine. The narrative will explain all that need be said upon the subject.

Plate 4, Frontispiece to Vol. II., is a heavy gale off Cape Horn. In reference to this I would observe that, in a small picture, I imagine it to be impossible to give the sea so literally in its mountainous form as it really is. Whatever may be the faithfulness of the scene in its wildness and gloom, nevertheless it is far worse, as all those who have been there can say, in its rolling alps of seas. A picture I used to see by Huggins of "A man overboard off the Cape," gives the best idea I have ever witnessed of the sea in the Southern Ocean.

Plate 5, facing the Frontispiece, Vol. II., is the Fuegian and his food. He has a spear in his hand, and, in a guanaco skin round his waist, a lapful of the *edible fungus*, which in October I found them gathering in large quantities, and carefully guarding it. Some fish and mussels are at his feet near the dog that almost always accompanies him. The canoe is ready to take him and his companion — a little behind — to a new wigwam, the old one in the background being about to be vacated, as I ascertained one day when visiting them. On the rock is some "thrift," which grows plentifully; the redberry shrub, is, as I am informed, the *Pernettia mucronata*, though I perceive this difference between it and the one in the former picture, viz., that this was more moss-rose like and dwarfish than the other. Of the edible fungus and the tree it grows upon I shall speak presently; but, for the sketch, I have to say that my original

design gives it more distinctly than would probably be done in a small picture like this.

Plate 6, facing page 45, Vol. II., is what I have called Button Sound, from the locality where we had the interview with Jemmy Button and his people. The narrative will best describe it.

THE END.

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L A P L A T A
Coast of the
COAST OF PATAGONIA
THE
FALKLAND ISLANDS
& TIERRA DEL FUEGO.
Straits of Magellan
TIERRA DEL FUEGO
Cape Horn
Falkland Islands
Port Stanley
Berkeley Sound
Falkland Sound
Eastern Entrance
Western Entrance
Port Louis
Port Egmont
Port Pleasant
Port Albemarle
Port Harriet
Port William
Port Salvador
Port Edgar
Port Philomel
Port Adventure
Port Pitt
Port Low
Port Howard
Port Fitzroy
Port Darwin
Port Grappler
Port Parker
Port Ramirez
Port Hope
Port Famine
Port Gallant
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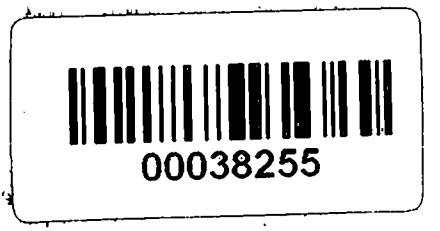
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